May 20, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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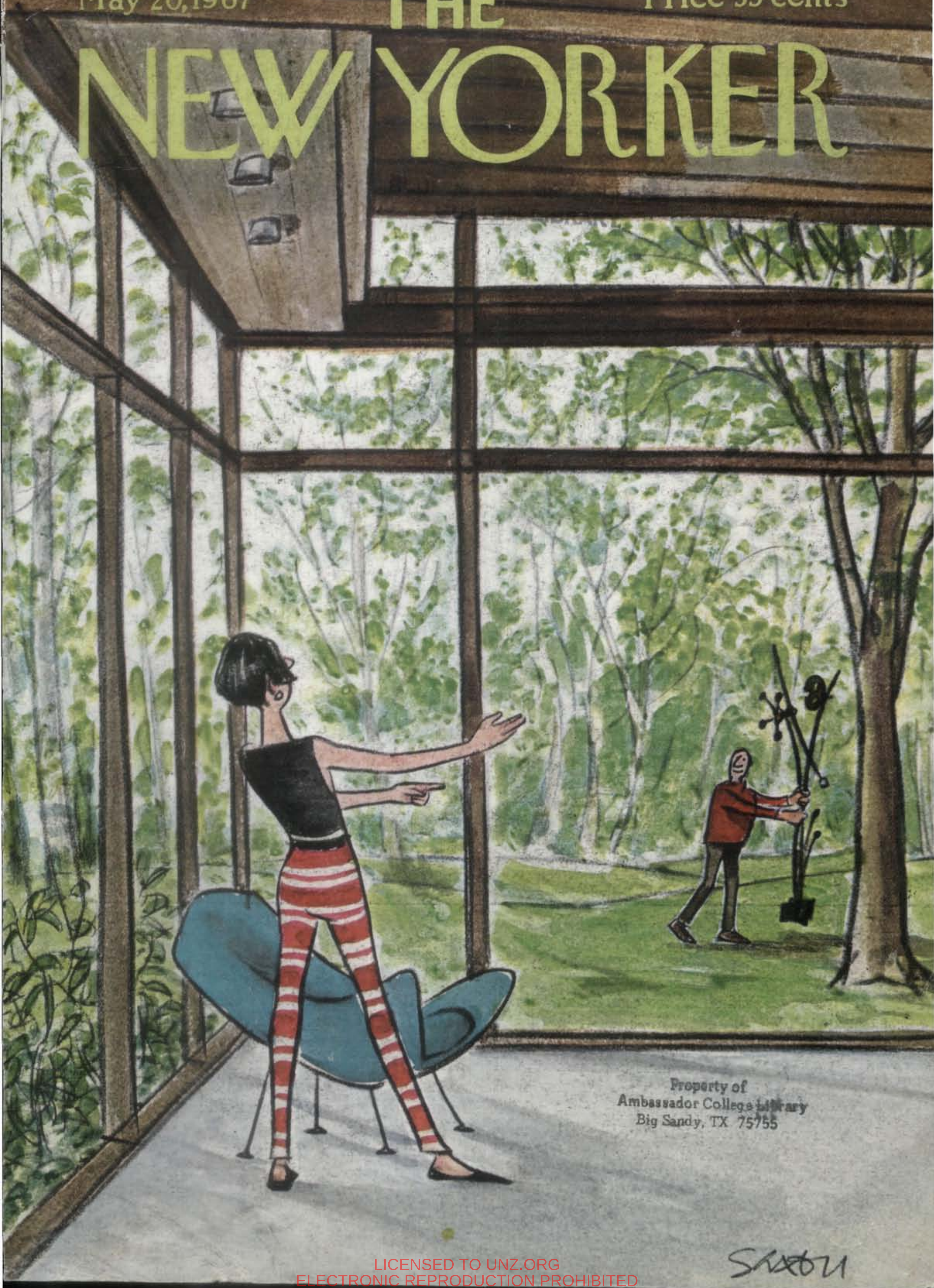

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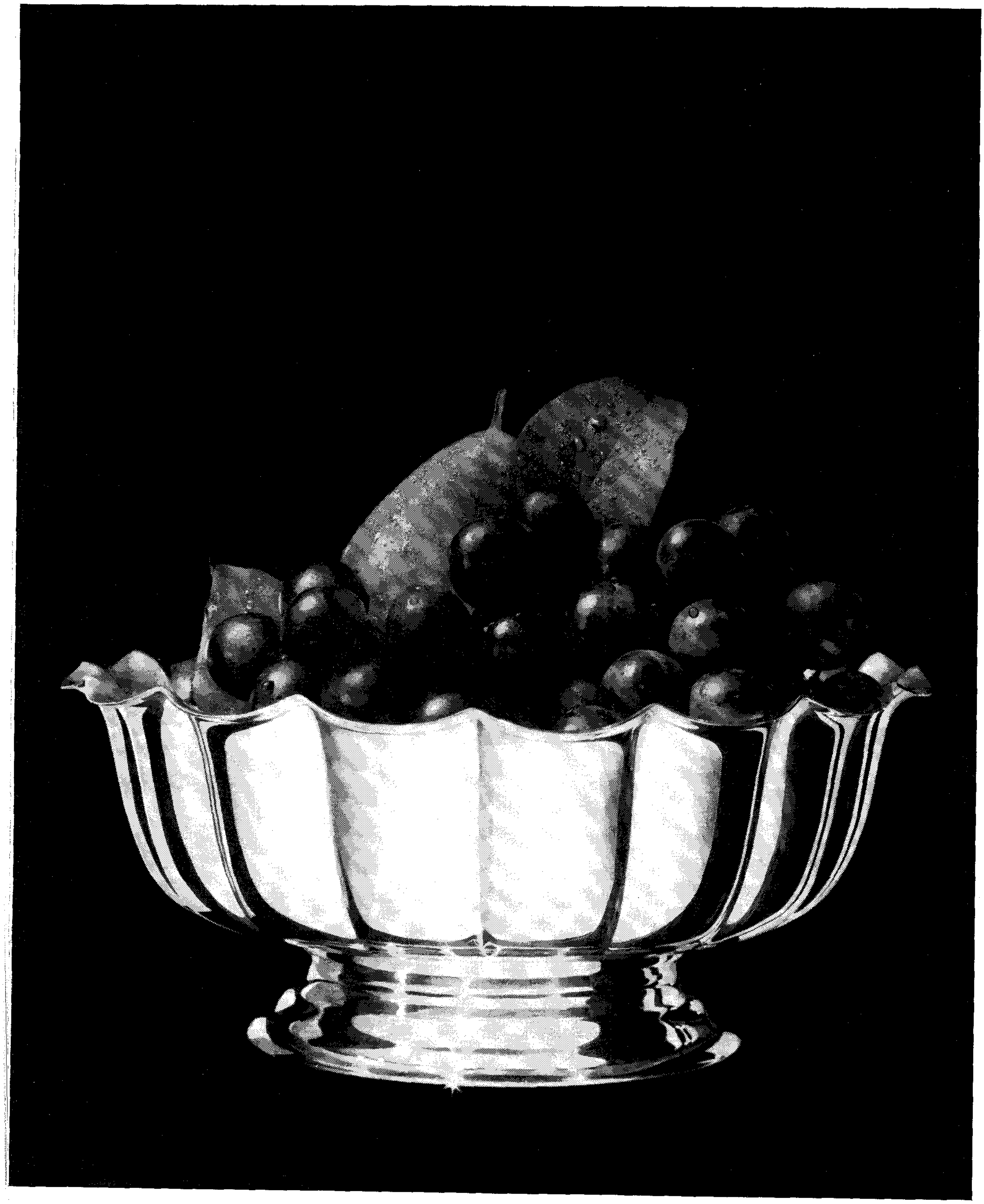

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Tolstoy's **war and peace:** Thursday, May 18, at 8:30.... ¶ Ibsen's **the wild duck:** Friday, May 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. After Saturday, May 20, no performances until Monday, May 29.)

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark that is forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast, under the aegis of the Royal Shakespeare Company, is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is something less than stimulating in this account of life among the bohemians of San Francisco. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens comprise the cast, and they, on the other hand, are commendably lively. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, May 21, at 7:30.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** A frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. Another Neil Simon creation. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **cactus flower:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows (not Neil Simon) that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the impossible years:** A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 27.)... **the odd couple:** A comedy by somebody called Neil Simon having to do with a couple of male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in a triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden lend her a deft hand. Mike Nichols directed, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, are lively. Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks are fine in the leading roles, and are aptly aided by Allen Case and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sherry!—An agitated musical interpretation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," which is short on practically everything in the way of entertainment but which livens up occasionally when Dolores Gray comes on. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Clara Barton. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mame:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **sweet charity:** Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Girl in the Freudian Slip—Alan Young, Marjorie Lord, and Russell Nype in a comedy by William F. Brown. Directed by Marc Daniels. Opens Thursday, May 18. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Elaine Stritch and Linda Bennett in **wonderful town,** the last in a series of musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Mat-

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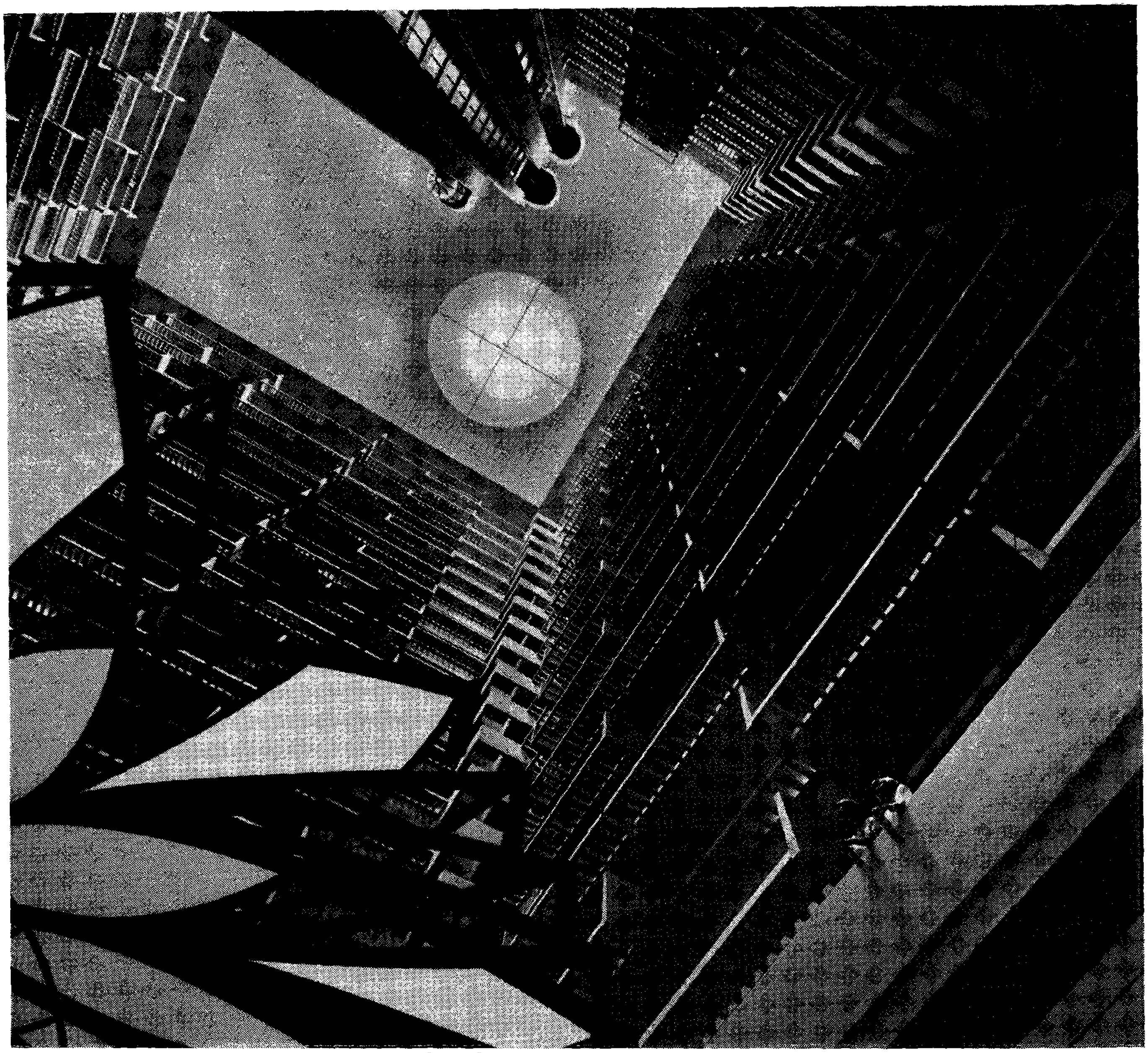

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

inées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's GALILEO, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of THE MASKED BALL. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A return engagement, after an absence of four years, of Jean Erdman's lively adaptation of portions of "Finnegans Wake." The five members of the company, who act and pantomime and dance and recite, do quite well. Teiji Ito's music sounds just as delightful as it did the first time around, and Joyce's words sound just as wonderful. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Death of the Well-Loved Boy—A play by John Farris. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

Drums in the Night—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Frank Jones. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Sundays through Thursdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Eh?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Experiment—A play by David Halliwell and David Calderisi that has been imported from London. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Throws right, bats left, and weighs a hundred and eighty-five pounds. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gorilla Queen—This effeminate and very obscene lampoon of old jungle movies all but drowns in its own whimsey and complacency, but it is quite lively, all the same. *Caveat emptor.* (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. José Ferrer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 25, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Posterity for Sale—Salome Jens, Sam Waterston, and Anne Draper in a play by Niccolo Tucci. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

The Times Square Two—A vaudevillian evening by a pair of lampooners called Mycroft Partner and Andrew i. Preview Thursday, May 18. Opens officially on Friday, May 19, at 7:30. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

To Bury a Cousin—A play by Gus Weill. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Clothe the Naked—A dim production of a rather dim play by Pirandello. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, May 18: "Les Sylphides," "Concerto" (New York première), "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Friday evening, May 19: "Concerto," "Fall River Legend," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 20: "Theme and Variations" and "The Sylph of the Highlands."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 20, and Sunday matinée, May 21: "Concerto" and "The Sylph of the Highlands."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 21: "Harbinger" and "The Sylph of the Highlands." ... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 23: "Theme and Variations," "Undertow," and "Etudes." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 24: "Giselle" and "Concerto."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 25: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, May 26: "Giselle" and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 27: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, June 4.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, May 18, at 8:30: "Brandenburg Nos. 2 and 4," "Shadowplay," and "Paradise Lost,"... ¶ Friday, May 19, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Sleeping Beauty." ... ¶ Sunday, May 21, at 2 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Tuesday, May 23, at 8:30: "Brandenburg Nos. 2 and 4," "Monotones Nos. 1 and 2," and "Paradise Lost."... ¶ Wednesday, May 24, at 8:30: "Giselle." ... ¶ Thursday, May 25, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday, May 26, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—A benefit performance. (Clark Center for the Performing Arts, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. CI 6-3700, Ext. 297. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Northern Lights," "Pas de Deux for Four," "Dark Psalters," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

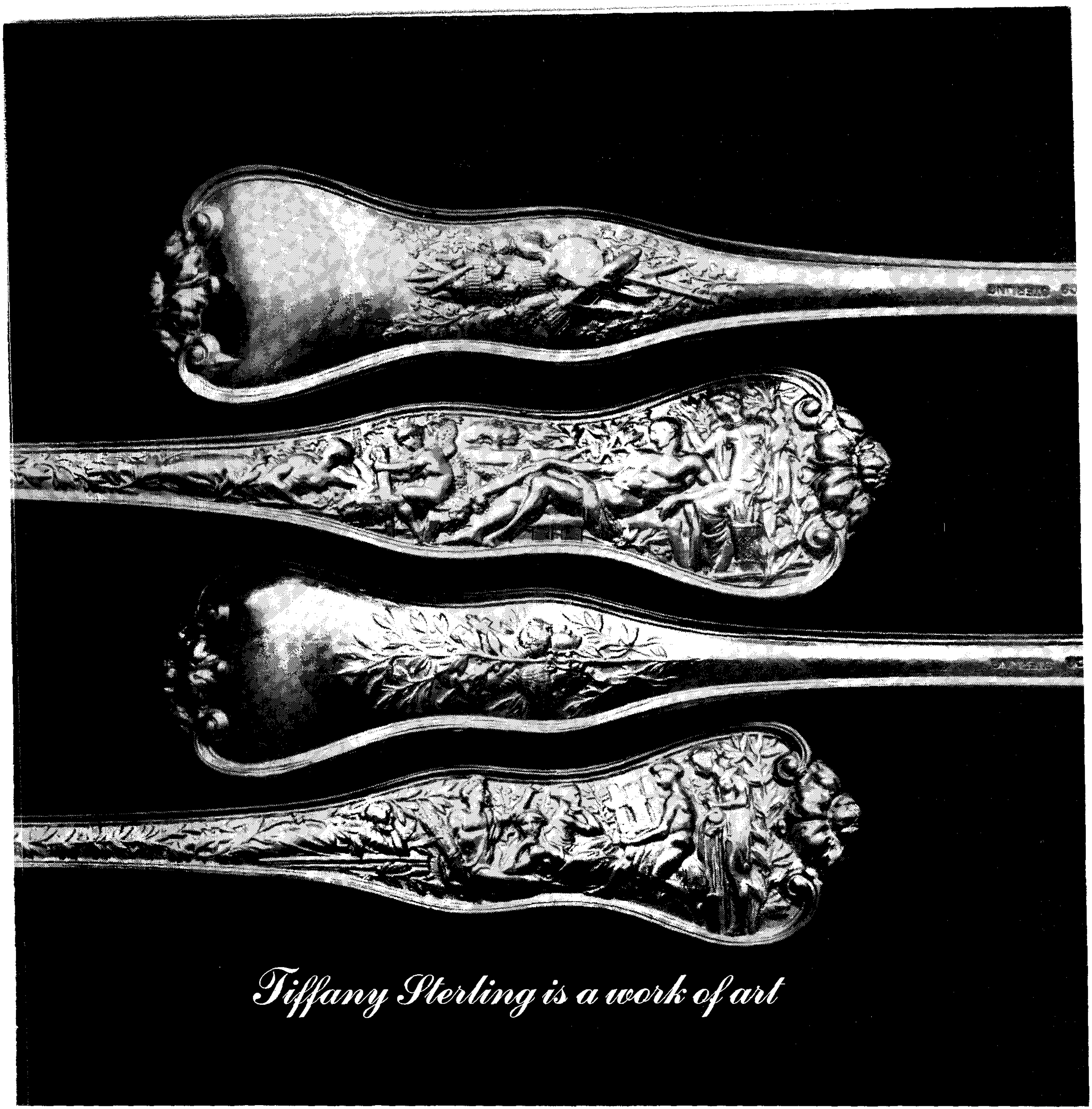
Carmen de Lavallade—With her dance company. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, May 22, at 8:30.)

Teresita La Tana—With her Spanish dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, May 27, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at

Richard Edes Harrison



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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Woody Allen, long ago voted the one most likely of all the public speakers in action to secede (and permanently) from the standard agenda, mannerisms, and semantics of the trade, exceeds all expectations during his dinner and supper séances in the Royal Box. His co-worker is Sylvia Syms, Bloody Mary redivivus, who sings in no uncertain terms. The bandsmen, who keep longer hours, are under the management of the knowing Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The night mayors of a lot of neighborhoods, from Sutton Place to Times Square, convene and convive. The small band of Ernie Warren, a night mayor himself, urges them on from nine until two or three every night but Sunday.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Standing on its dignity is the most vigorous exercise engaged in by the local restaurant, wherein a wee Cliff Hall crew puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Nothing funereal about the lilies here; they all have a gilt complex. So that they may dance, Lester Lanin and a set of followers, plus George Anaya's Latin band, keep up a steady fire hour after hour. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—For Mod, for country, and for Yale is the jaunty credo and sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue, for the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar, most often Andalusian, fill in the intervals between sets.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper, the Persian Room is awarded to Eartha Kitt, that small candle so given to burning at both ends and to making such a lovely light. All evening long, the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte proceed at a brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Pink of perfection on a peak (sixty-five floors up) of the same. A pair of posses, one of them Frankie Carle's, pours forth music from seven until two, and stays home Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The name's the same (it's still the Tommy Dorsey band), but, under the tutelage of Urbie Green, the sound is not entirely a throwback; instead, it holds its own with the sixties. It departs on Saturday, May 20, and on Monday, May 22, the new orchestra of Earl Hines, the benevolent sunlamp, moves in. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The affluent society maintains an executive suite in the Maisonette. Among its trappings are George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one, which operate from seven-thirty until two, not to mention Gino Tonetti, a new-found import who, at dinner and supper, flexes his Calabrian tenor. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

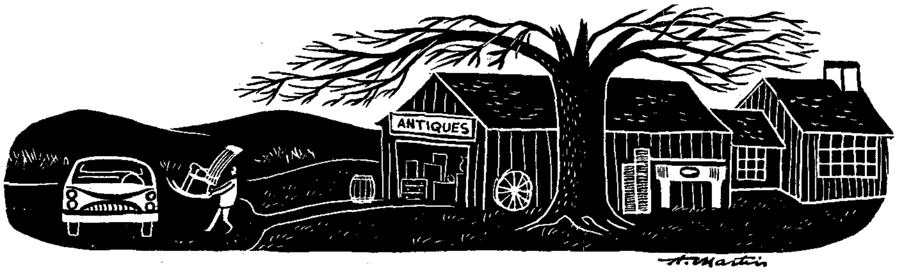
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Have fun, will travel: this is the rule to which Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme work as they skitter, chatting and chanting, across the floor of the Empire Room at the dinner and supper hours. They sound fine except when an overwrought orchestra sets up a communications gap with the audience. The band run by Charles Turecamo approaches the dance music much more gracefully. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, the band of Sonny Kendis rambles from, say, eight until one, or a bit past, Tuesday through Saturday every week.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The playing fields of Eton, or something as large, and conducted with Etonian decorum (no Frug, no Fragmentation) by two endless big bands. No frills or folderol, either, and only smidgens of menu. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There's no split level in this ranch house, for it's *all* one big happy family; Louis Golson Hawkins (Goldie, that is to say) is a padrone, pianist, and walking delegate who knows how to keep it that way. From time to time, Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders ply piano, too. Closed Sundays, as well as Friday and Saturday, May 26-27. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne, who is there every night but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the



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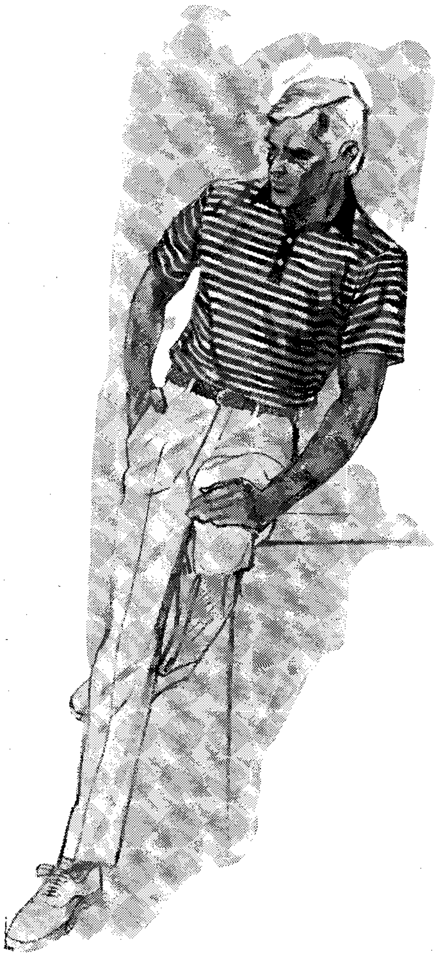

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

restaurant's a stage to the staff, and the scallopini arrives at table garnished with free-hand Verdi. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week-nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways are immutable. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambiance. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): A forest primeval, apparently situated in early Tibet. Admirers of the past may observe certain fragments of the old Stork staff; admirers of the fine arts may listen, and dance, every Monday night, from nine o'clock on, to the adrenalin piano of Billy Rubenstein and his threesome, as well as (from six to eight Mondays through Fridays) to a crew involving Allan Haig and Phil Leshin. Most of the other music keeps its foot on the loud pedal. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—Those who would like to have their ears pierced (for dancing, that is) are best off in this set of discothèques: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Negotiations with the admissions committee are recommended before one approaches this land of mechanical and sonic boom (the boom is never lowered) and social activity. The Wild Ones are the human element of the sound effects. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind an unmarked door just east of the sidewalk café of the same name is a Roman pavilion of exceeding grace, devoted to the trial flights of the very young, of the very *dorée*. Make yourself known beforehand to the supervisory personnel. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

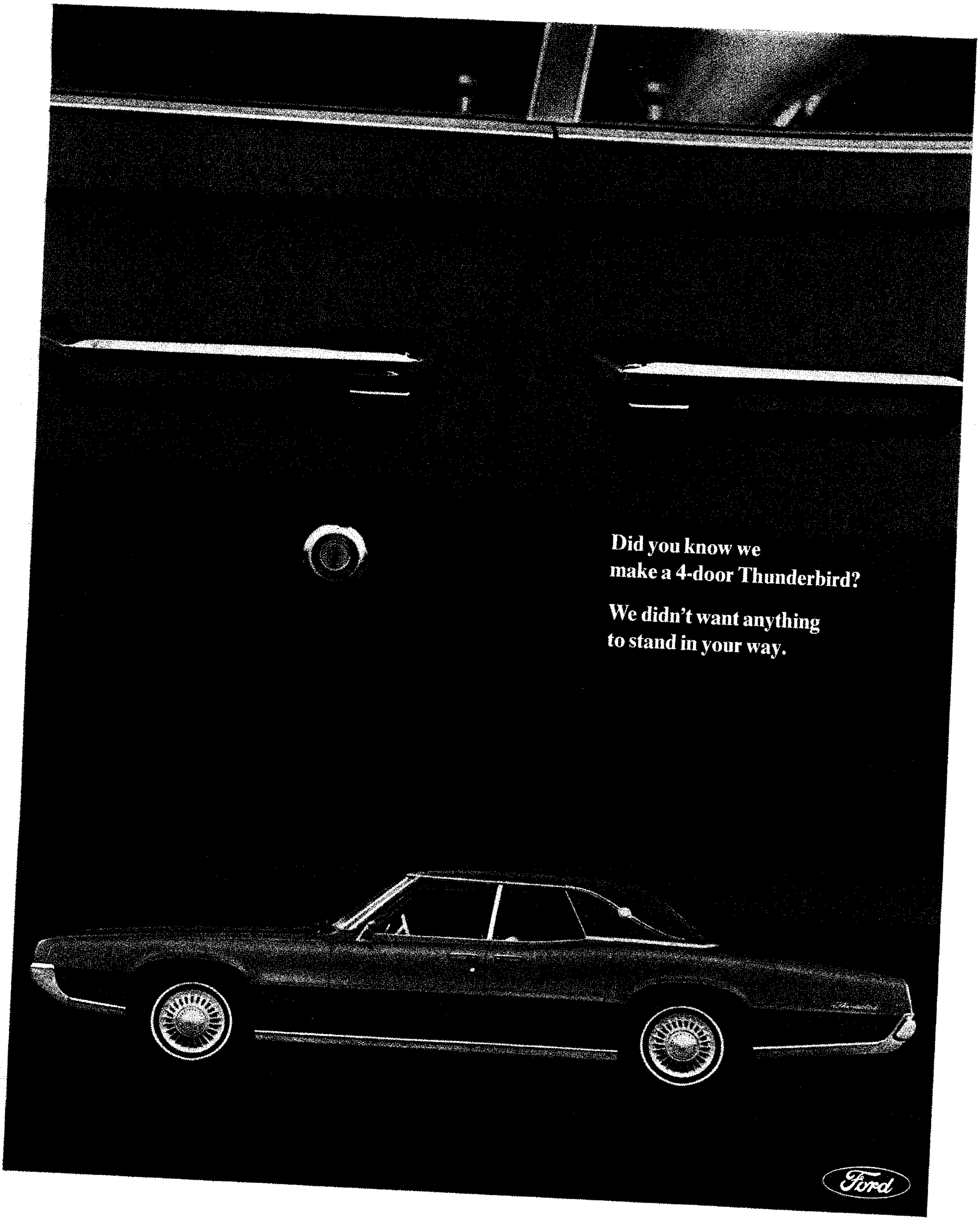
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is again providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and, from nine-thirty to one, music room, too. The best of the music is the effervescent guitar of Enzio Lembo, whose off nights are Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park's peaceful pleasance, Steven Weltner turns out piano that is not just background for conversation but a conversation piece in itself. Six-thirty until midnight, except on Saturdays and Sundays, is the scheme. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place; hop, skip, and jump is the attitude of George Feyer's piano, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgather for talkative dining while self-propelled musicians (the worldly Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): A cenacle whose trappings imply that it is constructed of Turkish Delight. In one of its dining alcoves, a piano implies, from six to one, that the locale is really U.S.A. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The three little girls from school known as the Supremes are busy, with their girlish voices and feet, solving not only the problem of perpetual motion but the problem of perpetual commotion. The incumbent joker is Lee Tully, whose memory course takes him all the way back to Addison Sims of Seattle. A new crop of hothouse flowers, disguised as ballerinas, also disports itself. Dancing for the guests, and no nights off for anyone. On Thursday, May 25, a new caravan arrives, headed by Bobby Vinton, a singer who casts a catatonic spell upon our young. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Maid in Paris" is the title of an extravaganza in which many, many girls in their gym suits are constructing a stairway to Paradise. The most splendid example is Susan Clemm, seven foot seven if she's an inch. Among other things, there are the Ramon Cadiz dancers (do or die for dear old Spain) and the sonnets of Ronnie Dove, a tenor fresh out of the record albums. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The sack of Troy, the delending of Carthage, done as an impromptu musical comedy by a cast of thousands, all of them volunteer and most of them miniskirted. No quarter is asked or giv-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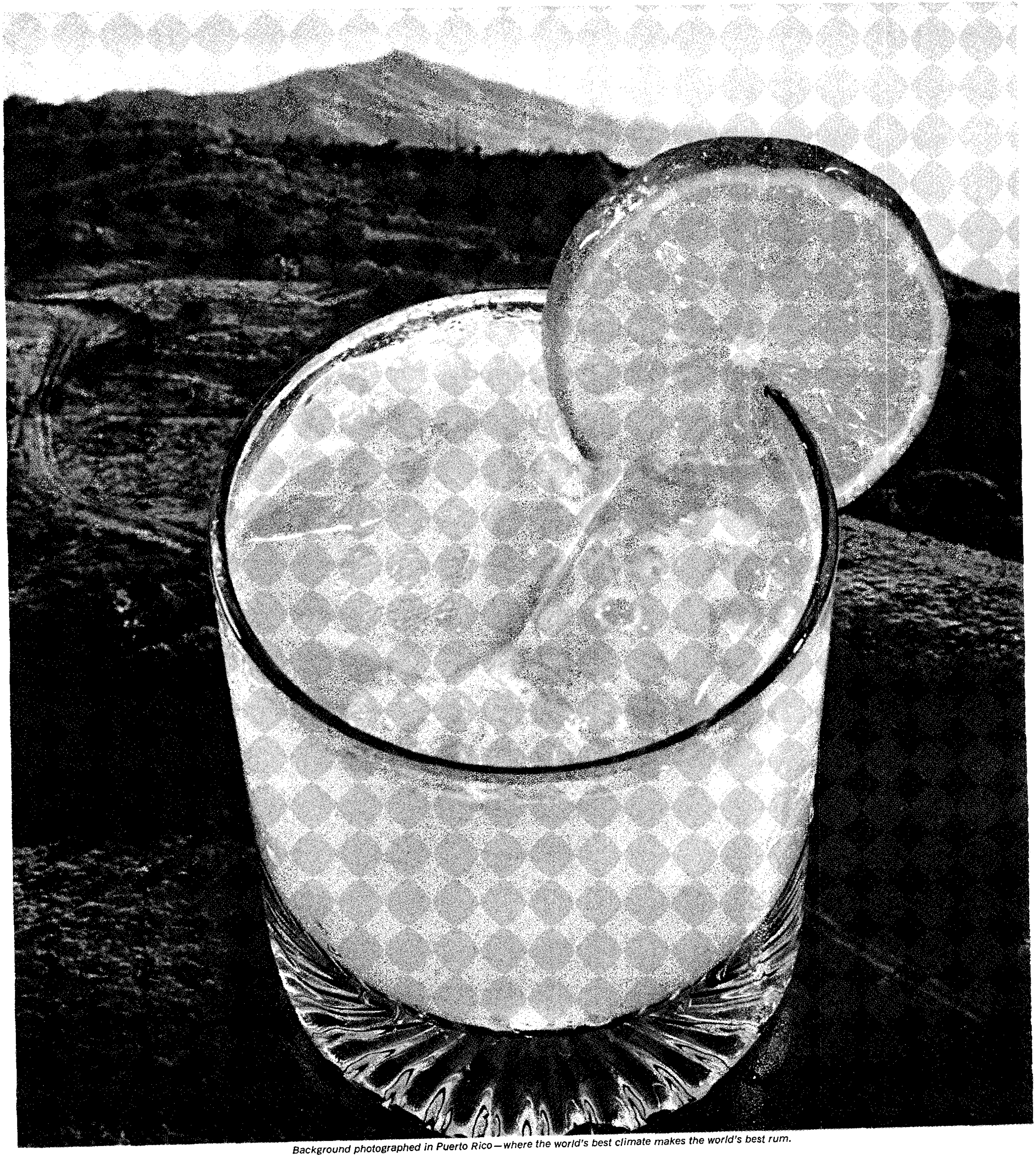

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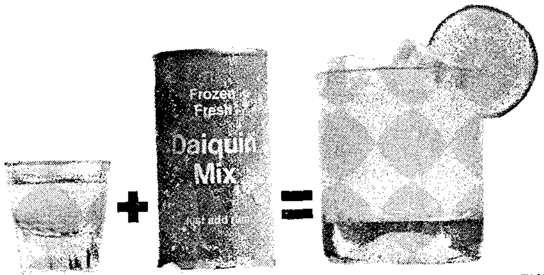

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

en by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In the polished finishing school of which Julius Monk is headmaster, Charlotte Rae's voice toys with polysyllabic sarcasms, the team of Patchett & Tarses sets forth its young and homemade colloquies, and Jamie Ross puts a Scotch burr or thistle in every bright thing he sings. The background is the duplex and dashing pianoing of Otis Clements and Robert Colston. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The facile feet of the Lusitanian flamencans led by Joaquin Robles often rise above their surroundings—the burning deck of the back-room stage—but only to return to it full force. The four-strong Los Hispanos (song and strings) are also present. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): There's an Underground in the New Music, too, and the piano of Bill Evans knows the way, even to the bypass around Avernus. Philly Joe Jones is part of his trio. Sunday is matinée day (four-thirty to seven) as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This Gaul is divided into two parts. The Top of the Gate offers Marian McPartland's threesome (musing one moment and muscular the next), plus the piano of Tete Montoliu, who, for all that he's a Barcelonan, has worked out some improvements on the American idiom. They depart on Sunday, May 21, and Mose Allison's triad moves in on Tuesday, May 23. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The lower level will be occupied on Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, by Dick Gregory, our articulate ombudsman, and Josh White, the first-generation maker of folk music. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, Stan Kenton's eighteen-man band and Josh White are projected. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A noticeable amount of jump enlivens this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. Allan Haig's threesome takes turns with him. The Haigs are off Sundays, Mr. De Forest is off Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Little Egypt—architecturally, that is, and *not* in the flesh. There is a great deal of electricity in the air, all of it devoted to bringing tape to life. The live music is produced by Oscar Peterson and his trio. Dinner, supper, and all that. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-0752): Richie Kamuca's quartet, of which Jim Hall is one quarter, is in residence. On Tuesday, May 23, a change of cast will come about. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The quintet of Donald Byrd has the use of the hall every evening but Sunday, which is allotted to the constantly changing membership of the Jazz Interactions. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The oldest established jazz museum in town, displaying music that has been scarcely touched by the deleterious hand of time. Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Ross Tompkins, and Cliff Leeman. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome does music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Peculiar are the folkways here, but no matter, for Hazel Scott gets to her piano now and then for some notable words and music. She finishes up on Monday, May 22; on Tuesday, May 23, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, quite the specialists at words and music themselves, take over. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to the past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently done by Freddie Hubbard's quintet, but on Tuesday, May 23, Yusef Lateef's arcane quartet replaces it. Mondays, Sun Ra's pathfinding ten-man firing squad is there instead. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian lyrics of Ruth Crews, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Still the best of the Village's coffee *fincas*, and still devoted to the care and feeding of folk music. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, who are eminences in an overcrowded profession, depart on Sunday, May 21. For these and the like, bring boots that were made for walking. For Dr. Richard Ireland ("demonstrations in ESP and precognition"), who arrives on Friday, May 19, bring your hip boots. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Anyone looking for the likes of Charles Mingus will find the catalytic original fulminating here, along with his hard-working bass and three assistants. They usually begin around ten and stay late. Sundays and Mondays, other operatives fill in. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The doors of this enterprise open and close with the speed of doors in a bedroom farce. If they are open, behind them should be Brook Benton (Pied Piper singer) and the riotous band of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. The doors are definitely shut Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Plaster sculptures and drawings; through June 3. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANASTASI—Reproductions of the gallery walls on canvas; through May 31. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Figurative sculptures in bronze

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Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

and wood, and drawings; through Saturday, May 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—Glass constructions by a leading West Coast artist; through Saturday, May 20. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE BELLOWS (1882-1925)—Landscapes, marines, and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 27. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

SEYMOUR BOARDMAN—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, May 20 (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—A selection of works by the French Post-Impressionist, who died in 1965; through June 1 (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

NICOLAI CIKOVSKY—Landscapes, seascapes, still-lifes, portraits; through Saturday, May 20. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 20 (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

FLEUR COWLES—Paintings of tigers and butterflies by a biographer of Salvador Dali; through Saturday, May 27. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ESTHER DAVIS—Semi-abstract figurative paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, May 27. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBYN DENNY—Purist paintings by a British artist; through June 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE DUNN—Sketchy figures within constructions of geometrical planes; through June 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHIGEO FUKUDA—Toys and objects, some animated, by a Japanese designer; through June 10. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

SUE FULLER—String compositions suspended in Plexiglas boxes; through Saturday, May 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS—Paintings, drawings, and pastels by this artist currently showing at the Whitney Museum; through June 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTHONY GREEN—Semi-comic album pictures; through Saturday, May 27. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

SARAH GRILO—Paintings featuring scribbled poems and abstract calligraphy; through Saturday, May 27. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUAN GRIS—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist, who died forty years ago; through June 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Photo-realist portraits with archaic backgrounds; through Saturday, May 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND HENDLER—Ideographic paintings; through June 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES JARVAISE—Oil paintings on leaves of metal giving an effect of motion; through Saturday, May 27. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—Collages by an artist who works in small scale; through Saturday, May 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN KAMEN—Large semi-abstract interiors; through May 30. (Carlsson, 791 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5.)

JACQUES KAPLAN—Fur used as a medium for various vanguard art forms by the furrier; through Saturday, May 27. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GYULA KOSICE—"Sculpture: Water-Light-Movement" by a European experimentalist, now a citizen of Argentina; through Saturday, May 27. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST LAWSON—Paintings by the landscapist, who died in 1939; through Saturday, May 20. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

JEAN LINDER—Soft plastic constructions; through Friday, May 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GERHARD MARCKS—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through May 31 (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

JOHN MARIN—A benefit showing of twenty-seven oils and watercolors from the Duncan Phillips Collection, in Washington; through Friday, May 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES MATTOX—Kinetic sculptures by a West Coast inventor of witty motions; through Saturday, May 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD A. MILLER—Figure and portrait sculptures; through Saturday, May 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

CLAES OLDENBURG—Soft and hard sculptures, and drawings, by the Pop artist; through Saturday, May 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—An exhibit of forty-two watercolors and drawings taken from the whole range of his work, which will be running simultaneously with his show (starting Friday, May 19) at the Whitney Museum; through June 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIO POMODORO—Marble and bronze sculptures by a leading Milanese contemporary; through Saturday, May 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Spectator-controlled kinetic constructions; through June 10. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN ROSE—Representational oils, watercolors, and etchings; through June 10. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Drawings; through June 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO—Abstractions with ruled edges and flat colors; through Thursday, May 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID SMITH—Eight iron and painted-iron constructions by this abstract sculptor, recently deceased; through Saturday, May 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY SOVIAK AND LEO RABKIN—Collages by the former and Plexiglas light-boxes by the latter; through June 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Small abstract paintings by a well-known sculptor; through Saturday, May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY TILLIM—Still-lifes and figures by an active art critic; through Saturday, May 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1967 Annual Exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 28. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 20, from 1 to 5.)

SCULPTURES; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Advanced experimental sculptures by Robert Grosvenor, Gay Glading, and Anthony Magar; through Wednesday, May 24. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **PIETRANTONIO**, 26 E. 84th St.: Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CAPRICORN**, 11 W. 56th St.: "Artists by Artists," a collection of portraits by more than fifty artists, portraying themselves and each other; through June 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by William Thon, Hans Moller, Edward Betts, and Jason Schoener; through June 3.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery artists; through June 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Dickinson, Gwathmey, Hopper, Diebenkorn, Shahn, Hockney, and others; through Saturday, May 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through June 10. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . GRAHAM, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Art—Authentic and Fake," a benefit show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and decorative objects (by such artists as Blakelock, Chagall, and Miró), half of them genuine, half fraudulent; through Saturday, May 20. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and tapestries (by Picasso, de Kooning, and Cézanne, to mention a few) from Governor Rockefeller's Albany mansion; through May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . VISUAL ARTS, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Homage to Morandi," by a group of prominent Americans (Bontecou, Brooks, Katz, Guston, Marca-Relli, Lester Johnson, Reinhardt, Thiebaud, Ortman, and others), plus a selection of paintings by Morandi; through Friday, May 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the ADRIA ART GALLERY, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through May 29. . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SELECTED ARTISTS, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hat-shepsut to Queen Victoria; through June 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition on William Blake's method of printmaking, including illuminated books and plates and materials of facsimile making; through May 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4. . . . ¶ Prints by Canadian painters and sculptors, among them Jean-Paul Riopelle, Michael Snow, and Les Levine; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

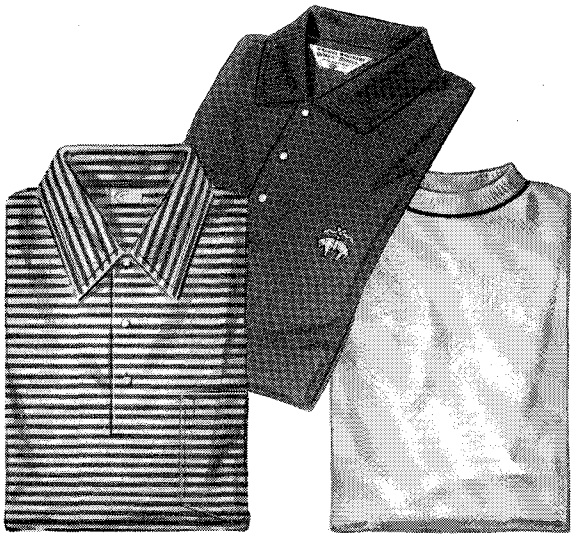
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-nine boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well known in the art world since the thirties; through June 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and etchings by William Glackens (1870-1938); through June 11. . . . A retrospective of over a hundred oils, watercolors, and drawings by Jules Pascin; starting Friday, May 19. . . . Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints acquired during the past year; a few of the artists are David Weinrib, Barnett Newman, Franz Kline, and John Singer Sargent. Through June 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Complementing the first two exhibits are the Glackens showing at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St., and the Pascin showing at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Oriental carpets from the Kevorkian Foundation Collection; through May 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibit of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Walk-in sculptures by Will Insley, Michael Kirby, Les Levine, Ursula Meyer, Brian O'Doherty, Charles Ross, and Tony Smith; through June 18.... ¶ French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings by former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with photographs, documents, and memorabilia from all periods of his life; through Aug. 31.... ¶ A loan show of contemporary Canadian Eskimo works—more than two hundred sculptures and two hundred examples of their recent turn toward printmaking; through May 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 11.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2.... ¶ Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through May 31. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 29.... ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Note—"Merchants and Planters of the Upper Hudson Valley, 1700-50," a joint exhibition of portraits on loan from public and private collections, is being held (through June 11) at the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park W., at 77th St., Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5) and, along with some religious paintings, at the Museum of American Folk Art (49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30).

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7450. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Benjamin Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia." Staged by Christopher West, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra directed by Frederic Waldman. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, May 18, and Saturday, May 20, both at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"La Traviata," the final performance of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, May 20, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting the final concerts of the regular season on Thursday, May 18, at 8:30; Friday, May 19, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 20, at 8:30 (all with David Bar-Illan, piano, and Joel Spiegelman, harpsichord).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 17. An Italian-Russian program Wednesday through Saturday, May 24-27, at 8:30 (with Teresa Stratas, soprano, and Michele Molese, tenor).

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing the final program of the season, with Veronica Kusmin, soprano; Carolyn Stanford, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Marvin Hayes, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 21, at 3, and Monday, May 22, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea conducting the final concert of the season, with Timothy Eddy, cello. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, May 23, at 8:30. For information about tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing the final concert of the season, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano; the Orchestra of America; and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in the last two in a series of programs of Haydn trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 20, and Wednesday, May 24, both at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Diahann Carroll, Melina Mercouri, Gary Merrill, Florence Henderson, Paul Draper, Orson Bean, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call OR 4-5010.)

Jazz—Horace Silver's quintet, Morgana King, and Ahmad Jamal; Billy Taylor, narrator. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Saturday, May 27, at 8 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, May 21, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday through Wednesday, May 22-24, at 8.... ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, May 26, at 8, and Saturday, May 27, at 2:15.

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 20.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 20, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 27.... **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Tuesday, May 30. ... **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 20.

Soccer—National Professional Soccer League at Yankee Stadium—Sunday, May 21, at 2:30: Generals vs. Atlanta Chiefs.... ¶ Wednesday, May 24, at 8: Generals vs. Baltimore Bays.... ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 2:30: Generals vs. San Francisco Clippers.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, May 20, at 2, and Sunday, May 21, at 3.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.) ... **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, May 25, through Monday, July 24.... **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **american children's theatre:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **bil baird's marionette theatre:** "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird

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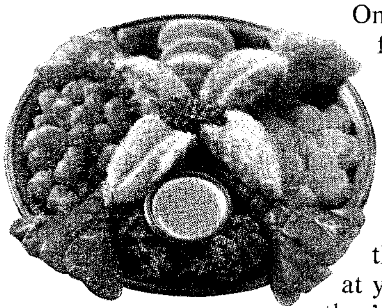

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays at 3. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Daniel Boone." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Thursday, May 25, at 10:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Comedy of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Rhythms of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, kids, mice, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

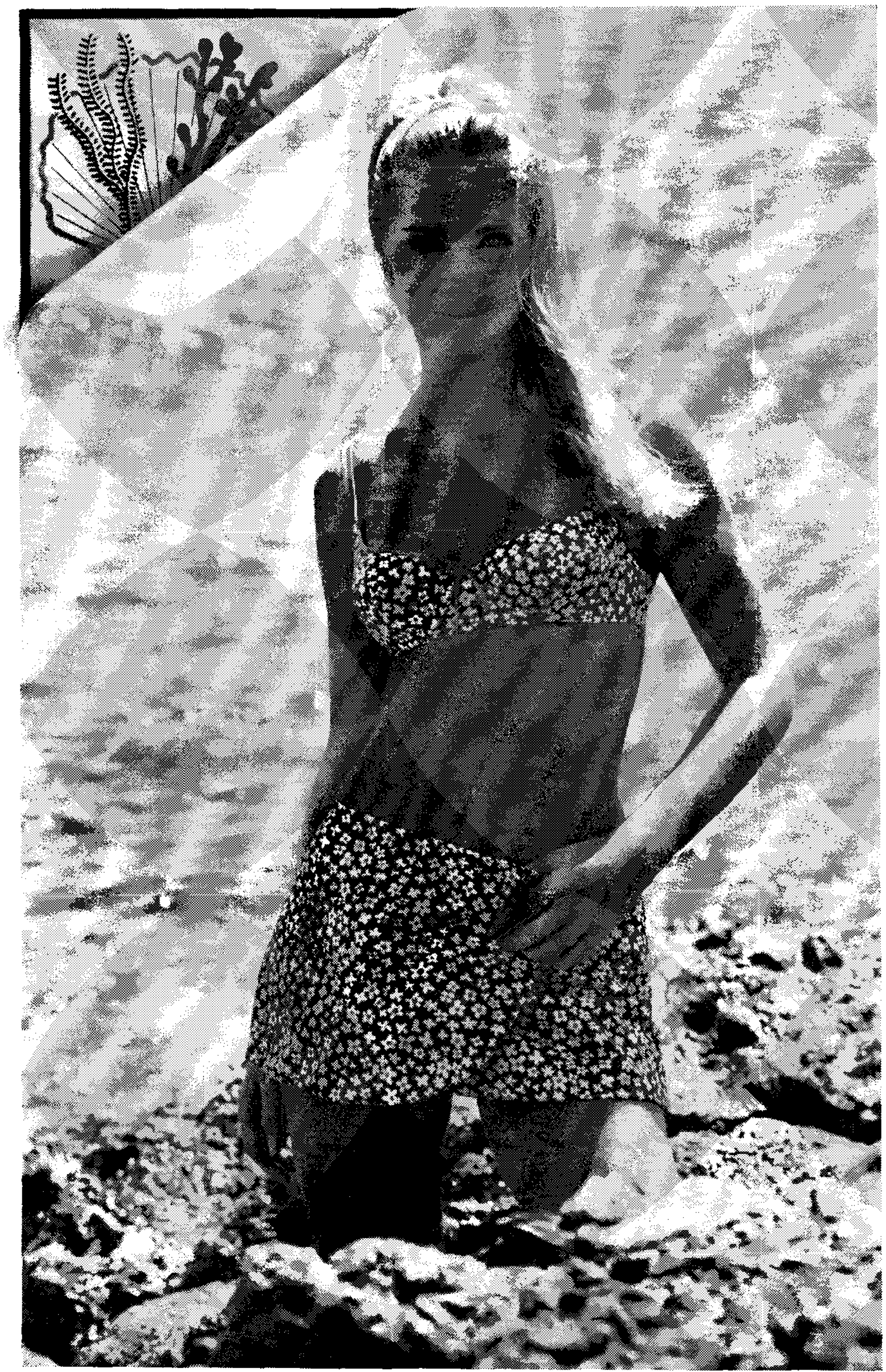
FLAG THROWING—An exhibition by the Flag Throwers of Arezzo. (Rockefeller Center Plaza. Friday, May 19, from noon to 1.)

ARMED FORCES DAY PARADE—Seven thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 92nd Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 20. . . . ¶ The Navy will open to public inspection the transport LaSalle at Pier 88, W. 48th St., on Thursday and Friday, May 18-19, from 1 to 4, and Saturday, May 20, from 12 to 3.

WALKING TOURS—"Historic New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 21, at 2:30. Meets at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 19, at 10:30: American historical manuscripts, including a group of Presidential autographs; the property of John Clarkeson and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 19, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 10:30: Decorative paintings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century American furniture and decorations, from various owners.

There's a great deal behind Sea Weeds.



At East Hampton, Sea Weeds look great getting carried away by a sea swirl, getting rescued by a life-guard, munching a lobster roll with our hero or just for the fun of wearing Sea Weeds.

Bikini and separate sarong of flowered cotton. Red or green. Sizes 6 to 14. Three pieces, about $26.* At "the" stores in the Hamptons and everywhere.

Sea Weeds, a division of Boe Jests, 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

* PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl comes close to destroying a happy household. With Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a pretty girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Michelangelo Antonioni is a poet, not a storyteller, and his picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Casino Royale—A very funny atticful of old and new sight gags, verbal gags, and wholesale scene-stealings by such masters as Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, David Niven, Orson Welles, and Deborah Kerr. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Funeral in Berlin—Michael Caine is again a Cockney spy in the service of Her Britannic Majesty. An admirable thriller, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 21.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 24.)

Goal!—A brilliant documentary account of last summer's World Cup soccer competition. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 23.)

Grand Prix—Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other good-looking, high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars and the strange men who drive them. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of impressive scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A successful adaptation of the Broadway musical, with Robert Morse, Rudy Vallée, and Michele Lee. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

The Hunt—A marvellous movie out of Spain, and of Spain, in the course of which the shooting of a few luckless rabbits culminates in an appalling human carnage. Written and directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through May 21. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 22.)

The Jokers—An admirable comic melodrama about the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. Directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian director named Miloš Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 23.)

Made in Italy—Thirty-odd vivid snapshots of contemporary Italy, featuring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. The director is Nanni Loy. In Italian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with discrimination and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller as his wife; Robert Shaw as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—A movie of a play inside a play, cleverly brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret ha-ha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Vie de Château—A comedy about life in the Norman countryside during the Second World War. The spirited direction is by Jean-Paul Rappeneau, who also helped write the witty screenplay. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 24. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 24, tentative.)

The War Game—The time is the near future, and London is under enemy fire. A grim, compelling account of what had better not befall us, well directed by Peter Watkins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who is coming of age. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 24. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 24.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 24.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 20.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 19.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 20.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through May 23.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 19.)

Lord Love a Duck (1966)—Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld in George Axelrod's survey of contemporary teen-aging. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 24.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford involved in murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love, as adapted from James M. Cain's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 23.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 19.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this story of a corner of hell in Harlem. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 24.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 23.)

Sergeant York (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 22.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 20. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 24.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 18.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 23.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a treatment of the Jonson comedy. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 20.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 21. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 24, tentative.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—May 18 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Skylark" (1965), in Hungarian. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2 and 5:30, and May 20 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Current" (1963), in Hungarian. . . . ¶ May 21-22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Colors of Battle" (1964), in Polish. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Answer to Violence" (1958), in Polish. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Beau Brummel" (1924), with John Barrymore and Mary Astor. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Mervyn LeRoy." May 18 at 3 and 5:15: "Escape" (1940), with Norma Shearer and Nazimova. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30 and 5: "Random Harvest" (1941), with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30 and 5: "Johnny Eager" (1941), with Lana Turner and Robert Taylor. . . . ¶ May 21 at 1 and 3:30: "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" (1945), with Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30 and 5: "Tugboat Annie" (1933), with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30 and 5: "Blossoms in the Dust" (1941), with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
21	22	23	24	18	19	20

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through May 23: "The Great Escape," revival, Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From May 24: "The Way West," Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
CASINO ROYALE.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through May 24: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
From May 21, at 8: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward. (Opening night by invitation only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis. (No evening performances on Wednesday, May 24.)

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MARAT/SADE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through May 19: **MORGAN!**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.
From May 20: "There Was an Old Couple" (in Russian).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 23: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "The Lovemakers" (in Italian), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale.
From May 24: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 23: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb; and "Texas Across the River," Dean Martin, Alain Delon.
From May 24: To be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 21: **THE HUNT** (in Spanish).
From May 22: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE WAGES OF FEAR (in French and English), revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
CASINO ROYALE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 23: **SCORPIO RISING**, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.
From May 24 (tentative): **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 21: "Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.
From May 22, at 8:30: "El Greco," Mel Ferrer. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 23: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From May 24 (tentative): "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
May 18 at 2, 4:30, and 8: "Bolshoi Ballet 67."
May 19-23: "The Deadly Bees," Suzanna Leigh; and "The Vulture," Robert Hutton.
From May 24: "Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda; and "Fort Utah," John Ireland, Virginia Mayo.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 20: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.
May 21-23: "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From May 24: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 23: **GOAL!**
From May 24: **LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU** (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 21: **FUNERAL IN BERLIN**; and **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival.
From May 22: **THE HUNT** (in Spanish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
May 18 at 2, 4:30, and 8: "Bolshoi Ballet 67."
May 19-23: "The Deadly Bees," Suzanna Leigh; and "The Vulture," Robert Hutton.
From May 24: "Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda; and "Fort Utah," John Ireland, Virginia Mayo.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through May 23: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From May 24, at 8:30: "A King's Story," a documentary based on the memoirs of the Duke of Windsor. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through May 24 (tentative): "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 24: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 23: **THE TRAIN**, revival; and "Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.
From May 24: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and **LORD LOVE A DUCK**, revival.

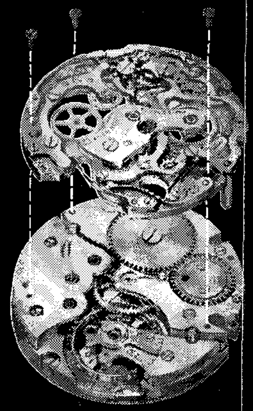
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 18: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
May 19: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
May 20: **VOLPONE** and **THE IDIOT** (both in French and both revivals).
May 21: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.
May 22: **SERGEANT YORK**, revival; and "Jezebel," revival, Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.
May 23: **MILDRED PIERCE**, revival; and "Johnny Belinda," revival, Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres.
May 24: **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival; and "In Name Only," revival, Carole Lombard, Cary Grant.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 23: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From May 24 (tentative): **LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU** (in French).

FOR SALE
FOR SALE
R. MacMillan

The Fat Watch

AND WHY TWO MOVEMENTS
ARE BETTER THAN ONE.



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We don't make it fat to make it different. It's fat because it's made of two different parts. A chronograph (the fat word for stop watch), plus a regular wrist watch.

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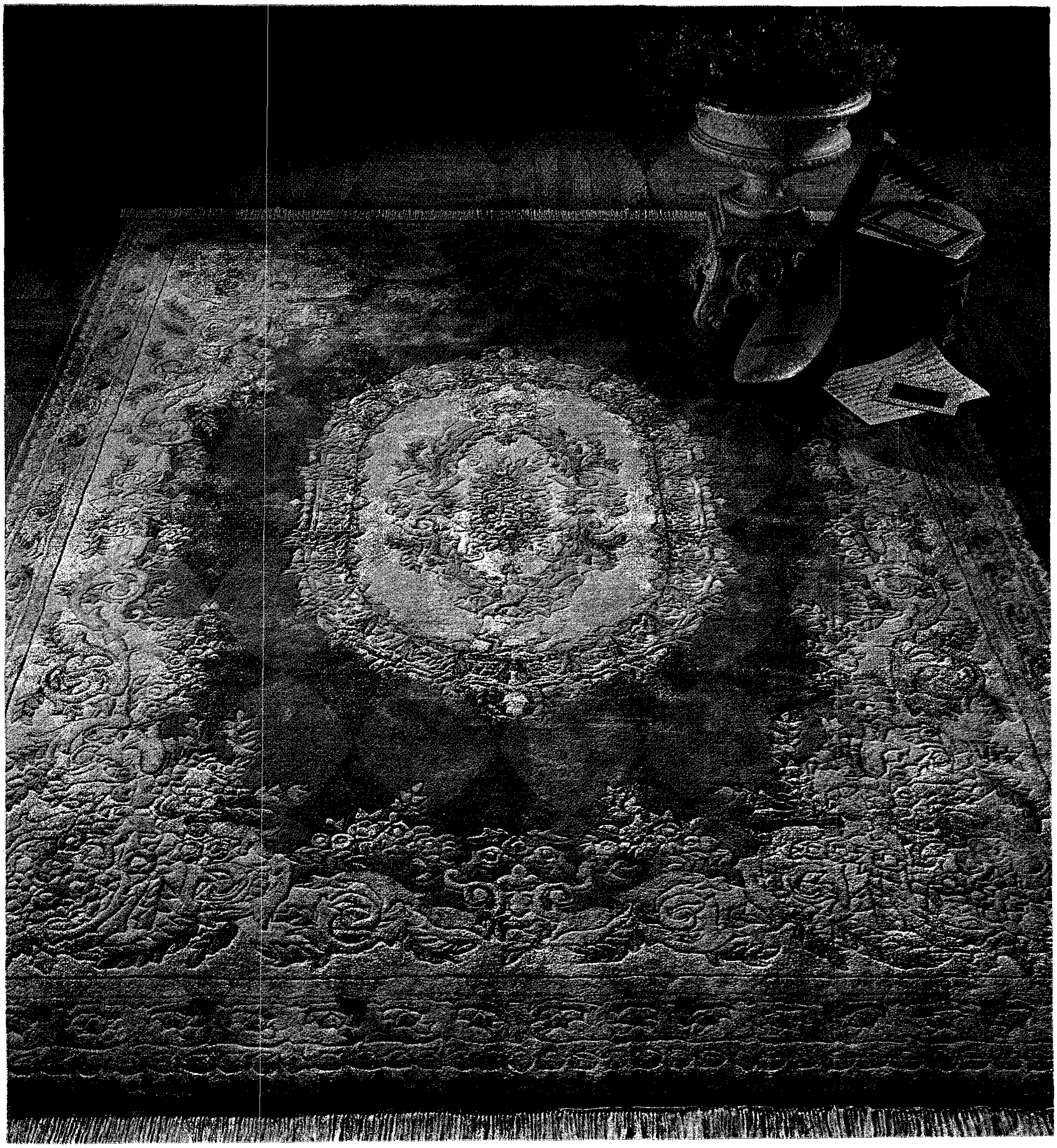

After 10 years we stop calling an apprentice an apprentice.

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But it took a diemaker with 40 years of experience to handle Masterpiece.

You'd see why if you could look at Masterpiece under a magnifying glass.

The thicks and thins curve just as they would on a column. The tips of leaves bend just as they would on a tree.

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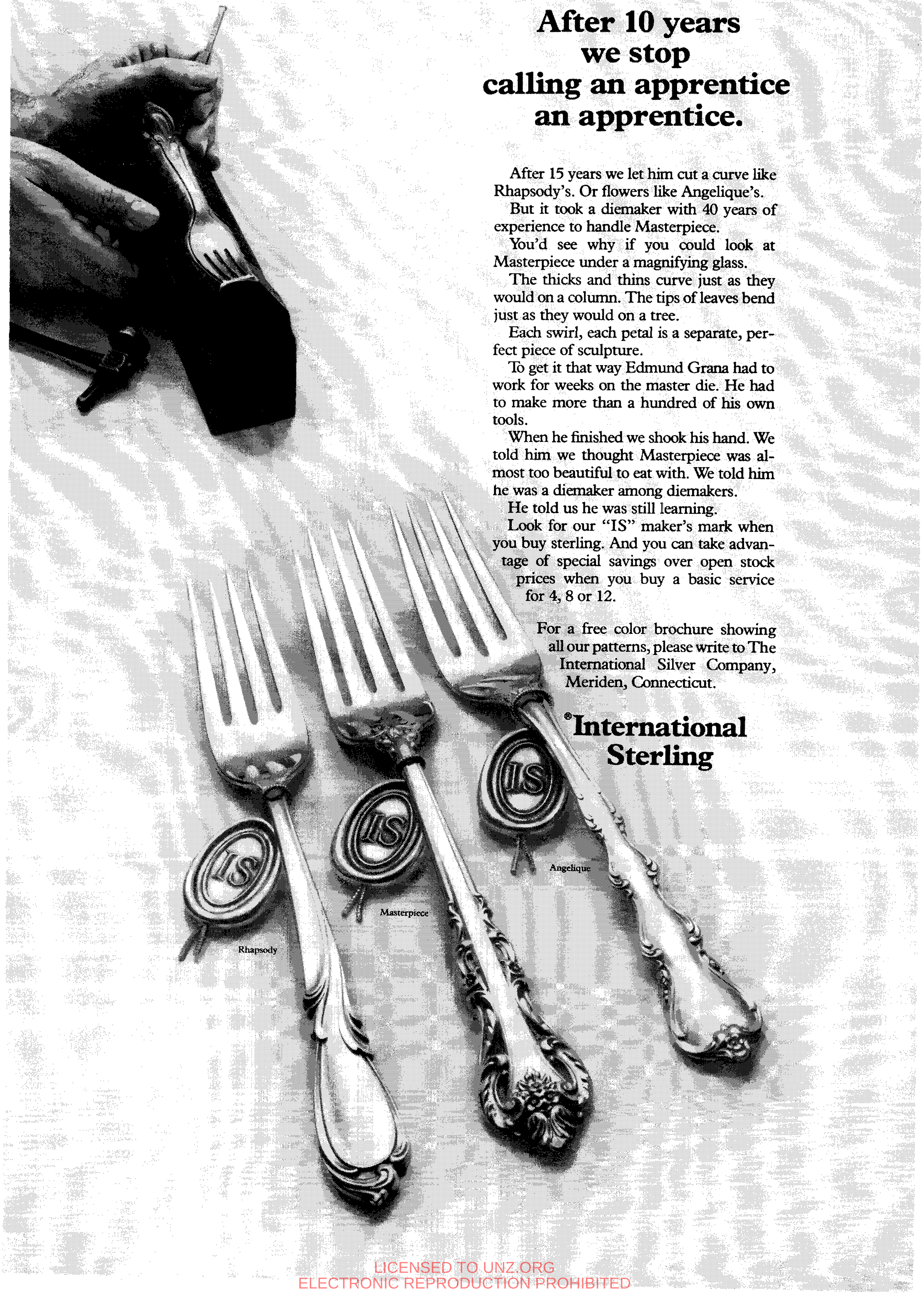
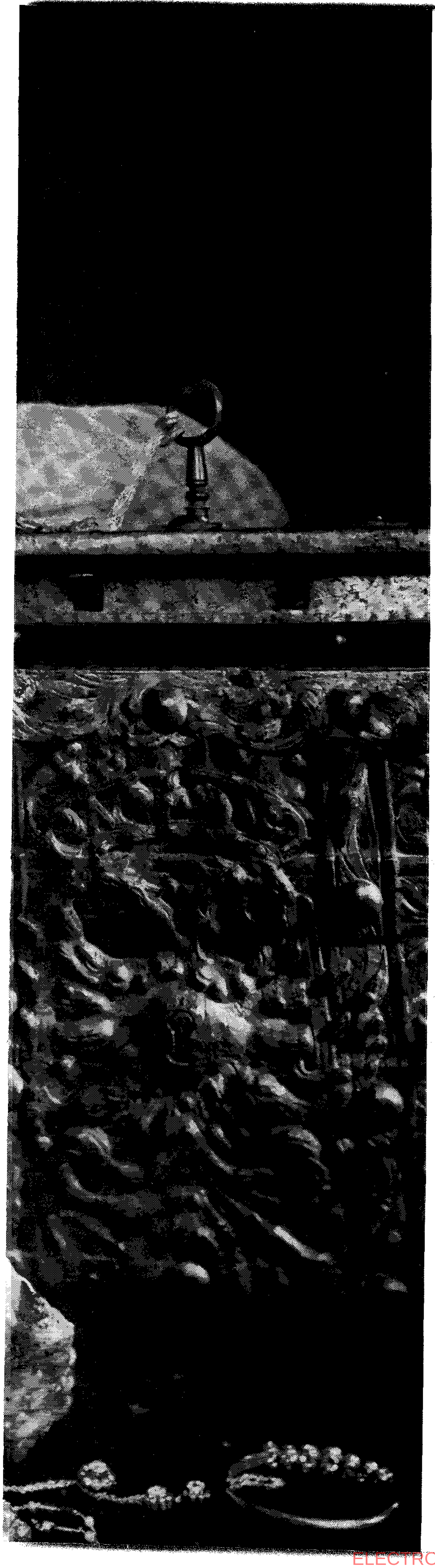


Mineral Deposits
Lindgren

Photo by Karsh of Ottawa



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for Barbara Machin, past and future
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Upholding a family tradition, for
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This is very much a part of the great
Canadian Shield—the continent's
oldest, richest, rock-guarded treasury of gold and silver, uranium,
nickel, copper, iron and lead.
This is Northern Ontario . . . created
as if calculated to spur men's dreams
—where, from the solid comfort of
squared-log lodges, moose hunters
and sport fishermen too, go out to
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Northern Ontario . . . a place you'll
remember for a *different* vacation
experience. A place of sparkling
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And where historical artifacts are
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The unique satisfactions of a
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Tourism & Information,
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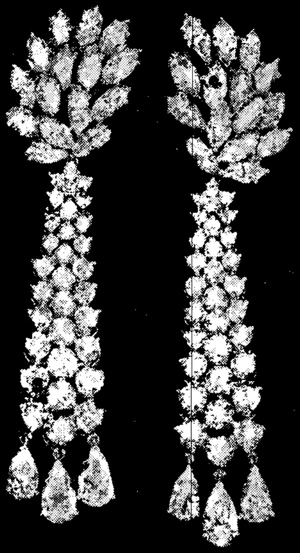
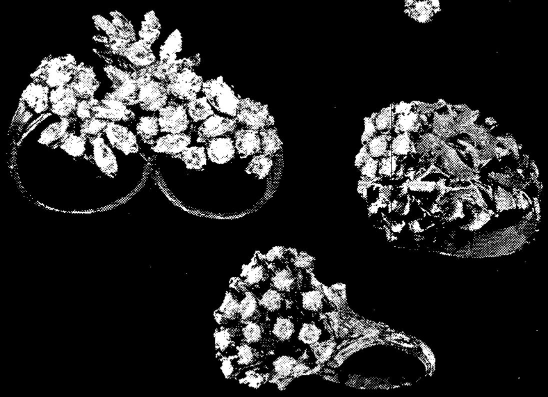
Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near





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The most precious of gems is joy and flattery forever, casting enchantment on everything you'll ever wear.

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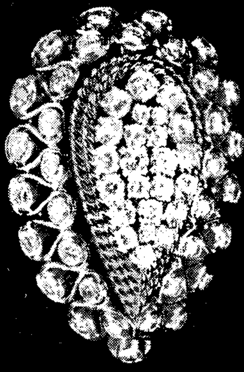

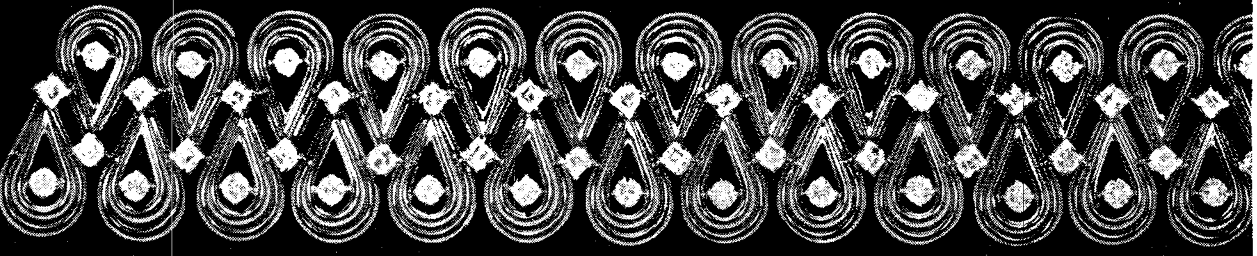

Earrings, about $12,500; two-finger ring, about $6000; cluster ring, about $530; high-rise ring, about $1050; brooch, about $3800; bracelet, about $4000. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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How wide can a child's eyes get! Watch as the waiter flourishes the bubbly chocolate sauce . . . our staff knows what makes little boys' eyes light up. And to make your trip more lighthearted — carefree — there are supervised playrooms in every class.

What turns teens on? The Sound. They can monkey in their own discotheque on ss United States. Or dance to the beat of Meyer Davis — perhaps you can even teach your daughter the "cha cha"! Have fun. Take your family on the world's fastest ship. Call your Travel Agent or the United States Lines, One Broadway, New York, New York 10004.

Imagine that your 10-year-old has a whole ship 5 city blocks long to explore — to discover just where the dog deck is. How to read the stars. Where we keep the swimming pool. And how to play deck tennis. It's an experience your would-be adventurer will never forget! And for those under 12 the fun is half fare on ss United States to Europe.

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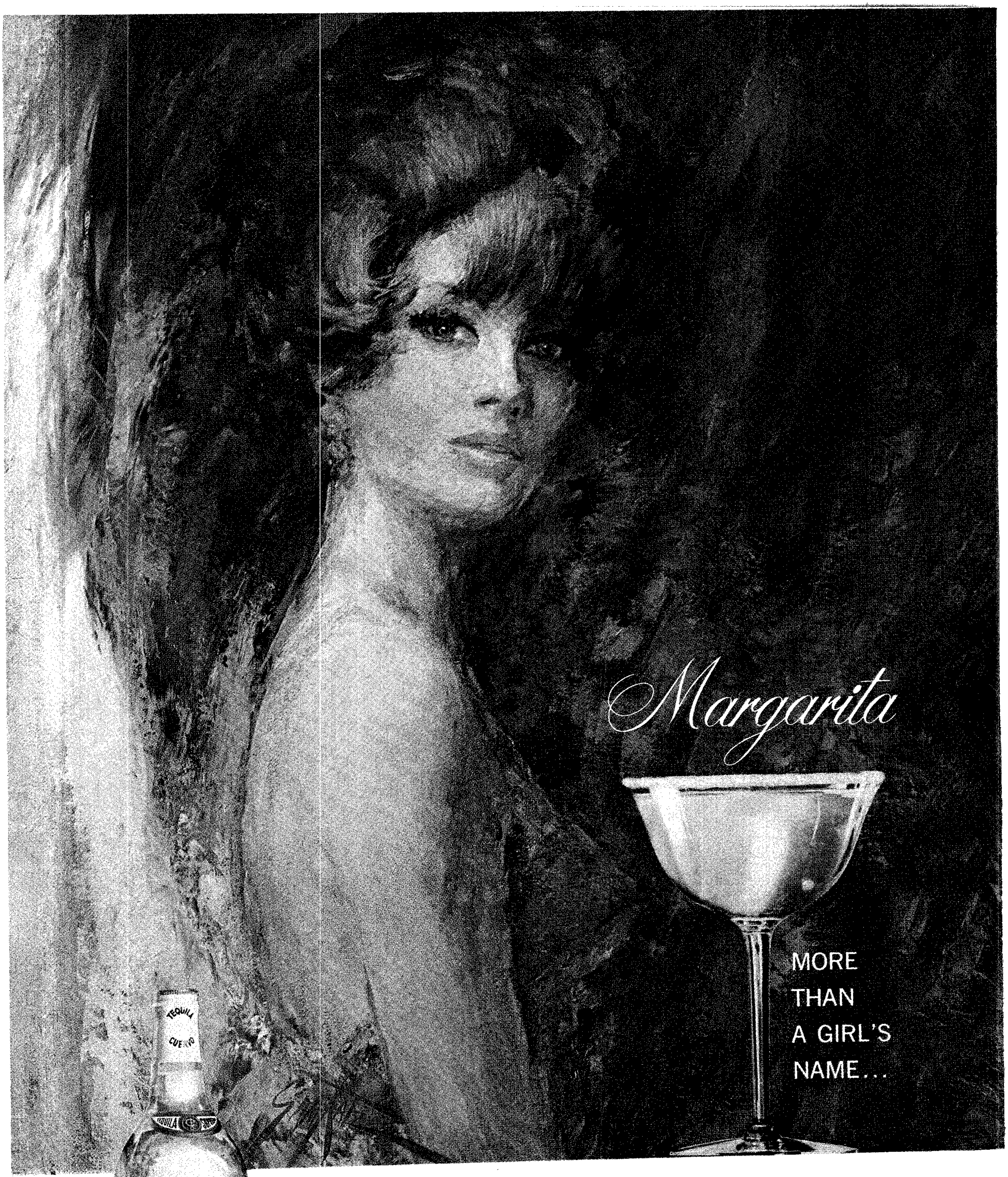
Less than 5 days to Europe — the route of the Unrushables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The Cuervo Margarita Cocktail... originated in the gay cantinas of old Mexico... then the toast of the American West... now a classic. The Margarita at its finest is always made with Jose Cuervo brand, the unchallenged leader of Tequilas. *Make one this way: 1½ oz. White Cuervo Tequila, ½ oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Fresh Lime or Lemon Juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass. Ah-h-h-h!* Cuervo is a "must" in the Tequila Sunrise, Sour, Martini and other captivating drinks. Send for the Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet to Heublein, Inc., P.O. Box 1228, Dept. T, Hartford, Connecticut.

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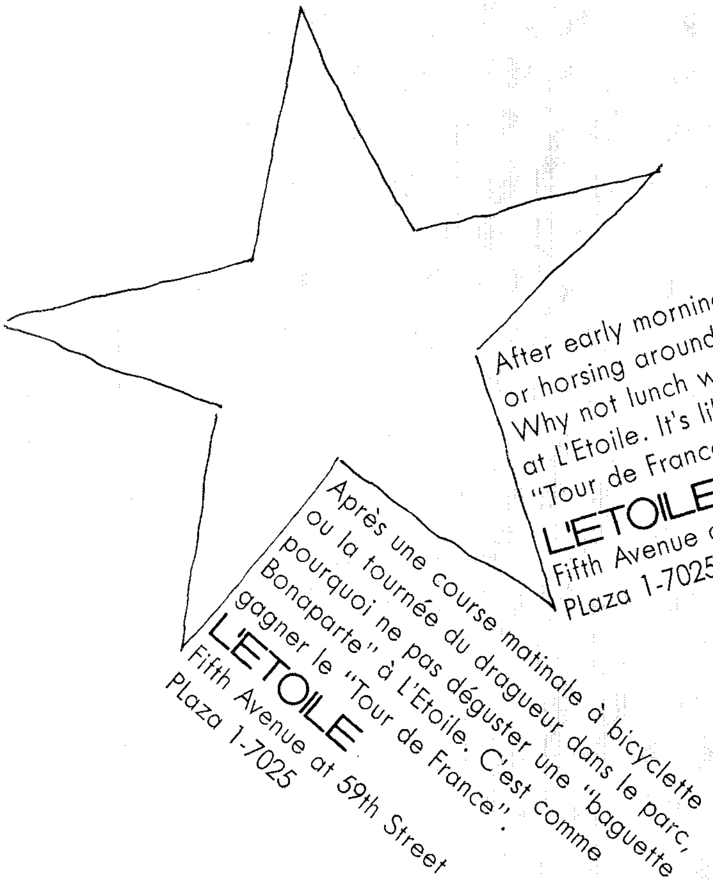


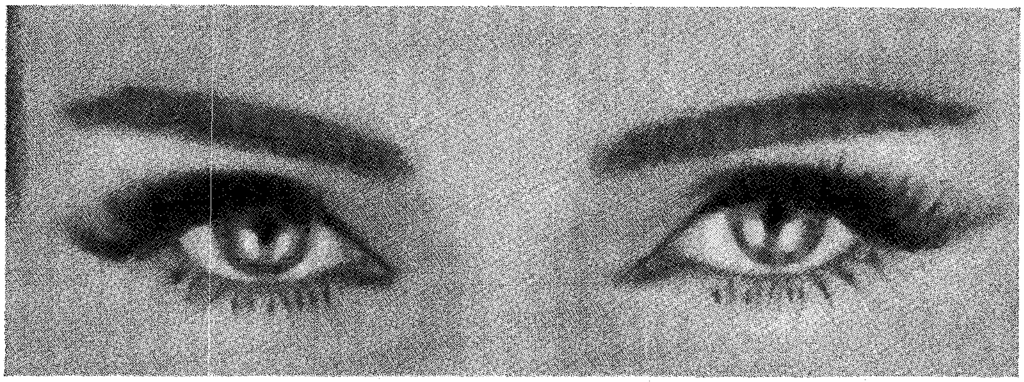
After early morning cycling
or horsing around in the park.
Why not lunch with a French Hero
at L'Etoile. It's like doing the
"Tour de France" on your Schwinn.

L'ETOILE
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
PLaza 1-7025

Après une course matinale à bicyclette
ou la tournée du dragueur dans le parc,
pourquoi ne pas déguster une "baguette
Bonaparte" à L'Etoile. C'est comme
gagner le "Tour de France".

L'ETOILE
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
PLaza 1-7025

Avant ou après le théâtre, le bal, le concert, la matinée, le rendezvous, la bicyclette, la chasse, le shopping, le horse and buggy, les galeries, le docteur, le dentiste, le chiropracteur, le tour en carousel, la victoire, le weekend, le anything.



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Tender treatment, natural flattery for the most delicate feature—your eyes...

SUPER-EYE STICK, for lids—SUPER-LASH CREAM, for lashes

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Germaine Monteil

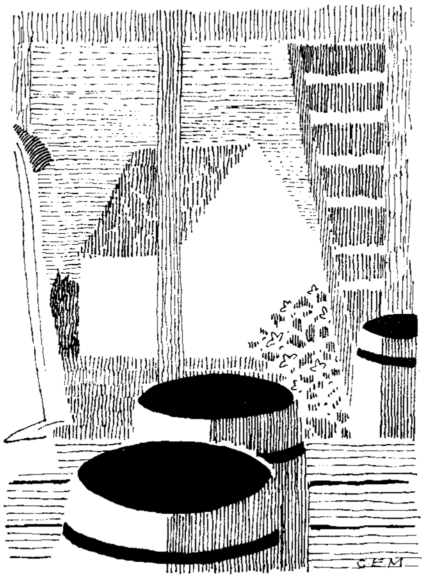
THE NEW YORKER

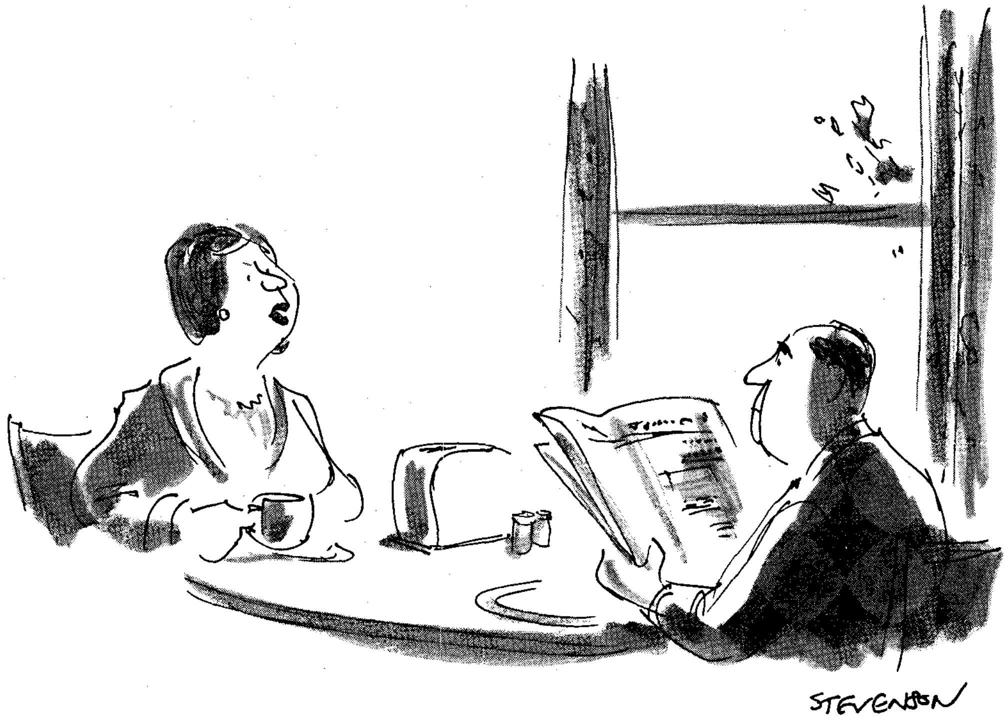
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OFFICIALS of the tourism office of Greece have announced, doubtless with the approval of the new government, that they intend to spend an increased amount of money on advertisements designed to convince Americans that Greece is a nice place to visit after all. Restoring the country's charm is really a simple matter. All the government need do is to release its thousands of political prisoners (including the Papandreous, father and son), restore the powers of Parliament, and reinstate elective government, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly. These measures wouldn't cost a cent.

MONTREAL may have its fair, but New York has a grand diversion of its own—its perennially fascinating obstacle course, which in the past couple of weeks has begun to emerge from the camouflaging effects of a protracted winter and a wet spring. We recently sent out some operatives of ours to run through the obstacle course, and we are happy to report that they have returned and told us that it is as challenging as ever. (Like a television schedule, New York's 1967 obstacle course has a few holdovers from last season, but by and large it is a revised, and therefore continually entertaining, concatenation of hurdles.) If you are inclined to try the course this year, you might start on the east side of Park Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, where earth is being excavated for the foundation of a forty-four-story office building. This site is surrounded by an elephant-gray fence, and although enough space has been left on the Park Avenue sidewalk for three people to walk abreast, there is a fine area for really squeezing past people on Fifty-second Street, where the sidewalk narrows to thirty-five inches between the fence and a lamppost. For mixed-media buffs, a sign on the fence reads, "Blasting Area. Danger. No Radio Transmitting. Compliments of Vitiello Blasting Mat Co., Inc." If you have passed through this patch of obstacles without mishap, you might stroll to the east side of Madison Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, where a complex underpass, built of wood, steel pipes, steel I beams, and corrugated-metal sheets, provides a sidewalk clearance of forty-five inches, as well as a feeling of pendent doom above your head. Proceeding north, you might walk to the site of the new General Motors office building, on the eastern edge of the Plaza, which offers a rather *scenic* challenge. A royal-blue fence surrounds the steel framework of the building, and though a width of ten feet is generally provided, the sidewalk shrinks to a passage three feet wide along one twenty-foot stretch, at the end of which you should find yourself confronting an actively swinging P. & H. Magnetorque crane. Other obstacles are within easy walking distance. There is a tight bit of sidewalk at Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street where you must insinuate yourself between a wooden barrier and a newsstand. More original, perhaps, is an eighty-foot-long lane on Fifth Avenue near Forty-sixth Street, in front of Wallachs, where half the sidewalk has been separated from the other half by a plywood fence. Within the fenced area, jackhammers can usually be seen and heard. Also worth a visit is a small excavation area on West Sixty-fourth Street, behind the West Side Y.M.C.A., where most of the sidewalk has been ripped out, leaving a chasm some twenty feet deep. On the day one of our operatives visited this area, the presence of two sawhorses had diminished the usable part of the sidewalk to a passage about fifteen feet long and only fourteen inches wide. This operative, a young lady, negotiated the passage without snagging her stockings and felt quite proud of herself. For motorized obstacle-hunters, one of the best stretches in town remains the six blocks of lacerated pavement on Sixth Avenue between Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Streets, but this stretch really is not as good as it was last year. We think that the most stimulating group of obstacles this season is at the northeast corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-third Street, where a thirty-nine-story apartment house is being built. The site amounts to an obstacle course in itself, for it encompasses the entire corner (a distance of about two hundred feet), and for most of its distance it consists of a double-walled passageway fifty-two inches wide. Inside the passageway, which is painted an icy blue, you can pretend that you are in a tortuous cavern, or perhaps in a long approach to an igloo. From the beginning to the end of this little obstacle course, you must make seven turnings, while the material under your feet changes from concrete to wooden planks to plywood sheets and back again ten times. At the fourth turning, an IND station appears suddenly before you—a real surprise! Toward the end of the passageway, you must walk under a man-made waterfall, which was created to carry off waste material, and which





"If Queen Elizabeth can invite the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, maybe we can think again about Harriet and Fred."

• •

surely is the most imaginative obstacle of the new season. We urge anyone who is interested in such things to hurry to this site immediately, for although urban obstacles often seem to remain forever, the best of them can turn out to be as evanescent as a cherry blossom.

•

AWAKE, which is advertised as a new orange-juice substitute, is made from oranges. An ingredient of Imperial Margarine is butter.

Fun Furs

IN the early nineteen-hundreds, the gracefully curving white plumes of the egret frequently ornamented ladies' hats. Then, after a tense struggle, conservationists won a now famous victory, and the practice was outlawed just in time to save egrets from extermination. At the same time, it seemed that a principle had been established, making it unlikely that a future fashion would extinguish a species of creature because of its ill luck in being beautiful. We were unhappy to learn the other day that the principle appears void and that the process of extermination in the interests of fashion is being repeated, this time not with just one species but with a whole gamut of related animals—the spotted cats. The spotted cats are, of course, the wild members of the cat family, or Felidae, whose smartly marked fur is currently being worn by women everywhere. As a trade term, "spotted cat" includes the tiger and about fourteen other species, ranging in size from the leopard and the jaguar down to the little wildcats of South America, which are not much bigger than domestic tabbies. News that all these cats are endangered by the fur trade was brought to us by an official of the National Audubon Society, who told us that the vogue has been noted, with more or less helpless concern, by scientists all over the world. A resolution passed in 1964 by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—which is something like a United Nations of conservation—called on all governments to halt the trade, but the call has had no discernible effect. The problem is complicated by the fact that the cats live in more than a dozen countries in South America, Africa, and Asia. The most effective remedy proposed by conservationists is a complete ban on the importation of rare furs into the United States or Europe, just as there has been a ban on the plumes of several species of wildfowl threatened by extinction, but no one sees any hope that this will come about immediately.

Curious as to why fashion has selected cats for such fatal popularity at this particular time, we consulted various people in the local fur business. Our first stop was at the office of the Fur Information and Fashion Council, a trade-promotion organization. There we found a spokesman named Jess Chernak, who told us that the cats are only a small part of a much larger vogue for something called "fun furs." Ten years ago, he explained, the fur business took stock of itself and decided it was in bad shape. A motivational-research man, hired to diagnose its ills, discovered that three-quarters of the business was in mink, that young women thought their mothers' fur coats were "square," and that few of them desired fur coats anyway. The remedy was to persuade sportswear designers whose clothes were principally worn by the young to use mink and various diverse and exotic furs in their designs, thus expanding the market to include youthful consumers. The new furs were labelled "fun furs," and after five or six years of assiduous promotion they caught on in an important way. Most fun furs are fairly cheap and come from mass-produced animals, such as rabbit and lamb, but on the fringes of the fun-fur vogue are such wild creatures as wolf, skunk, raccoon, lynx, and the more expensive and beautiful spotted cats. Thus the onslaught on the Felidae began.

We moved on to talks with fur brokers, dealers, and manufacturers, who all confirmed that each year the spotted furs grow scarcer and the prices higher. At Independent Fur Brokers, Inc., Mr. Hans Classen, a tall, lean old man who has been an international fur broker for forty years, told us that he had dropped Somali leopards, the most desirable of all the spotted furs, because the price had become "fantastic." He showed us a storeroom in which a thousand skins of Bolivian ocelot were stacked in heaps. These handsome black-and-gold cats are most plentiful in Brazil, but they are also found in Mexico and South American countries. Today, Mr. Classen sells the skins for fifty dollars, but twenty years ago the price was fifteen dollars or less. He showed us the skin of a smaller cat, with paler coloring, and identified it as an Argentine wildcat—the cheapest and most plentiful of the cat furs—and remarked that in the old days, thirty years ago, he handled such skins in unbelievable quantities. Every fortnight, a steamer arrived with a shipment of five thousand skins, but, he added, he had seen nothing like that in a long time.

At the Mechutan Fur Corporation, which is a leading dealer in spotted furs, we asked Mr. Jay Mechutan about Somali leopards. Last year, he told us, his firm had pulled off a gratifying coup when it bought four hundred and sixty-four leopard skins from the Somali government for a quarter of a million dollars. In addition, he handled about a thousand less choice leopards from other parts of Africa and Asia. Surveying the market, he guessed that, in all, the skins of seven thousand leopards reached New York last year, at a cost of some two and a half million dollars. This year, he predicted, there will be fewer leopards and higher prices.

At Ben Ritter, Inc., specialists in exotic furs, Robert Ritter, the son of the founder, showed us a snow leopard from the Himalayas worth two hundred and fifty dollars as a rug. Its deep, creamy fur, we found, is irresistible to the touch. Near it, a tiger skin dangled from a hook. Tigers, Mr. Ritter said, have more than doubled in price in the last two years. Three years ago, he bought two dozen skins at a hundred and thirty-five dollars each. This year, he has been able to get only sixteen skins, at three hundred and twenty-five dollars each. With the supply of tigers drying up, he is attempting to promote puma from Brazil and Mexico. He sold about two hundred of them this past year.

A customer entered and told Mr. Ritter that he was interested in leopards. "Good leopards start at five hundred dollars," Mr. Ritter replied, displaying a skin plucked from a bundle on the counter.

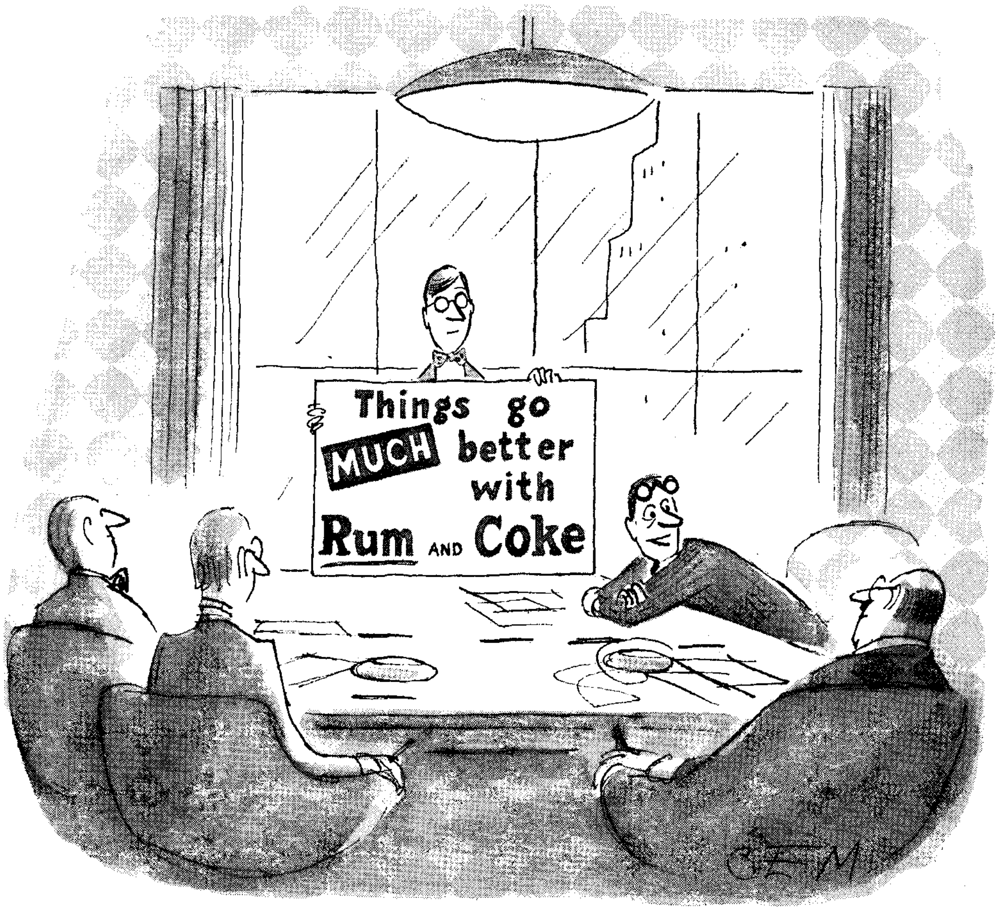
"Five hundred dollars with holes?" the customer inquired, pointing at bullet holes in the neck region of the skin.

"Yes. Five hundred dollars with holes," Mr. Ritter said firmly. "Leopards don't die in bed."

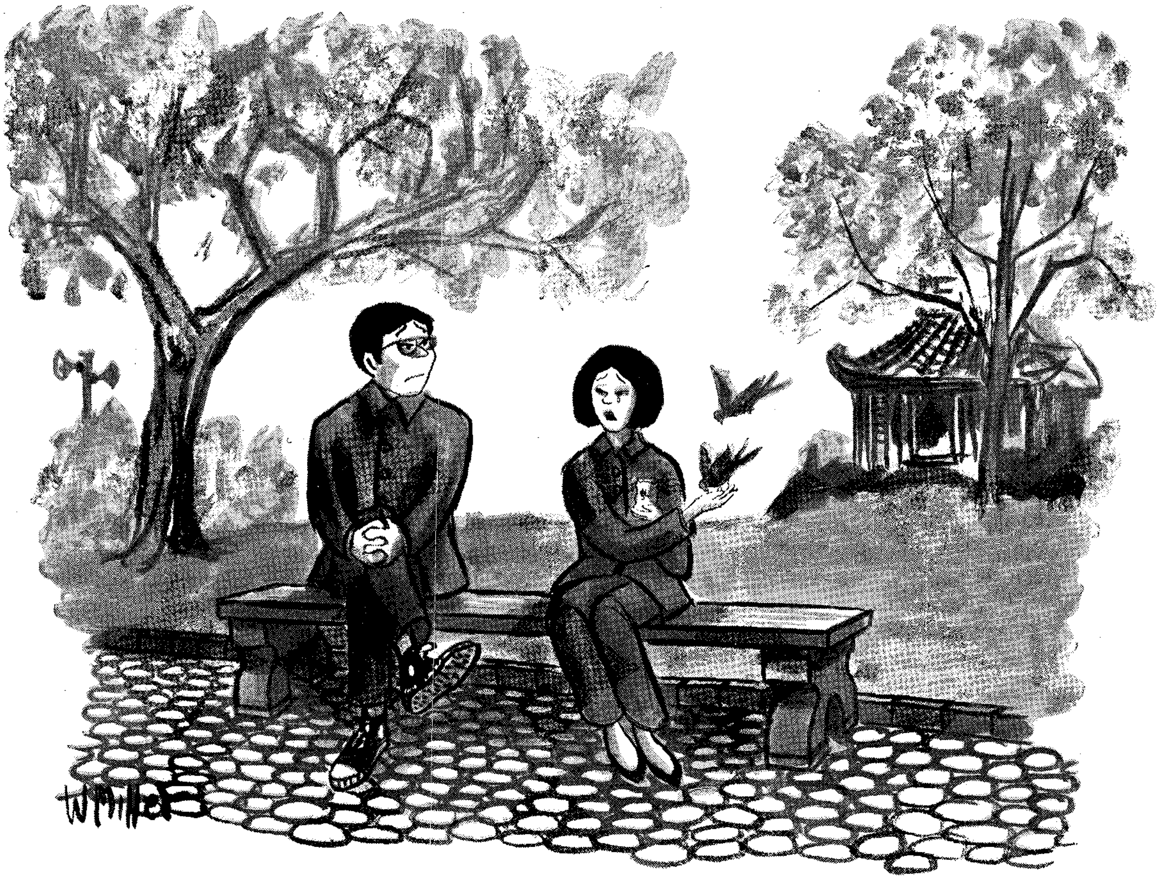
At Schwartz & Klein, Mr. Sam Schwartz, a small, spare old man wearing a cutter's smock over his shirtsleeves, told us that his primary business is making coats out of the smaller spotted cats. He uses jaguars and leopards, too, but high prices make it impossible to produce them in quantity. It takes as many as eight Somali leopards to make a coat. As many as twenty-five of the smaller cats go into a coat. Last year, he paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for spotted-cat skins, which he made into nine hundred coats. "They must be killing these animals off very, very fast," he said sadly. "I wouldn't be surprised if they disappear entirely. They are so beautiful, it's a crime to kill them just for this!" He pointed to a rack that held a dozen spotted coats. "I handle the skins of animals that were in the jungle three days before. They are flown in here with the blood still on the fur. To look at these beautiful things makes me want to cry. I would get out of the business if it would change things, but someone would take my place."

Mr. Graf, a spokesman for Ben Kahn, a well-known furrier, was equally candid, though less emotional. "Last year, we had a good supply of skins, but I'm told the Somali leopard won't last ten years unless the government can control the killing," he said. "The demand is unlimited. Even price doesn't matter. The finest skin is worth twenty-four hundred dollars. At that rate, a coat could cost twenty thousand dollars. Last year, we sold ten leopard coats at sixteen thousand dollars each. I expect the price to be higher this year. The demand has risen ever since we sold a leopard coat to Mrs. John F. Kennedy in 1962. We have created our own Frankenstein's monster—a demand that destroys the raw material. We compete with Europe for skins. Paris wants leopards and jaguars. Dior and Revillon have customers who will pay any price. There are still very rich people in this world. The Italians, Swiss, and Scandinavians are all mad for spotted cats. Next to leopard in desirability is jaguar and cheetah. Cheetah doesn't wear as well, but we sold seventy-five cheetah coats last season. Cheetah is a rare animal, but it is not hard to get at the moment. We consider it more sporty than leopard. Tiger is an interesting fur. Five years ago, we were the first to make it into a coat. It is rare, but not as expensive as leopard. We sold six tigers last year at about six thousand dollars each. Tiger is hard to wear. It takes a certain kind of woman—skinny, tall, and feline. We also make mountain-lion coats, but strictly for sport. The finest mountain lions come from Mexico, and a coat retails at fifteen hundred dollars. They are attractive, but mountain lion is a hard color for most women. The reddish brown is difficult. The creamy-yellow beige of the leopard is more becoming."

For a final call, we stopped at the American Museum of Natural History, where we saw Dr. Richard G. Van Gelder, associate curator of mammals. "When I was in the Amazon two years ago, the price of a jaguar was seventy-five dollars," he said. "That was three months' pay for a hunter, and made it well worth his while. We assume that there are jaguars in unexplored regions of Brazil, but no one really knows. No one really knows much about any of these cats, of which there are at least seven species. Nobody



"I like it, J.D."



"I so wish you hadn't told me about secretly burning your Red Book. Now I am an accomplice."

• •

knows how long they can stand this kind of hunting pressure, but we fear it is depleting the animals badly. Some species of tiger are almost gone. A recent estimate indicates that there are possibly four thousand left in all India. In Africa, leopards are pressed by the loss of game and territory as well as by poaching for the fur trade. Four years ago, the Fauna Preservation Society of London estimated that fifty thousand leopards were killed annually in East Africa. Speaking of leopards, the museum received a curious letter from a woman whose husband had shot six leopards. She had the skins made into a coat, but she prudently kept all the scraps. Now she was tired of the coat and wanted to know if we could transform it back into a leopard again. Stuffed, I presume. It was hard to be polite as I wrote back that the answer was 'No!' Needless to say, her question haunts me. Someday we may want to transform the last zoo leopard back into a wild leopard and find we can't."

Unlisted

A Boston acquaintance of ours dialled her local Dial-A-Prayer number on a recent dreary day and was told by an intercepting operator, "The number you have reached has been changed, and, at the customer's request, the new number is not to be given out."

A Ballerina's Day

THE Royal Ballet is actually composed of two full ballet companies—the Big Company and the Touring Section. The Big Company is stationed, more or less permanently, in London, where it is on view at Covent Garden in the winter, while the Touring Section tours throughout Great Britain and elsewhere during the year. On special occasions, the Big Company also travels, and it is the Big Company, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and a vast group of other brilliant dancers, that is now at the Met, in Lincoln Center. It was also in New York two years ago, at the old Met, and on *that* tour we made the acquaintance of Miss Diana Vere, one of the artists in the Royal corps de ballet. Miss Vere, who is twenty-four, has been dancing since the age of ten. "I began a little late," she has informed us. "Many of the dancers with the Royal Ballet begin as young as six." Since her last visit to New York, Miss Vere, who is a delightful-looking, impish, five-foot-three-inch brunette—average height for a ballet dancer—has acquired both a husband (she is married to an English industrialist named David Webster) and some solo roles with the company.

"One night, they gave me some solos to do in 'Sleeping Beauty.' I didn't know it," she told us, "but it was crit night, and I got some nice crits in the papers the next day, and I've been doing solos ever since."

We asked her if she had noticed any changes in the city since her last visit, and she said that she didn't really have the time to see anything of New York, since the Royal Ballet performs every night except Monday, and twice a day on the weekends. "And besides that," she said, "we do class every morning and rehearse every afternoon. You should spend a day with me and see what it's like."

We accepted the invitation at once, and one recent morning, at ten-fifteen, we found ourself in the lobby inside the stage entrance of the new Met. Two minutes later, Miss Vere appeared in her working outfit—a comfortable black leotard—carrying several pairs of ballet shoes. She led us through the labyrinthine backstage quarters of the Met, down in an elevator, past several wicker baskets full of costumes and labelled "Cinderella girls," "Giselle girls," and such, and into a brightly lit room, about the size of a basketball court, with ballet bars on the sides and a long array of mirrors on one wall. "This is the girls' class," Miss Vere explained. "The boys are next door. We do a lot of point work, and they don't." We asked her why, with all the rest of the work, she needed to do class at all. "We have to warm up every day," she said. "If we don't, we simply can't dance, and we run the risk of spraining something."

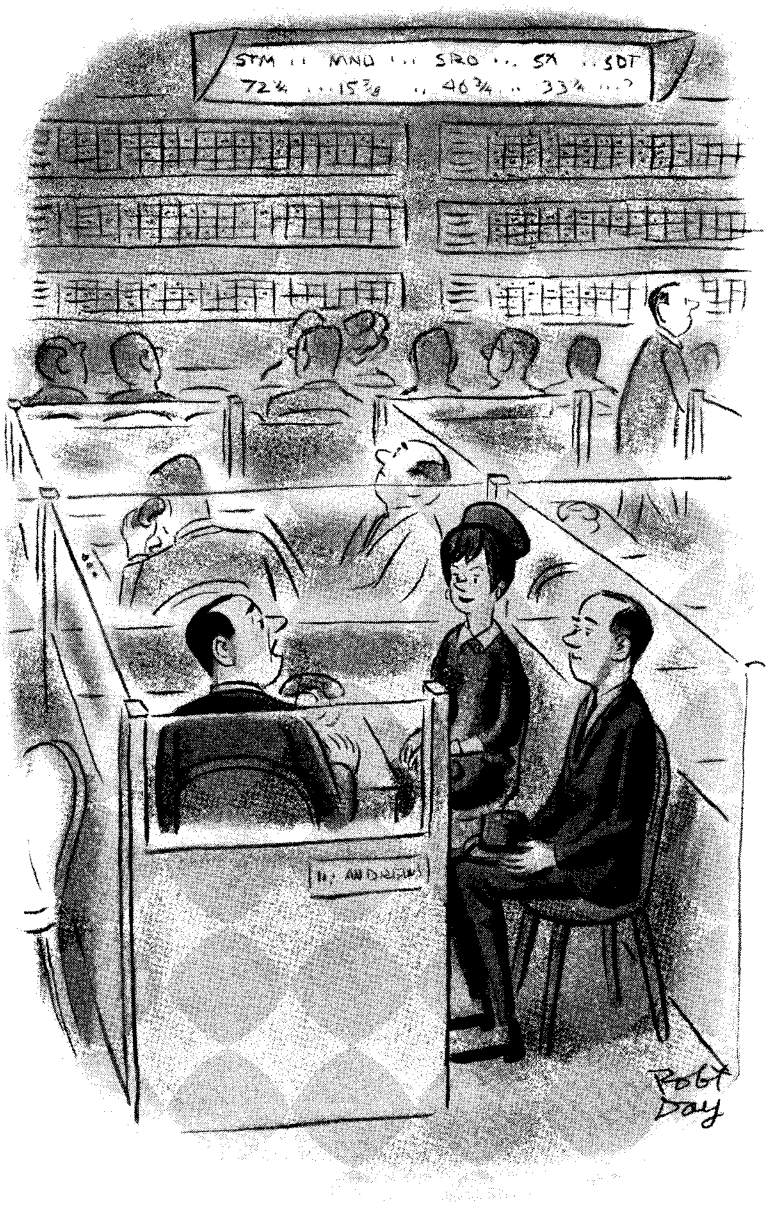
A piano was wheeled in, and in short order a group of about thirty ballerinas—"three-quarters of the girls in the company," Miss Vere said—began doing exercises under the direction of Desmond Doyle, one of the principal artists in the company. The atmosphere was extremely serious ("Desmond doesn't like it if we talk too much," Miss Vere told us later), and the exercises became increasingly complex, until they resembled full-fledged ballet passages. We were struck by the considerable variety of the leotards—basic black, harlequin green-and-yellow, light purple, pink, and a creamy white. (During a break, Miss Vere said that the girls try to brighten things up by wearing the most fantastic leotards they can find.) Mr. Doyle would start an exercise off by saying something like "Second position, please," followed by a brief introductory passage on the piano as he demonstrated what he wanted the girls to do. While they were working, he walked quietly around the room and, in a low, kindly tone, corrected a hand movement here or a toe position there. After an hour, he stopped, and the girls moved to the adjoining studio, which the boys had just vacated; the floor of the first studio, Miss Vere explained, was too hard to do leaps on—"We might hurt our feet"—while the vacated studio, identical in appearance, had a floor of just the right suppleness.

Forewarned about the leaps, we took up a defensive position behind the piano, to avoid being struck by a low-flying ballerina, and watched while the girls, in pairs, bounded across the floor with extraordinary grace. After half an hour, the class was over and the girls applauded Mr. Doyle by way of thanking him.

It was now past noon, and such lunch as there was was eaten from a bank of vending machines situated just offstage. Miss Vere took a cup of coffee from a machine and offered us one. "I won't really have anything to eat until four o'clock, when we finish rehearsal," she said, "and that's going to start in a couple of minutes. We'll do 'Les Noces' and 'Sylphides,' and then a new ballet by Antony Tudor—'Shadowplay.'" She led us across the stage of the Met, already set for the evening's performance of "Les Sylphides," and into the vast darkness of the auditorium. "I want to plant you somewhere where I can find you later," she told us. We were planted in a center-aisle seat in the middle of the empty orchestra floor, and Miss Vere disappeared into the gloom. Shortly afterward, she, along with about fifty dancers, all still dressed in varying leotards, reappeared onstage and went through a full rehearsal, with orchestra and chorus, of a ballet version of Stravinsky's "Les Noces."

Some time later, the first rehearsal over, Miss Vere, now dressed in a traditional white ballet costume, with small wings sewn onto the back, relocated us. She was carrying a pair of ballet shoes, a needle and thread, a thimble, a pair of scissors, and a long pink ribbon. Before we could say anything, she remarked, "The one trouble about 'Les Noces,' which is a marvellous ballet, is that I don't much like the color of my costume. It's a kind of brown." We asked her what the needle and thread were for. "We're meant to sew on the ribbons that we use to tie our ballet shoes ourselves," she said. "Then we can't blame anyone else if they fall off. We run through a pair of ballet shoes after about four performances—sometimes after only one. All the girls sew on their own ribbons, even Dame Margot."

Miss Vere applied herself with great concentration to her ribbons, and then we watched the rest of the girls assembling onstage to rehearse "Les Sylphides." "After this, the new Tudor ballet, which will last about an hour, I expect," Miss Vere said. "Then I'll go back to my hotel, rest a little, have something to eat, and come right back to the theatre to dress for tonight." She got up to go back onstage. "It's a long day, and we work very hard," she said, "but, to tell you the truth, I love to dance."



"Just what's your objective? Long-term growth, high yield, or riches beyond the dreams of avarice?"

Rapport

A CAREER woman we know who lives alone keeps a dachshund for company in her apartment. The dog is affectionate, she tells us, but he doesn't say very much, so she bought a myna bird recently, in the hope that she could teach it to make up the difference with a few cheery words during the long evenings. The result of her efforts is that every night when she returns to her apartment, she is greeted with stentorian barking from both happy pets.

HOW TO GET INTO COLLEGE

(A PRACTICAL, SHORT, CONCISE, ABBREVIATED MANUAL BY LUTHER PLAUT CRANE, PH.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, MIRANDA COLLEGE, LEWOSSET, WISCONSIN; EMILY R. SAUMANDER, M.A., ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF SEMANTIC INTERPRETATION, LIVE OAKS COLLEGE, DEMAINE, LOUISIANA; AND GREGG ELL FANNING, PH.D., CHAIRMAN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE HUMANITIES, HANLING-GRAYSON COLLEGE, SILLISON, SOUTH DAKOTA.)

THE sole purpose of this manual is to help you *help yourself* to better prepare yourself for the standard college-entrance examinations. The sample tests included are of the sort you will encounter when you sit down to face the *real* college-entrance tests, on which so much of your future, and that of your peer group, depends. College, after all, is life, and life is college, and we must all be prepared, daily, to face tests both large and small. How you approach these tests will determine the extent of your success or failure. So the college-entrance tests are, in essence, a microcosm of the world at large. The sample tests provide you with an opportunity to approach the testing process without tension or confusion. Practice and drill are required, in conjunction with a determined effort *on your part* to master the elements of maintaining STEADY NERVES, a cool head, and the ability—important, perhaps, above all others—to project your thinking onto the examination paper without fogginess or obfuscation. DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS. Take your time, but don't take too much time. Sloppy thinking leads to academic disaster. Therefore, let clarity of thought be your watchword! To attain the necessary clarity, KEEP CALM!

A. *Completion of Sentences.* This is essentially a drill in vocabulary control—a key to success in college and in *life.* Read the sentences below, and then underline from among those words that appear in the lists below them *the one word that in your reasoned view* will complete the sentence and make it meaningful for yourself and for others. DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS. The correct answer is always fair (there are no tricks or booby traps) and based upon a consensus reached by trained educators with long experience in college-entrance examinations. Rushing—or, to put it another way, panicking—simply will not produce the required results. Remember, KEEP CALM!

1. The Great White Way held out for him and for many of his contemporaries a ——— that could not be assuaged by participation in mere strolling through more mundane areas of the urban complex.

(a) noodle (c) conduit
(b) megalopolis (d) nudging

2. The ebb and flow of humanity through the portals of the terminal convinced him, in a sudden wave of ———, that life's transient qualities are mysterious.

(a) motel (c) galvanometry
(b) penumbra (d) mohair

3. It is often necessary, in ——— a cure for the world's ills, to keep in mind the swirlingly convergent and turbulent currents that wash the shores of groups other than our own.

(a) sanding (c) fricasseeing
(b) snooding (d) waffling

4. No one, least of all the Chief Justice himself, felt that in the dark, recessed corners of his mind he had been ——— to encompass all facets of human wisdom.

(a) coagulated (c) apostrophied
(b) keened (d) vandalized

5. Is it not possible, we may rightly ask, that in the search for ——— equity the disadvantaged often find themselves marching to the tune of a distant drum?

(a) pygmy (c) dusty
(b) gaslit (d) Calvinist

B. *Synonyms.* Synonyms are as essential to daily life as bread and water. Man cannot operate without synonyms, since they are an integral factor in human communication. But to find the *right* matching word requires intense self-discipline and, lest you have forgotten, STEADY NERVES. Underline in the lists below the one word that you feel is appropriate. There are no gray areas here, no room for doubt. Apply yourself and KEEP COOL!

1. FORSOOTH (a) acrid
(b) Novocain
(c) brazen
(d) yoicks

2. MASQUERADE (a) flattery
(b) enzyme
(c) succinct
(d) creamy

3. JETSAM (a) idealistic
(b) flotage
(c) altitude
(d) Plantagenet

4. PAGODA (a) hiccup
(b) rotten borough
(c) duckling
(d) grizzled

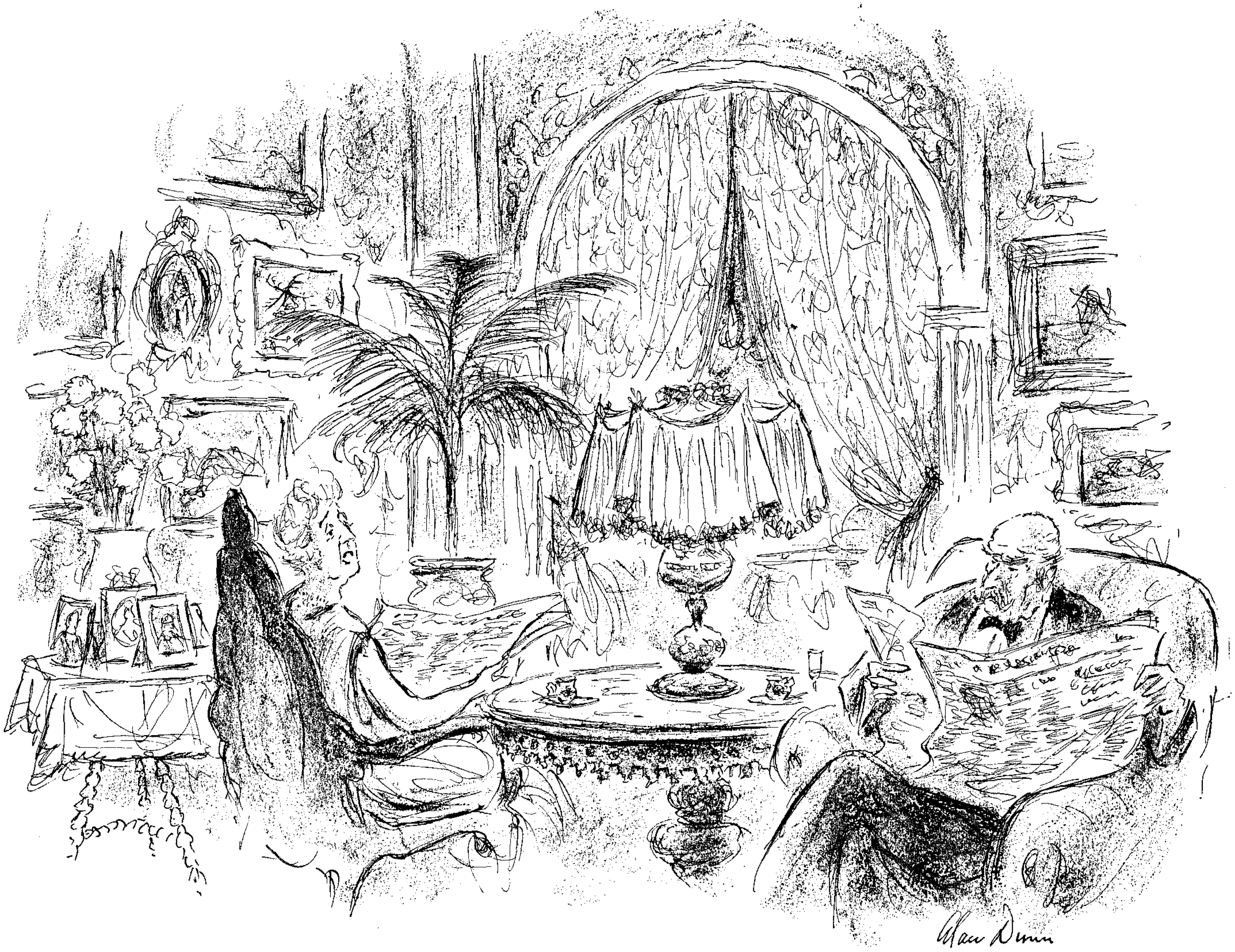
C. *Reading Comprehension.* Reading comprehension is hugely important, since it is hugely important to comprehend what one is reading. The two passages below were penned by serious, well-known writers seriously attempting to communicate their thoughts to the reader. It is your job to ascertain what these writers are trying to tell you. Should the passages seem meaningless at first, read them again slowly, keeping an attentive eye out for key phrases, hints of major motifs, primary and secondary ideas, local color, minor characterizations that throw an oblique, but essential, light on the general situation, and the symbolism that often lurks behind the theme. Small matters are often important; e.g., the twitch of a cheek, the wagging of a dog's tail, the hollow sound of a church bell at midnight, and so on. Clear thinking is the cognate of vital action and thought. KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU!

I. Although economics is generally conceded to be the "dismal science," the art of politics produces within the thin veneer of its delicate balances of men and motives an aura no less gradated in the depths of the art of governing, as distinct from the art of maneuvering into the position of governing, than the simplest formula applied to the ratio of wages to man-hours to profits. Many earnest men, confusing the aphorisms, have slipped on the mossy slopes of easy sociopolitical assumptions and have found themselves, too late, delving prodigiously into divergent fields of the discussion of men versus machines when their time could have been put to better advantage probing the human motive that brought the cotter from the shackles and torments of the thatch to the loose and rampantly undisciplined advantages of the pre-packaged. Heedless of progress, the two disciplines tend to collide blindly, sans reason, providing density seldom if ever encountered in the more ascertainable adventures of mankind. But who is to gainsay the ultimate worth, or worthlessness, of the setbacks?

1. The passage would appear to justify (a) the Ludlow Riots (b) prodigious consumption (c) the Corn Law of 1815 (d) premarital relations.

2. Does the author (a) express confidence in ladies' garment workers? (b) hold them partially responsible for minor social ills? (c) oppose labor unions? (d) advocate a guaranteed annual wage?

3. Would you assume that the writer was (a) left of center? (b) rich? (c) a poet *manqué*? (d) a Southern Californian?



"And what do we get? The trouble with people like us, Jethro, is that we don't demonstrate."

• •

4. The writer would seem to be saying that (a) life proceeds vertically (b) his interests are more parochial than they seem (c) the stars remain constant (d) there was more to the *ancien régime* than met the eye.

II. There was no doubt about it, Mr. Crandall concluded, the melons were soft and poorly formed, perhaps even without his being able, without cutting into one as though he were sampling it, to determine whether the taste was firmer in texture than the flesh of the melon itself. Crandall's vexations were no less disputatious than those of his elderly aunt, Mrs. Farouche, whose method of determining the appropriateness of fruit, not only from the aesthetic angle but from the point of view of those whose breakfasts depended upon it, had been handed down to her in the form of an old family secret, much as an heirloom jewel is passed along from generation to generation with the admonition to treasure the article with one's life blood should the need arise. "You have totally destroyed the seamier side of the peach," cried Mrs. Farouche, "and now you are about to wreak havoc with our Thursday melons!" "No end remains in sight," said Mr. Crandall in rejoinder, "except to deal hastily and without sentiment elsewhere." Giovanni's cart trembled. "May the donkeys of the earth cast down their fiercest curses," he shouted, "and bring both famine and flood!" Mr. Crandall's smile was triple-edged and curled. "Giovanni," he exclaimed, with as much control as he could rationally muster, "you seem incapable of comprehending that a matter of principle rather than of purchase enters into the ratiocinations of Mrs. Farouche! Her needs are less than the needs of the world, but the needs of the world are less than her own." On this note of seemingly unresolvable conflict the matter rested, with no one justified in saying, "Aye, the laurel wreath!"

1. The author is urging (a) the emancipation of women (b) rejection of the philosophy of *caveat emptor* (c) insistence upon the mutability of valves (d) reëxamination of the role of beasts of burden.

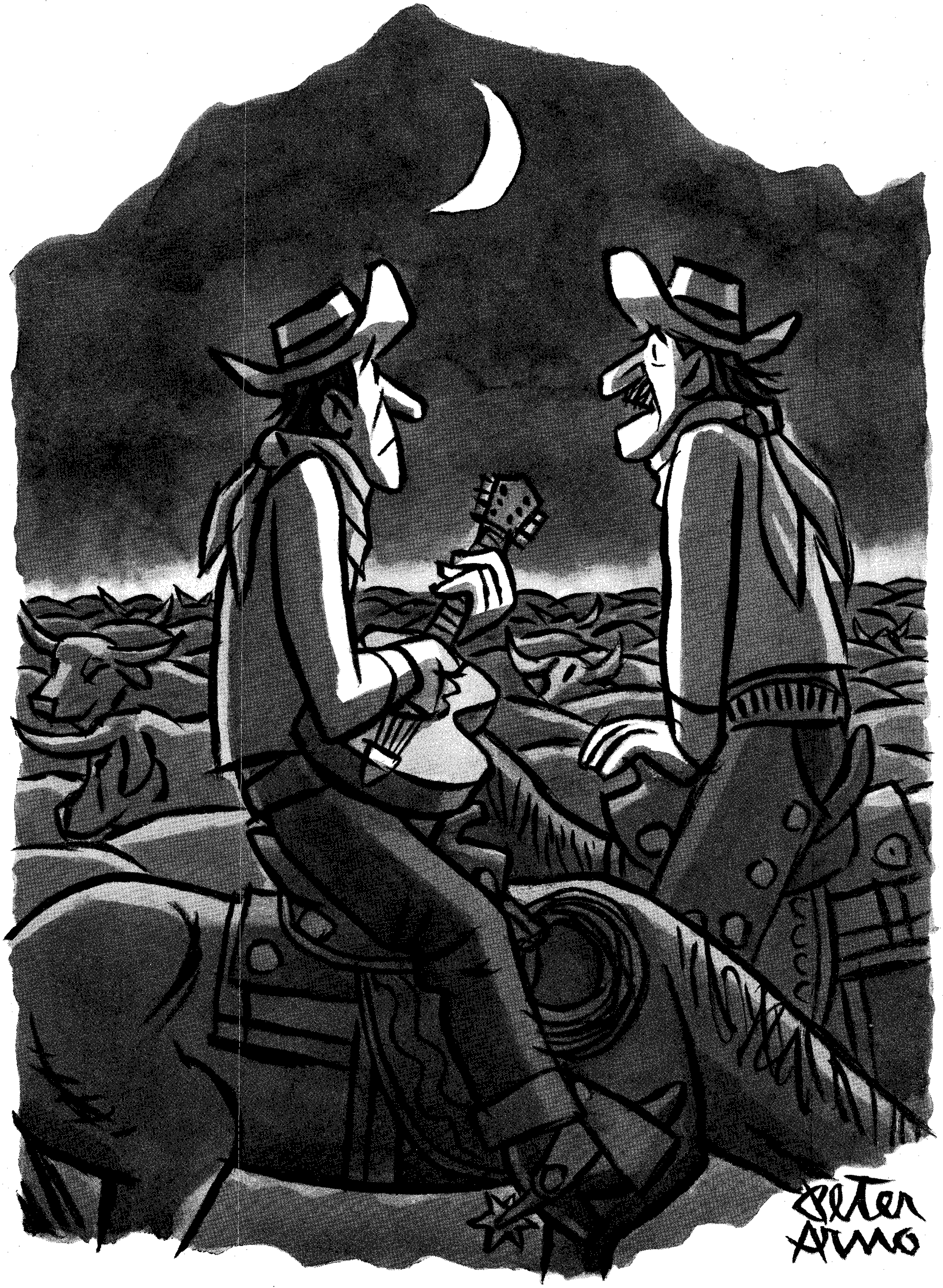
2. Mr. Crandall desires (a) a comprehension of the necessity for reflection (b) worldwide distribution of agricultural information (c) evaluating of long-held sentiments (d) authenticating of the brooch.

3. The passage seriously questions (a) the future of Sicily (b) the efficacy of bumper crops (c) weekends in the country (d) small acts of courtesy.

4. Is Mrs. Farouche (a) a fertility symbol? (b) persistently opposed to progress? (c) content to make minor compromises with her beliefs? (d) A.W.O.L.?

Good luck.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER



"I got nothin' personal against yore singin', Tex, but the cows need their sleep."

SWOBODA'S TRAGEDY

IT was the documents that finally got Swoboda down. His colleagues supposed that the further postponement of his promotion had been the last straw, but in fact it was the documents that did it. In the past he had been ready to carry out the often tedious duties imposed on him by the Organization—he was by nature almost too ready in this respect—but the documents finally did it. It was too much.

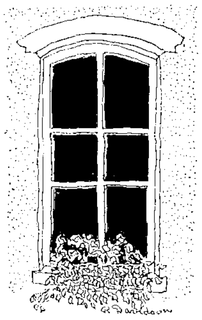
Like most great turning points in life, the matter presented itself gradually. Mr. Bekkus, his chief, had stopped one day at Swoboda's desk and casually asked, "Oh Swoboda, would you," and Swoboda had said, as he had always said, "Certainly, Mr. Bekkus," and that was how it began. The arrangement was that he would send out these documents each morning, just for a few days, until someone else was found to do it. The documents, which came in various related series all beginning with the symbol "SAGG" (Services of Administration and General Guidance), then started to arrive daily, in stacks of one hundred apiece, on Swoboda's desk. He had been instructed to send them out, in separate large brown envelopes, to their eighty-five recipients throughout the Organization, in his spare time. But several factors operated against this plan. In the first place, Swoboda had no spare time. In the second place, it was impossible for him to attend to any of his normal clerical work until he had cleared the stacks of documents off his desk each morning; by then much of the day was gone and he was faced with the necessity of staying after hours. And thirdly, no attempt was ever made to find another person to cope with the documents and they were thus laid, almost literally, at Swoboda's door forever.

Swoboda was not a brilliant man. He was a man of what used to be known as average, and is now known as above-average, intelligence. The years during which he might have been formally educated had been spent by him in a camp for displaced persons, but he had educated himself by observation and reflection, and had exploited to the full a natural comprehension in human affairs. He was not audacious; he lacked aptitude for self-advancement. As a member of the Social and Anthropological Division once put it, Swoboda was over-adjusted to his problem. However, if he had lost his opportunities, he had kept his self-respect. Now he felt this to be threatened. Mr. Bekkus had let him down—if this expression may be used where there has been no bolstering up. The work was not fit for Swoboda to do. It was work one might have given a deficient person in order to employ him.

At intervals, in the course of his years with the Organization, commendatory remarks had been entered on Swoboda's personal file. From time to time, one of his superiors had told him that he deserved promotion—that it was a pity, even a disgrace, that nothing had been done for him by those responsible. At first, on these occasions, Swoboda had felt encouraged and had related them at home to his wife as a guarantee of advancement in the near future. Eventually, however, it became clear to him that responsibility for his promotion lay with the very officials who deplored his situation, and that they had no intention whatever of exerting themselves to the necessary extent on his behalf—having, as they imagined, dealt with the matter by proclaiming it a disgrace. Their exertions, if any, were reserved for those more insistent, less self-effacing, than Swoboda. Finally grasping this situation, Swoboda declined to make life hideous for himself and those about him by constant complaint, as was the habit of so many of his colleagues. He kept his trouble to himself and sought consolation in his natural philosophy.

All the same, it hurt him. It was demoralizing. It amounted simply to this—that no one was willing to take a chance on him.

For several months Swoboda uncomplainingly sent out the SAGG documents. For several months he arrived home in the dark, to find his dinner in the oven, his wife in distress, his child already in bed. If he were absent for a day, for illness or holiday, he was haunted by the certainty that a double load of documents would await him on return. During his annual vacation, an empty office on another floor had to be appropriated to house the accumulation. At last a day came when he was visited by a sensation that had been familiar to him years before but that, even in his worst moments at the Organization, he had not re-experienced until now. And this sensation overcame his diffidence. He acted.



It was a sensation associated with his first job, in a time before he came to the Organization. Released from his D.P. camp, equipped with a coveted visa, sped on his way by relief committees, the young Swoboda had obtained employment in a fruit factory. Here he was to earn his first wages and his first right to call himself an independent person. This factory was to provide the slipway from which his sane new life would be launched. Here the world would make amends for his deprivation. Willing, even jubilant, Swoboda had reported for duty and punched his clock for the first time.

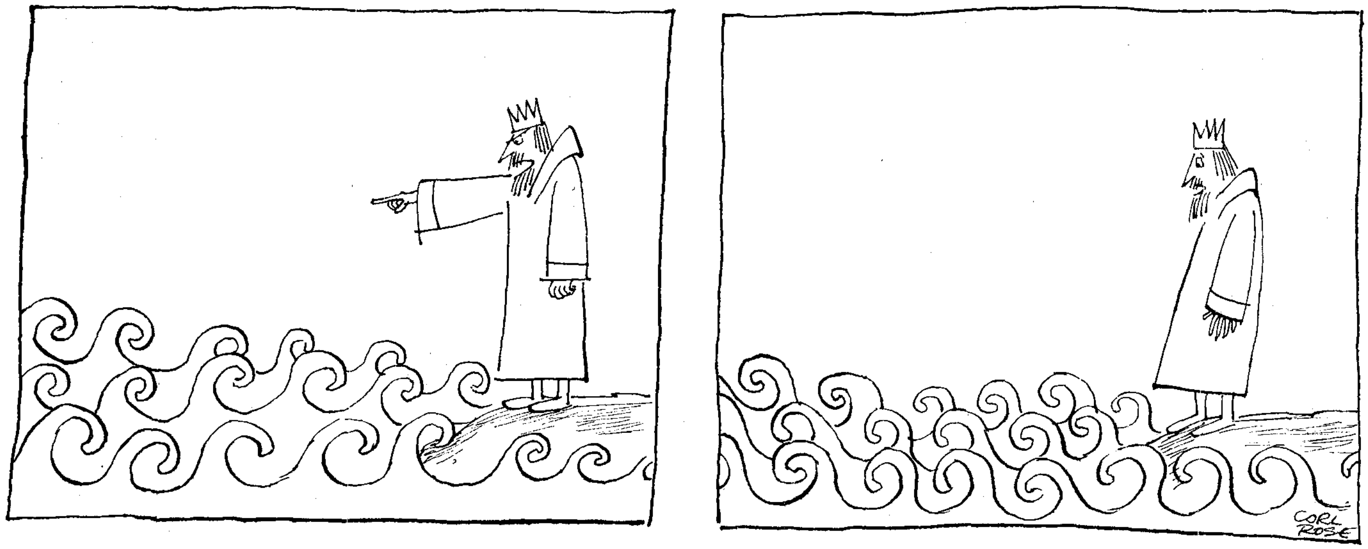
The section of the factory for which Swoboda had been engaged was concerned with the treatment of cherries. By the time the cherries, in vast metal trays, came to Swoboda's attention they had already been divested of stalks, stones, and color—in short, of everything that had hitherto contributed to their character as cherries. Gouged and blanched, they had then been immersed in a crimson dye, so that their color might emerge uniform. It was Swoboda's task to attach to these multitudinous, incarnadined cherries the red plastic stalks—also uniform—that would subsequently enable them to be pulled from cocktails and, as the case might be, eaten or discarded. And it was to such ends that he diligently applied himself for one long year.

The job at the fruit factory, as has been noted, was important to Swoboda. He was untrained. He had no other means of making his living in a new country—a country of whose ways he was ignorant and whose language he did not, at that time, speak with confidence. Moreover, he wished to acquit himself in the eyes of those who had assisted him. Above all, he wanted to do well in this first paid occupation.

The day he gave his notice was the happiest day of his life.

And now, amid the sheaves of documents, it all came back to him. Shaken by the same repugnance, he arrived at the same conclusion—that such work was not for the adult and civilized, not for mature and feeling persons. Swoboda did what he had never done: he took an extra half hour at lunchtime. During this half hour he made his way to the Bureau of Lateral Substitutions and requested transfer to another department.

NOMINEES for promotion at all levels were considered twice a year at the Organization by the Promotions and Probations Board, and



a printed list of the successful candidates was subsequently circulated throughout the Organization. Since those concerned were notified in advance of the verdict in their particular case, the main interest of the list lay in keeping abreast of the fortunes of one's colleagues. It is a rare heart that truly rejoices in a friend's prosperity, and it must be confessed that the offices and corridors of the Organization were swept, every six months, by gasps of indignation, of disgust, of incredulity at the revelation of the latest promotions—and by correspondingly magnified sighs of solicitude on behalf of those rejected.

Just such gusts as these were sweeping the small grey office of Mr. Bekkus when Swoboda entered it on the morning of the half-yearly list. Mr. Bekkus, as a member of a similar group—the Appointments and Terminations Board—was practically bound to hold his colleagues on this parallel body in low esteem. And his ill-humor was increased, that day, by the fact that he was once more faced with the task of explaining the absence of Swoboda's name on the promotions roster.

As Swoboda came into the room, Mr. Bekkus was standing by the window and holding the list to the light as if to verify the evidence of his eyes.

"Claude *Willoughby!* Claude *Willoughby!*" he repeated, as if of all Claudes this was the most unsuitable. "Cedric Sandaranayke! After this, anything's possible. Sit down, Swoboda." Still standing in the light, Mr. Bekkus turned the page and read on. "Kenneth Eliufoo—that's geographical of course, though it won't satisfy the Africans, you can be sure of that. Paquita Vargas—well, we all know how *she* got here. . . . And I see old Marcel made it at last." Reluctantly turning from self-punishment, he replaced the list on his desk and sat down. "Er—Swoboda," he said, looking about his papers as if trying to recall what Swoboda was doing there.

Swoboda looked at Mr. Bekkus with something more than his usual composure. It was part of Swoboda's misfortune that he pitied Mr. Bekkus; that, in his resistance to Mr. Bekkus, he was inhibited by the knowledge that Mr. Bekkus was pathetic. Not that this insight was, in itself, supernatural—for others would have quickly arrived at the same conclusion—but what made Swoboda unusual was that he persisted in the conviction even though he had spent some years in the power of Mr. Bekkus and had suffered from the silliness and insensibility that constituted Mr. Bekkus' pathos. By now, surely, the sense of pathos should have given way to indignation at being subordinate to such a figure. But no. Swoboda had never said to anyone, "I'm sorry for him" (although in the Organization this was a recognized means of expressing contempt for an unsympathetic superior—"I'm sorry for him, I truly am; he's pathetic" being uttered frequently and fiercely, through clenched teeth). He had not even said it to himself. But in his heart he knew that Bekkus was a foolish man, a small, ignorant, and pretentious man, and that he, Swoboda, was his superior in all but official rank. Swoboda was aware that Mr. Bekkus had treated him ungenerously, had often been petty and unjust. He sometimes dwelt on this, almost hopefully, in his mind. But it was no use. He continued to find Mr. Bekkus pathetic. And therein lay Swoboda's misfortune—one might even have said, Swoboda's tragedy.

"I suppose," Mr. Bekkus began, as if Swoboda had requested the interview, "you will want to discuss certain factors of your situation." Personal matters, for Bekkus, came in situations, elements, and factors. When Swoboda said nothing, he went on. "As you know, I myself have done everything possible to expedite the processing of your up-grading." After a pause he added, "That goes without saying." Swoboda evidently concurred in this last remark, for another silence fell. "There are some very slow-thinking individuals on the Promotions Board, Swoboda. And then, when you see who *is* accepted . . ." He lightly dashed the promotions list with the back of his hand, as if Swoboda would hardly wish to make one of such a disreputable company. "Well, we all know the delays that—ah—militate against rapid advancement in the junior grades. But I think I can assure you, Swoboda, that your up-grading will be followed through in the foreseeable future—that is, at the next meeting of the Board." Mr. Bekkus lowered his voice. "This is confidential, of course."

Swoboda merely said, "I see, sir."

Bekkus began to be irritated with Swoboda. "I trust, Swoboda," he said with some severity, "that you are not too dissatisfied?"

After a moment, Swoboda replied, "Yes, Mr. Bekkus."

Mr. Bekkus, who had been scoring his blotter with a pencil, hesitated. Before he could make up his mind whether the ambiguity of Swoboda's reply bore investigation, Swoboda himself elucidated.

"I mean, yes, I am too dissatisfied, Mr. Bekkus."

Mr. Bekkus covered his surprise with a veneer of forbearance. He even smiled—a patient smile, an administrative smile, a smile that bespoke experience and concern. "It's natural that you should feel disappointed," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"But, as I've just explained to you,"

continued Mr. Bekkus, smiling less, "if you take the over-all view, you need *not* feel dissatisfied on a long-term basis."

Swoboda looked steadily at Mr. Bekkus. "It is with the over-all view and on the long-term basis that I feel dissatisfied," he said.

Now it was the turn of Mr. Bekkus to be silent, though he cast about with one hand in a circular gesture, as if attempting to turn the procedural wheels that had in this moment so unaccountably ground to a halt.

Swoboda went on calmly, "And I have applied for a transfer."

Mr. Bekkus stared. Regaining the power of speech, he said, "Words fail me." (A poor workman will tend to blame his tools.) He emphasized the extreme gravity of the situation by putting the pencil down and folding his hands before him on the blotter. "Swoboda," he said very quietly, as if Swoboda were a dangerous lunatic. "Why did you do that?"

"Because," replied Swoboda, "of the long-term basis."

"What do you complain of? Your relationships here have been good." Mr. Bekkus took up the pencil again and began a series of ticks on his blotter. "Your working conditions are not unpleasant." Mr. Bekkus made a second tick. "You got your within-grade increment." (His tone so clearly implied "What more do you want?" that Swoboda almost smiled.) "Your functions have been meaningful."

"No, Mr. Bekkus."

"Do you have some specific problem?"

"The documents."

"The documentation?" Bekkus was baffled. "*The documentation?*"

"The SAGG documents. They have become a burden. You may have noticed that."

Mr. Bekkus attempted a shrug. "I have been dimly aware," he said. It was the best description he had ever given of his general state of mind. He took up a more aggressive approach. "This transfer, when did you request it?"

"About six weeks ago."

"Your application—was it made verbally or just orally?" Bekkus was fond of this imaginary distinction.

"I requested an interview with a Mr. Yu in Lateral Substitutions."

"But did you actually see him—visually, that is?"

Swoboda nodded. "The matter was to be confidential until a vacancy came up. However, I prefer to tell you now."

"I should have been consulted at the outset." Bekkus was getting angry. "Is this the normal procedure?"

"Yu said so."

"What? Ah—yes. Well, I can tell you, Swoboda, that I consider this a breach of good faith on your part." He leaned forward, his eyes belligerently bright. "Yes. After our years together—our relationship, that is—I would have liked to see some show of good faith." He rightly implied that this spectacle would have to be provided by others. Bekkus was a victim of the ancient delusion that loyalty is to be had for nothing. "I must tell you that I resent your behavior in having directly approached the Bureau of Substitutions." His voice rose. "It was—it was—"

He's actually going to say it was an outrage, thought Swoboda, amused.

But here Swoboda misjudged Mr. Bekkus, for such a simple, expressive word was not at his command. Bekkus hunted through his vocabulary—no lengthy task—for appropriate expression. At last it came. "It was," he cried passionately, "a—*unilateral action*."

WHEN Swoboda moved to the section headed by Mr. Patricio Rodriguez-O'Hearn, he carried his belongings in an Out-tray. It was as radical a change as could exist within the Organization, the new section being not only in a different department but even on a different elevator bank. Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn was Chief of Missions in DALTO, the Department of Aid to Less Technically Oriented. The work of this department—to induce backward nations to come forward—stemmed from a humane conceit and apparently enjoyed some success, for since its inception a number of hitherto reticent countries had become very forward indeed. The department in general, and Mr. Rodriguez in particular, had a relatively sympathetic reputation within the Organization, and this good impression had been confirmed to Swoboda in a preliminary interview.

Swoboda was scheduled to arrive C.O.D. (Commencing Official Duties) on a Monday in the middle of June, and on the morning of this day he appeared in the doorway of Mr. Rodriguez' suite of offices. He was received kindly by Mr. Rodriguez' secretary, a Miss Shamsee, who showed him into the neighboring room he was to share with two other clerks. The treasures of his former desk—a paperback Roget, a leather-framed photograph of his wife and child, an orlon sweater, a bottle of aspirin, and an unusually efficient stapling machine—were quickly transferred to his new desk, a blotter was found for him, and his Out-tray was relabelled "In." One or two minor tasks were set him, but before he was able to begin these or take stock of the square, grey-walled, wide-windowed room that constituted his future premises, his new colleagues arrived.

These two men were roughly of Swoboda's age, and although the yellow-haired one smiled and the dark-haired one was offhand, Swoboda formed no immediate impression of them, his

"What are you—a businessman?"

mind being so full of new and nervous sensations this momentous morning. As is the way of people who are to spend many months in close company, the three of them bided their time at the outset, and the first hours passed in comparative silence. Swoboda gathered that his two new associates had already shared the office for some time, and was reassured by the fact that they were evidently on good terms.

Swoboda having been given various files to study in preparation for his new duties, it was not until the late morning of this day that he felt himself free to size up his surroundings. As he raised his head to do this, the smiling man looked up from a form on the desk before him and, with pencil poised, asked Swoboda's first name.

Assuming that this was required for some official purpose, Swoboda tonelessly responded, "Stanislas." The blond man then sprang up from his chair by the window and in a moment was before Swoboda with his hand outstretched, saying, "Mordecai." On the far side of the room, the dark man also rose up from his desk, uttering "Merv." They all shook hands and exchanged greetings. Mordecai then took his jacket off a peg near the door and said, "How about some lunch?"

Thus began, for Swoboda, at the age of thirty-nine, his first taste of ordinary companionship. The relations of the three men were less demanding than would have been the case with women similarly thrown together. Their work was connected only indirectly, so that most of their conversation was personal, and their personalities offered sufficient contrast to keep them interested in one another.

On Mordecai's head the yellow hair stood out in a spiky halo suggesting a sun god rather than a saint. The word "sunny" would have come to mind in any attempt to describe Mordie, for everything about him—hair, skin, and disposition—seemed to have been touched by light and warmth. The turmoil of history and of his own circumstances had swirled about and across him—for Mordie was a grandchild of those Russian Zionists who formed the first *kibbutzim* in Palestine in the early years of this century—without taking toll of his tranquillity, and indeed seemed only to have attached him the more strongly to it. Such serenity often includes a measure of detachment, and Mordie was rather like a ship that stands offshore from a beleaguered city, ready to receive survivors, to evacuate the wounded and retreating—to do, in effect, everything but participate in the conflict. This attitude of a friendly neutral did not originate in aloofness or timorousness but from Mordie's own instinct for the way in which he could best be of service to his friends. Moreover, though he would not impair his usefulness by exposing himself to pointless damage, it was conceivable that Mordie might yet one day suffer himself to be annihilated in some single glorious intervention.

THE GRANDSON

There goes the grandson, run off to the beach!
It's *me!* Canary trolleys in a daze
round a corner, parade through blocks of days
like walking on eggs. Spirited out of reach . . .

At each wand's live tip, a stunning wheel leads
blue electrical sparks. They jump the wire—
meteorites, confetti of dying fire.
Clang. Clang. Turned off, then, in flourishing weeds.

I whistled toward the sea . . . *a manikin*
whose pores pinked and closed, a glowing disease.
Evenings, I fell in with the cool sea-breeze
while secret fevers riffled through my skin. . . .

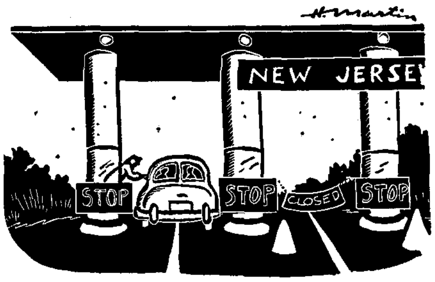
Aeons ago! Now everything depends.
Tugged inside-out like a sweater, all seams,
one is less definite. A cinder. Age seems
a matter of finding yourself at loose ends.

I make for anarchy, the final coup.
But who goes there? What cast-off human fate
runs away to sea? I see. I see! Wait,
wait for me, dear old days! I'm coming too.

—James Scully

• •

Mervyn was in all things unlike Mordie. He was an Australian of the short and saturnine variety. His last name was Lomax and he had been born in Narrabeen, an outlying suburb of Sydney, the only son of humble but contentious parents. He had shown interest in acquiring knowledge even while still at school—in preparation for some wider, more accomplished world that he felt sure awaited him. Since his formal instruction was limited and he had, as a youth, few like-minded companions, his self-education had ranged wide, altering course almost from day to day; many subjects had been touched upon, though none exhausted, and surprising gaps were left. (These arbitrary gaps subsequently contributed to an impression that Mervyn had educated himself on a desert island, by means of an Encyclopædia Britannica of which one volume—say, that from LORD to MUMPS—happened to be missing.)



A schoolmate, returning one day to Narrabeen from an envied trip to Europe, had informed Mervyn that the Parthenon was highly disappointing. From the vehemence with which the statement was made, Mervyn instantly perceived that the disappointment of this youth lay with his own response, and that the blame had been laid upon the Parthenon as being, of the two, the more able to bear it. There followed the realization that, if beauty were not precisely in the eye of the beholder, it was at least essential for that eye to be open and favorably disposed. Mervyn's eye became, in consequence, so fervently well-disposed that a certain measure of disappointment unavoidably awaited him when at last he made his appearance in the Western Hemisphere. Because of this disillusionment, many of the rewards—rewards rendered for the most part in aesthetic currency—with which Mervyn's struggle for enlightenment was eventually crowned were greeted by him with defensive skepticism. He continued to court knowledge, but, like a lover once deceived, now qualified his suit with all manner of reservations and deprecation and even,

"*Peaceful, my foot! It's every fish for himself out there, too.*"

• •

from time to time, with a touch of that very hostility which had so detracted from the littoral beauties of Narrabeen.

Another anticlimax awaited him in the form of the Organization, which he joined some years later. By then, however, Mervyn was getting ready to settle, and he stayed with the Organization, though many were the misgivings he both felt and voiced. His scholastic attainments never having received academic endorsement, they had no validity whatever in the eyes of the Organization, and he was, at the time of this story, attending a third year of evening classes which were intended to culminate in a degree in Commercial Science and the right to represent himself as an educated man—a right that his time-consuming pursuit of culture had hitherto obliged him to forego.

Swoboda, with his aptitude for such things, quickly saw that Mervyn, having found no whole and perfect world, felt himself betrayed by the ubiquitous human lapse. This was exactly the opposite of Swoboda, whose overdose of fatalism led him to value above all things the kinship of human error. The discrepancy led them into innumerable, inconclusive exchanges.

"Stan," Mervyn would say as they sat gingerly holding their hot containers of morning coffee. "Who are your heroes?"

"Pardon?"

"Great minds. Who?"

"Oh—" Such renderings of account were unfamiliar though not unpleasant to Swoboda. "Kant, perhaps."

"Kant hadn't a particle of poetry in his entire nature."

"Newton, then?"

"Newton went wrong on Time."

Swoboda tried another tack. "Who are *your* great minds, Mervyn?"

"Ah." Mervyn began to rub his left hand absent-mindedly up and down his lapel, caressing his heart like an old wound. "There are no great minds, Stan," he said sadly. To be great, in Mervyn's opinion, was to be infallible.

Both Mordie and Merv were somewhat senior in grade to Swoboda, and both had encountered Mr. Bekkus during their careers at the organization.

"I bet Bekkus blighted your life," Mervyn remarked one day.

Swoboda's reserve would have produced some noncommittal reply had Mordie not seconded this view. "Ah—Bekkus. I too recall him as a Life-blighter. How long were you with him?"

"Nearly four years. Ever since Specific Cases Unit was merged with Over-all Policy."

"Christ, Stan, why did you stick it?"

There was no answer to this—unless Swoboda were to allude to the nature of his tragedy. Gradually, however, his life with Mr. Bekkus was unfolded to his new friends. Mordie and Mervyn were able to size up the situation in their respective ways and to savor the triumph of Swoboda's final interview with Mr. Bekkus.

"Stanislas, you did right."

"Good on you, Stan."

"Not," went on Swoboda, "that we parted on bad terms. That, indeed, would have introduced a new sincerity into our relations. Far from it. Not knowing my new telephone extension, Mr. Bekkus pointed out that I should have to telephone him in order for us to, as he put it, get together."

"And will you?"

Swoboda paused. "On my last day, Mr. Bekkus walked with me to the elevator. He put his hand on my back and said, 'Remember, Swoboda, it will be your fault if we don't get together soon.' "

"What did you say?"

Swoboda smiled modestly. "I said—'That's right.' "

Mordie's smile shot up to his ears.

Merv slapped his hand on the desk. "Stan the Man! The *Original* Man!"

Mordie said, "Stanislas, I confess to a pleasant surprise."

"You would have expected me to weaken?"

"Not exactly. But I thought perhaps you are one of those who give in for the good old times' sake."

"That expression, Mordie," said Merv, "is '*for old times' sake*.' Nobody ever said it was *good* old times' sake."

SWOBODA was also kindly treated by Miss Shamsee and, though he saw less of her than of Mordie and Merv, not a day passed without his exchanging some friendly words with her or consulting her about his work.

Miss Shamsee had been ten years with the Organization and was now a little over thirty. Her face had the gloss of a ripe olive. Her black hair was flat, parted in the middle, and drawn back in an immaculate knot. She invariably wore a sari—sometimes a beautifully bright one, sometimes a drab and flimsy one—and this graceful garment contributed a stateliness, though she was not tall. She had a remarkable walk—it was the curving, sinuous walk of Hazlitt's Sally Walker—which, combined with the semicircular folds of her dress, gave her an effect of coiling and uncoiling as she passed through offices and down corridors, as she glided between filing cabinets or along cafeteria queues.

"No, Dad. I *don't* want to go out in the back yard and toss the old pill around."

• •

In addition to these physical advantages, Miss Shamsee possessed a good mind and pleasant disposition. She should, by any fair standard, have been an attractive woman; yet it cannot be said that she was. All the elements were there, but Miss Shamsee was like a resort town in bad weather; some spark, some animation, some synthesizing glow was missing. She had been too long with the Organization.

Girls like Miss Shamsee pursued, year in, year out, their stenographic or clerical duties at the Organization, and were to be seen each day lunching in the cafeteria with two or three of their kind. Their salaries were low, but every year they earned a little more money, and every ten years or so they went up a notch in the clerical scale. No professional advancement was offered them, except over such a length of time as to invalidate it. Marriages were rare, resignations even rarer (for, somewhere about the age of twenty-seven, they started to be concerned over the drawing of their eventual pension). If fortunate, they might be assigned to one or two Organizational meetings abroad; if desperate, they might apply for long-term service in the less technically oriented lands.

The previous year, Miss Shamsee had been sent to the Organization's branch office in Geneva to assist at a summit conference of the less technically oriented. There she had met and fallen in love with an official of the World Geophysical Union, an international agency affiliated with the Organization. The man was married, and Miss Shamsee's assignment was for six weeks only, but the affair was poignant and sincere. Toward the end of the conference they arranged, by intricate deceptions, to go away together for a brief time. (In this they were aided by the Organization holiday of Self-Determination Day which, falling on a Monday, provided a long weekend.) Other cities in Switzerland being rendered perilous to them by the various headquarters of agencies of the Organization (the Global Health Commission at Lausanne, the Bureau of Legal Standards at Berne, and so on), and the Riviera being out of the question owing to a large Organization-sponsored Poverty Congress then in progress at Cannes, they decided on Milan as the neighboring city least fraught with international aspirations. There they duly arrived by train and stayed at a large, old-fashioned hotel near the station.

These days were to be the most inspiring of Miss Shamsee's life. She and the geophysicist walked about the city in a kind of trance, with arms linked. Although it was May, the weather was cold and Miss Shamsee wore a cardigan over her sari, and a grey woollen coat she had bought on sale in the Grand Passage in Geneva; ankle socks kept her feet warm in her sandals. Even thus modified, her rippling walk attracted much favorable attention. The air was filled by the spring seeding of the great poplar forests of the Lombardy Plain, and tufts of soft white down fell throughout the city like a gentle, continuous snow. This, and the unexpectedness of sudden love, made the situation seem fantastic and spiritual.

Their respective shares of the hotel bill having been carefully calculated by the geophysicist, they returned to Geneva by separate trains, and met only once more, for the following day was Miss Shamsee's last on full per diem; she was due to fly back to Organization Headquarters that evening. They said goodbye in the Contemplation Room, where they could be sure of not meeting anyone they knew. The geophysicist asked her not to write to him. In her heart she knew this to be abject, but she gave him a look of understanding so as not to spoil things. They parted without touching. Thus ended Miss Shamsee's meeting at the summit.

Back at Headquarters, she did not repine. She was deeply moved, but triumphant. This at least had happened to her. Though she said nothing, it gradually became known that something of the kind had occurred, and it gave her prestige among her sad companions. Once in a while, when Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn dictated a letter to the World Geophysical Union, she could allow herself to think that her lower-case initials in the corner of the page might act as a message to her lover—that somehow, eventually, they might come to his attention as he thumbed through the relevant file. And one day at the beginning of winter, when for the first time she hung up her grey coat in the office, she found a scrap of white poplar-down in the sleeve. She pressed it that day in the Organization Yearbook.

SWOBODA discovered, through his companions, the varying degrees of esteem in which the rest of the DALTO staff were held—who was to be relied upon, who to be supported, who avoided. He also learned of the existence of one or two natural enemies.

"Take a dekko at this," Mervyn would say, holding up a sheaf of memoranda, each marked with a red HASTE sticker. "Bloody Battle of Hastings."

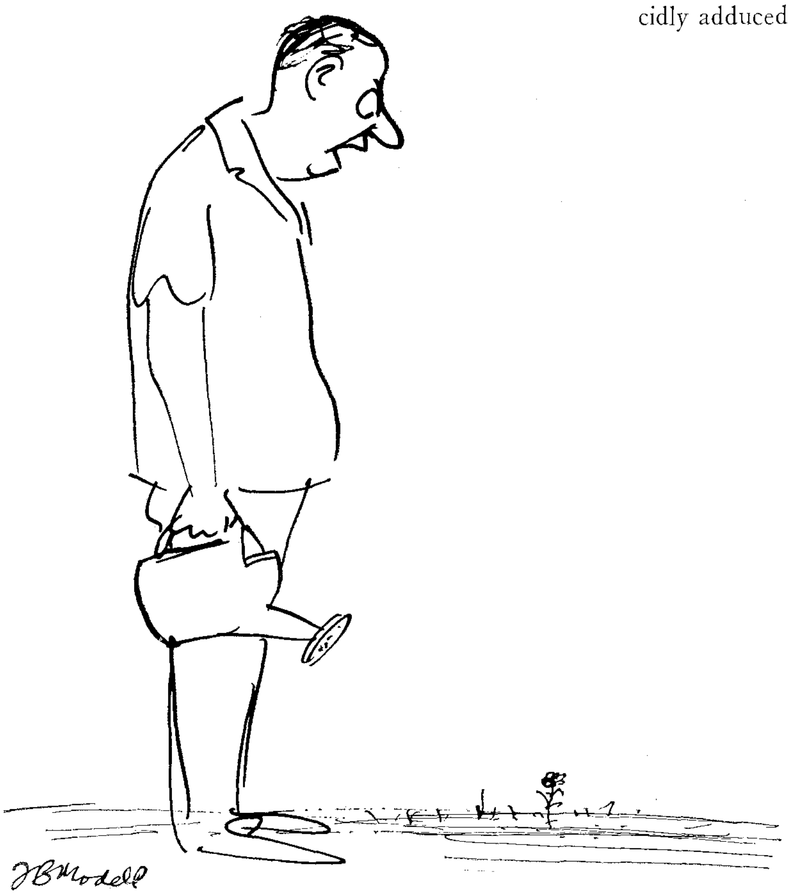
"Sadie Graine, I suppose?" inquired Mordie. Miss Sadie Graine was the secretary of DALTO's Chief Co-ordinator, Mr. Achilles Pylos.

Swoboda, who as yet knew the lady only by sight, dwelt on her name. "Sadie. I didn't think women were called Sadie anymore."

"Short for 'Sadist,'" Mervyn explained, sorting out the papers. "Affectionate diminutive."

(This is not the moment to relate in full the story of Miss Sadie Graine. In the history of the Organization, as in the annals of all organizations, that narrative has a place—for Miss Graine's is a figure known in all large institutions, and even in some smaller ones. Her presence in any substantial office is as inevitable as that of filing cabinets and paper clips; no departmental scene is complete without her. Her own position is subordinate, yet she commands, fearfully, inexplicably, the ear of authority. She accepts no criticism, she possesses no humor; her tyranny is self-righteous, her vengeance inexorable. The sole—and unwitting—contribution made by her presence is to join together those who would otherwise find no common ground. For concerning Miss Graine there can be no divergence of opinion. Before her, all stand united in adversity.

The story of Miss Sadie Graine may yet be told.)



"Big deal!"

In the new comradeship enjoyed by Swoboda, there was one element more remarkable, more sympathetic than all the others. And that was the bond that developed between Swoboda and Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn.

Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn, short, bald, and blue-eyed, was, at the age of fifty-three, one of the most senior officials in DALTO. He was not the Chief Co-ordinator of the Department—that office being filled by the said Mr. Pylos—and his secondary position was shared with two or three others. Still, he was a person of authority by Organization standards—and more ample standards might only have augmented his prestige.

The accidents of politics and geography that sometimes united to provide the Organization with its higher officials had seldom combined so happily as in the case of Mr. Patricio Rodriguez-O'Hearn. His, as Swoboda soon realized, was a mind of uncommon scope and flexibility. He was humorous, compassionate, and incorruptible—these invaluable qualities being here listed in order of importance. His sensibilities revealed themselves, as sensibilities do, continually; and not least in a mannerism of fingering a piece of music from time to time on an imaginary piano. And—to a degree unusual in the Organization—he was a cultivated man. There was, one felt, almost nothing he might not have done.

Yet Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn had colleagues of less ability who had gone further; of less energy who had done more.

In all Swoboda's years with the Organization, he had not encountered any official of this calibre. His natural kinship with Rodriguez-O'Hearn went beyond that which he enjoyed with Mervyn, Mordie, and Miss Shamsee. Admiring as Swoboda was of Rodriguez' capacities, he was also drawn to him by the inconsistencies he began to detect under Rodriguez' thoughtful exterior.

Confronted, for example, with some Daltonian dilemma, Rodriguez could instantly see what should be done. He would perhaps ask Swoboda to prepare such-and-such a draft memorandum to that effect. Swoboda would do so, but by the time the draft had reached the In-tray, a dozen fanciful doubts had been raised in Rodriguez' mind and a dozen spectres of possible misfire sat about Rodriguez at his desk. The strength of the doubts seemed to be in direct ratio to the significance of the issue and the clarity of the proposed solution. "Thinking it over, Swoboda," Rodriguez would say, "I feel we should add . . ." Swoboda began to dread these final paragraphs, these postscripts or parenthetical observations that so often merely served to draw attention to potential errors that would never otherwise have been committed. "Perhaps it should be pointed out" or "I need hardly warn the members of the committee" or, worst of all, "In order to avoid confusion" frequently preceded a knock-out blow to the argument so lucidly adduced in the body of the letter.

Caution, concluded Swoboda, is a very dangerous thing.

There were, in addition, issues that Rodriguez would perpetually and ignominiously evade rather than oppose—a multiplicity of useless regulations, an inundation of documents whose pages were more commonly committed to the wastepaper basket than to memory, the infringements of troublesome subordinates, the harassments of Miss Sadie Graine. (It would not have been accurate to say that Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn was afraid of Miss Sadie Graine, but it would have been so nearly accurate that it did not quite bear thinking about.)

Then, too, Rodriguez had a peculiarity

of gratifying—almost of acting out—another's misunderstanding of him. With those who thought him unyielding, he would be at his most taciturn; with those who thought him irresolute, at his most discursive. Swoboda saw these things and, feeling he understood the matter, regretted them. Yet it cannot be said that they lowered Rodriguez-O'Hearn in Swoboda's regard. They were authentic human aberrations, and Swoboda's tolerance of them only increased the friendship that, for all its restraint, now grew up between him and his new chief.

Swoboda had come to Rodriguez-O'Hearn as a virtually unknown quantity. It is true that his personal file had been sent to Rodriguez in advance, and that these dossiers were compiled in conformity with the latest administrative techniques. A form in the file had accordingly notified Mr. Rodriguez that Swoboda was punctual and in good health, that he upheld the aims of the Organization, and that his output was high. The form was composed as a questionnaire, and against each question a series of boxes invited the appropriate tick—such methods as these having been painstakingly devised in order to avoid anything resembling a personal opinion. Since, in this modern world of superlatives, a tick in anything less than the topmost box for each item would have been highly damaging to a staff member, Rodriguez-O'Hearn also learned—and expected to learn—from the file that Swoboda was of ineffable good humor, that his initiative was unremitting, his imagination inexhaustible, and his judgment invariably sound. Had the file contained a more reasonable estimate of Swoboda's capabilities, or suggested the slightest singularity, the implication would have been such that neither Rodriguez-O'Hearn nor any other Organization official would have felt justified in accepting him.

It was therefore without prompting of any kind that Rodriguez discovered Swoboda's true nature. Rodriguez was a man of insight, and the significant outlines of Swoboda's past gradually became as apparent to him as if he had been apprised of them in detail. He valued Swoboda's ability; he respected Swoboda's discretion; he even came, little by little, to apprehend Swoboda's tragedy.

PAPERMILL GRAVEYARD

North Bennington, Vermont

In that country of thresholds we move like vandals,
overturning birth dates, death dates, necrologies, Bartlett's
Familiar Quotations, the exorbitant rhetoric
of compliment, spelling hard names, looking for pictures
under the blackboards of a child's stone library
of aphorisms. In the runt gardens and the greenhouse
"arrangements"—pinwheels of laurel in plastic, jelly jars
crammed with wildflowers not meant to outlast
an homage, the rancid memoranda of the very poor—
all is remembered. Each gives to each in the ghastly
plenty: the intimacy of a terminal cough
recalled in formaldehyde and licorice, a bull's-eye of death trance,
the husband's abandoned spasm in a barrow of granite,
endearments, betrayals. The tribal successions of the unexceptional man
are plausible here. Even the destitute scribble their heraldries.
The soldier schooled in a captive security, mistrusting the living,
salutes the interrogator with name, rank, and serial number.
Under the chintzy flags, holidays, holocausts, individual
deaths, the unlucky recruit, blinded by chevrons, is caught
in the scintillation of family keepsakes, a rabbit's foot
crossing the spaces in search of savory greens. All
remains minimal: footlockers of Government Issue
cut frugally to size, berry boxes for the stillborn,
mortuary cabinets indexed under Urgent Business
in an Erechtheum of furnished pillars
where death begets death and nothing comes of nothing.

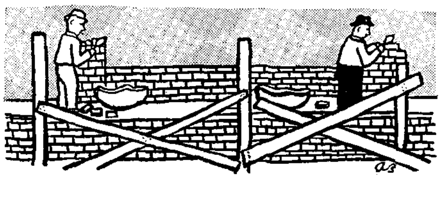
Having nothing to memorize but an expatriate spirit,
her chemist-husband married, unmarried, remarried, the epithalamial rasp
of a cello string, and the kindness of friends who covered her loss
with a willow, I forage for trifles—the maggot's hammer blow,
a lawnmower's blade in the chicory, my face on the bevel
of granite glazed over "Mother" and "Father."
But this is no trifle.

Jeanne Butler, *Jeanne Butler*, *Jeanne Butler*, how strangely you lean
toward the heel of my hand, still living on your nerves, severe in your Breton
cheekbones, repeating the uvular "r" for schoolgirls from Cambridge, settling
your napery while our teacups bitter in a garden
over pitted persimmons broken and eaten together, and a changing wind
works in the wafer's paste, hardens the knife's edge, and delivers
our unhaunted world to the Prince of Darkness!

—Ben Belitt

• •

AND so it came about that Swoboda thrived. With all his new colleagues he worked in the utmost good will. There was much to do, but no injustice corresponding to the SAGG documents darkened Swoboda's days or lengthened his nights. His tendencies, though orderly, were ingenious, and he developed an uncomplicated system of shading in the progress of DALTO operations on the graphs entrusted to his care (so many experts sent to instruct needy nations, so many grants awarded to the less technical for orientation abroad—their shadow, on Swoboda's charts, never grew less). Together with Mervyn and Mordie, he drafted letters, added up columns, and filed cards. There was nothing novel or captivating in this, other than the sense of being appreciated. All the same, Swoboda felt his life was moving forward again and, in his modest way, he was hopeful about the future.



Toward the end of the year, when Swoboda had been some months with DALTO, the question of his promotion was once more raised in his mind. The Promotions and Probations Board was soon due to hand down its six-monthly decisions. He mentioned this to Merv and Mordie.

"You'll be all right," Mervyn assured him. "He likes you."

"Who?"

"Old Rodrigo. Can't think why, but he does."

"What has he to do with it?"

"He'll have to endorse you. That's

PET SHOP
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS
Koren

what happens when you move to another department. You have to get put up again for promotion by your new chief."

"It's a formality," Mordic said. "They'll bring it to his attention. Don't worry."

A week or two later, Miss Shamsee whispered to Swoboda that Rodriguez had dictated to her the recommendation for promotion. Smiling, she showed Swoboda a page of cryptograms. "One of the best recommendations he's ever given," she said. "It's marvellous."

Swoboda thanked her, warmly but calmly, and walked away. Nevertheless, in that moment, he was as close as he had ever been to exultation. He went down to the cafeteria and had a cup of coffee. There, leaning on the Formica table top, absently stirring the sugar round in his thick cup and crumbling his Danish, Swoboda reflected on the goodness and ultimate meaning of things. How right he had been to stand up to Mr. Bekkus. There was much in life that one must let pass, much that did not merit the taking of positions or the agitating of one's breast; much, in fact, that it would be demeaning to take issue with. On the other hand, certain matters were not to be ignored unless one were to cast oneself away entirely, and here Swoboda had vindicated himself. He had repudiated Mr. Bekkus' treatment of him; he had demanded a more suitable standing in the world, and he had got it. He had, through his own fortitude, come forth into a new life of comradeship and esteem. He would receive a little more money, he would stand a little higher in the lowly lists of the Subsidiary Category. Swoboda was content. (It may be felt that he was easily content, but he is not the less to be envied for that reason.)

In a sense, too—or so it seemed to him—the Organization itself stood to profit from this development. Having dedicated itself to the rights of man, the Organization was, in some subtly heartening manner, only as good as the way it treated Swoboda. One could not completely believe in any enterprise that required one's own diminution.

Thus Swoboda, as he lingered over his coffee in the cafeteria. Not since the departure from the cherry factory had his heart been so light.

THE days passed quickly at the end of the year. There was great activity in DALTO at that time. The deadline for submission of the DALTO annual report was drawing near, and Swoboda, with his charts, was deeply involved. As this vast report required some months in the preparation, it was always begun in the middle of the year it purported to cover; necessarily incorporating an element of conjecture, it was an earnest effort notwithstanding.

It was Swoboda's first experience of the reporting strategy, but he was quick to grasp its tactics of defense: a programme was "particularly" efficient; a situation had been "carefully" examined; a success was "outstandingly" successful—these adverbial badges of insecurity being designed to take the opponent by surprise. Swoboda's normal work was disrupted by the report, but this was a temporary inconvenience and he did not mind. Cheerfully he pieced together scissored paragraphs. ("Two experts in metallurgy served in Tanzania during the year under review. . . ." "Four awards were made for the study of sanitary engineering abroad. . . .") Swoboda was surprised to see how the very items that had been the subject of so much anxiety and dispute throughout the year appeared, when reported, to be part of some grand and faultless design to which no disharmony could ever have conceivably attached. He tried to reflect that this was perhaps, in some final and overwhelming sense, no more than the truth.

In the days before Christmas, the long corridors of the Organization were gay with plastic wreaths, and in the main lobby the Organization Singers chanted carols interspersed with the Founding Constitution set to music. It was on the afternoon of the DALTO Christmas party that Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn asked Swoboda to come into his office. Swoboda was, of course, in and out of Rodriguez' office all through the working day; but there is an atmosphere, a closing of doors, a lowering of voices, a pushing away of papers, that unmistakably announces an interview of more personal character. (I am sorry to say that, although such interviews do occasionally bring good tidings, their general climate is one of foreboding.) Swoboda assumed of course, and rightly, that the discussion would have to do with the matter of his promotion, which he had been expecting Rodriguez to mention. It was known that the Board would soon meet—perhaps it had even met already, and Rodriguez was now authorized to give Swoboda the good news.

"Swoboda, sit down," said Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn. He performed a scale or two with the fingers of his right hand, and said nothing more for some moments. Swoboda was oddly reminded of Mr. Bekkus. But he put this out of his mind with a dismissing mental smile.

"Swoboda," said Mr. Rodriguez again, "I'm sure you know that I have the highest opinion of your work." He was looking not at Swoboda but at his own right hand, which was now executing more complicated fingering. "And, I may say, of your character." He paused, and then interpolated, "The two cannot, in any case, be separated."

Swoboda did not speak. He observed Rodriguez carefully. He was interested in human nature, and his intuition told him that he was getting an important demonstration of it.

"You must be aware," Rodriguez went on, now looking briefly at Swoboda out of his fine blue eyes, "that the question of your promotion was due to come before the present meeting of the Board. And that my endorsement was required."

"Yes, sir."

"Quite so. Well, Swoboda . . ." Here Rodriguez stopped. Swoboda, watching him, wondered what word should be used to describe his expression. He decided that the most fitting word was "desperate." Rodriguez then continued. "I did in fact write the recommendation on your case. And I may say that it was unequivocal. It was, indeed, wholehearted. However . . ."

"However?" inquired Swoboda gently, since silence seemed likely to descend.

"However, some questions were subsequently raised. I mean, after I had drafted the report on you. It was felt that, since you had joined this department so recently, others here might feel—ah—supplanted in the matter of your promotion. I do not say that I agree with this view, but it was presented to me as a possible source of grievance. . . . Miss—er—Graine did in fact raise the matter with Mr. Pylos, or so I understand, and he felt . . . Then, too, an official of Personnel—Mr. Bekkus, in whose office you formerly worked—seems to have said . . ." Rodriguez-O'Hearn's voice trailed away. He summoned it back and added more firmly, even defiantly, "And so, taking all these things into account, I did not send my recommendation."

"I see, sir."

"Swoboda," said Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn—and Swoboda now concluded that the word for his expression was "hopeless"—"this doesn't mean anything more than postponement. You realize that, of course."

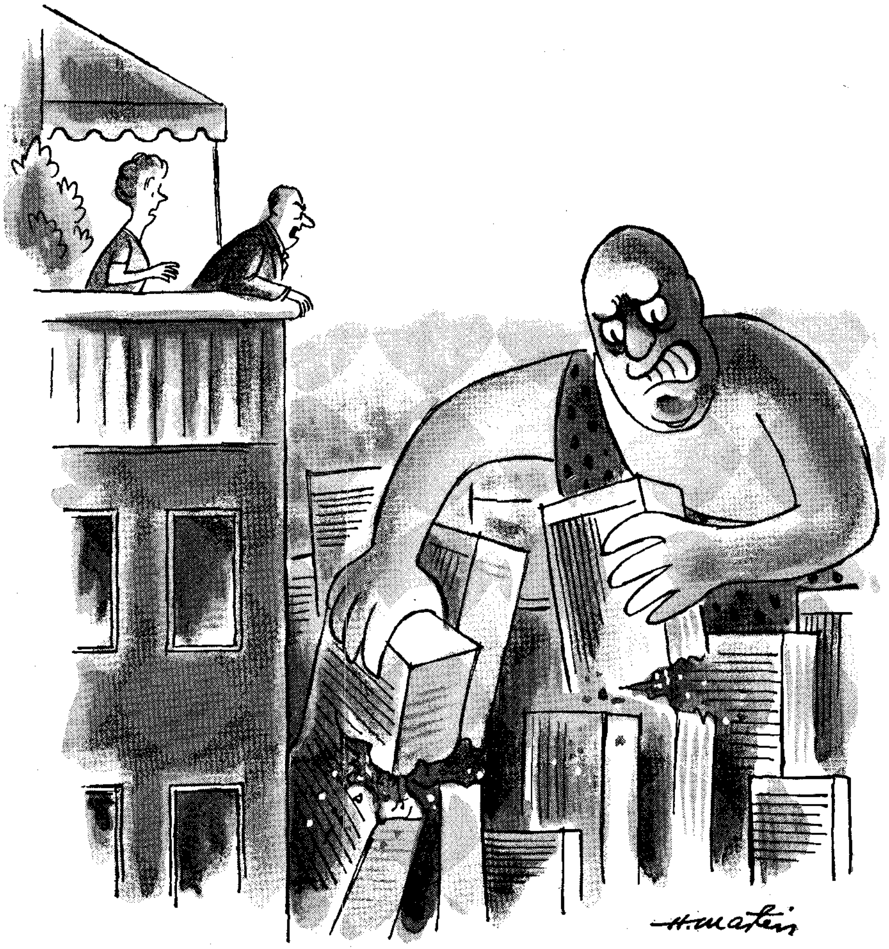
"I see, sir," Swoboda repeated. He was still looking at Rodriguez-O'Hearn—at his expression, his rapidly heaving chest, his intricately moving fingers. A sensation was welling up within Swoboda as he looked, and this sensation, though he struggled against it, held him fast and threatened to overcome him.

"In fact, I think I can safely say that at the next meeting of the Board—that is, the one after the present one—the one that meets in June—this is confidential, of course . . ."

Mr. Rodriguez' voice halted, wandered on. Swoboda sat still. Soon he would rise and go. Was there not the Christmas party to attend, and had he not promised Abdul Karim of Archives to help him serve the drinks? There was nothing to stay for here, nothing more to be said, even though Mr. Rodriguez was still talking, for Swoboda had now surrendered to the familiar feelings that had assailed him in the past few moments. He had fought against them, but to no avail. Try as he would, Swoboda could not change; he could not help himself. There was nothing to be done about it. The fact was that he pitied Mr. Patricio Rodriguez-O'Hearn. He pitied him with all his heart.

It was nothing short of tragic.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD



"Blackouts, transit strikes, atmospheric inversion I could take. But this does it! Natalie, start packing!"

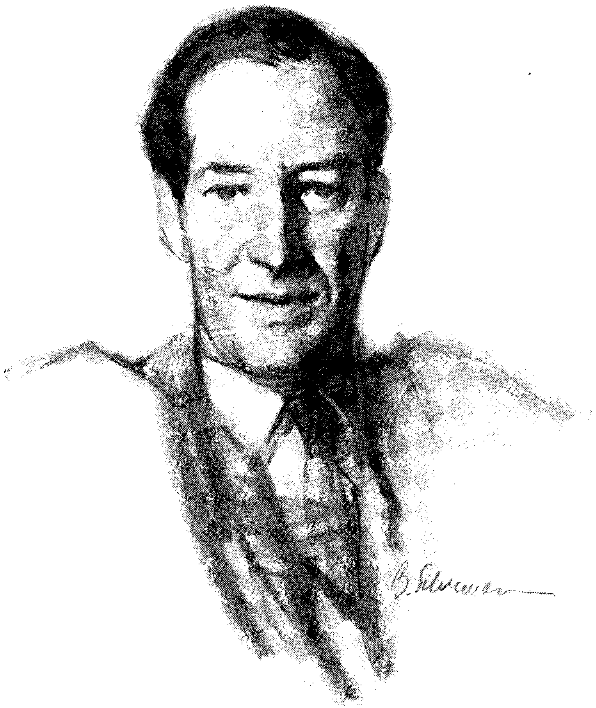
•

Just to keep my hand in with modern life, I use cream of tartar, electric beaters, and ordinary bowls. But when the chips are down, I am always happier with my copper and my enormous whip.
—*Julia Child in the Boston Globe.*

All right, Madam Legree, the potato chips are down.

PROFILES

A ROOMFUL OF HOVINGS



FIFTH AVENUE

EACH day, nearly all day, Thomas P. F. Hoving stood somewhere near the Short Portly rack in the John David clothing store at 608 Fifth Avenue. He wore a double-breasted sharkskin suit, with a fresh flower in his lapel. On his face was a prepared smile. He was a floorwalker. This was the summer of 1950, and he was nineteen years old.

"May I help you, sir?" Hoving would say to almost anyone who came through the door.

"I'd like to see Mr. Gard."

"Gard! See-You!" Hoving called out, and Mr. Gard, a master salesman, sprang forward.

See-Yous were people who asked for specific clerks. Otherwise, customers were taken in rotation. It was not unknown in that era for clothing salesmen to slip substantial honoraria to floorwalkers to get them in the habit of turning non-See-Yous into See-Yous. But Hoving was unbribable. He had learned that every salesman recurrently dreams of a rich Brazilian who—when it happens to be the dreamer's turn to wait on him—will walk into the store and order fifty-five suits. Hoving would do nothing that might spoil this dream. The door opens again, and a tall, slim, wilted-looking man enters the store and dispiritedly examines a display of ties; then he crosses to the rack of 42 Regulars and begins to finger the sleeves of the suits. This man is a Cooler. His constitution has just been defeated by the incredible heat outside, and he has come into the store to recover. Hoving is merciless. He says, "May I help you, sir?"

"Just looking," the Cooler says.

"Sir, you don't belong in this section," Hoving says. "You are a 39 Extra-Long."

To show Coolers what they were up against, Hoving would lead them directly to the area of the Hickey-Freeman suits—the best in the store, one hundred and twenty-five dollars and up. Hoving's idea of a summer place was Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. He hated this job—or, more precisely, he hated the idea of it—but it was apparently designed by his father as a part of a program of training, for his father, Walter Hoving, who was then president of Bonwit Teller and is now chairman of Tiffany & Co., happened to own, as well, the John David chain of stores. Young Hoving learned a lot there. He could fold a suit and wrap it in ten seconds; he also noticed that prostitutes who came into the store generally hunted for contacts along the suit racks, while homosexuals used the shoe department. Every lunchtime, all summer long, he went to the Forty-second Street Horn & Hardart and ate the same meal—hamburger, mashed potatoes, and a ball of chocolate ice cream.

Hoving, who, after a brilliant year as City Parks Commissioner, has just become Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, reflected, a few weeks ago, on the John David summer. "Mr. Gard and a Mr. Mintz were important influences on my life as a floorwalker," he said. "They told me, 'Don't buckle in. Do it honest. Only schnookers will ask to be brought out of rotation. The rich Brazilian will come to every man in his lifetime.'" Hoving said that he had not believed in the rich Brazilian until a day when one came in. "He bought twenty Hickey-Freeman suits," Hoving recalled. "The young salesman who had him was going bo-bo. Around the first of August, that summer, I began to get the ague from standing on my feet all the time. The man we all worked for was called Colonel Ladue. He had owned the chain before my father did, and had been retained to run it. You had to call him 'Colonel' or he'd get disturbed. You *know* what kind of a guy that is. He had an adder's glance—without a nod, without a smile, without a crinkle of the eye. That summer killed me on the mercantile business."

EDGARTOWN

HOVING in Edgartown, in the summers of his adolescence, was a part of what he describes as "a wild bicycle set, semi-richies, cultured Hell's Angels of that period." They had names like Grant McCargo, Dikey Duncan, and David Erdman, and they numbered up to fifteen or twenty, with girls included. Hoving was not the leader; he could apparently take or leave everybody. Nonetheless, he was thought of by some of his friends' mothers, though they seldom had anything really gross or specific to cite, as the sort of boy who was probably a corrupting influence on their children. He went out with a scalloper's daughter. His family didn't give him much money—never more than two dollars a week—so he washed cars, worked in a bicycle-repair shop, painted sailboats, caddied for golfers, and set pins in a bowling alley. Sailing races were the main preoccupation of the pack, and Hoving was always a crewman, never a skipper—in part, he says, because he never had a skipper's feel for the wind and the sea, and in part because he never owned a boat. All the boys wore blue or white button-down shirts. Hoving had both kinds, too, but he also appeared in patterned sports shirts, which were an emblem of immeasurable outness. He didn't care. Everybody wore a stopwatch around his neck, for the racing. One day, when the boys were fifteen, they discovered another use for the stopwatches. Grant McCargo bought a case of ale—"local poison, eighteen cents a can"—and, as Hoving continues it, "we all went into the graveyard and sat on friendly stones; we had shot glasses, and every thirty seconds everybody drank a shot of the ale until we were completely zonked." He played tennis barefoot, and his idea of real action was a long, cool ride in the breakers. "Great! Great!" he would say when he felt an impulse for the surf. "Let's go out to Barnhouse Beach and get boiled in the rollers." When he went to the beach, he took books along, in his bicycle basket, and he read them while he was lying in the sun recovering from the rollers. Robert Goldman, who later roomed with Hoving at Princeton and is now a writer of musical plays, was an occasional visitor to Edgartown in the years when Hoving was there. "He had a precocity typical of New York kids," Goldman remembers. "You know, you leap right from childhood into being twenty-one. Tommy was always hip, always absorbed with upper bohemia. He made newspapery references. He was the first person I ever heard use the word 'great' in that special sense. Everything was 'great.' I went to Edgartown uninvited once, and I was pretty much on the outside of things, and a situation came up one day when Hoving said, about me, 'Hey, let him play.' I've never forgotten it. He was an unaffected city kid, with spirit to him. He never made me feel like an intruder. Some of the others did." Hoving clowned and joked a lot, and he haunted an empty house once with Dikey Duncan (using sheets, chains, and foghorns) until the police put a stop to it, but he was actually quite shy, and he felt sure that he was not at all popular. One index of popularity in Edgartown, however, was the number of bicycles that could be found stacked outside one's house, and wherever Hoving was living was where the biggest stack of bicycles was. To be sure, this was in part because of the warm personality, unfailing generosity, and utter permissiveness of his mother, who was apparently neither as staid nor as consciously social as most of the other parents in Edgartown, and whose house (always a rented one) was a sanctuary for young people from discipline of any kind. She had been divorced from Tom's father when Tom was five years old. Her name was—she died in 1954—Mary Osgood Field Hoving, her nickname was Peter, and she was a descendant of Samuel Osgood, the first Postmaster General of the United States. Her father, Tom's grandfather, was such a fastidious man that he kept a diary of the clothes he wore. His wife left him, and from the age of two Tom's mother was brought up by an aunt. She married Walter Hoving when she was a débutante, pretty and blond, a cutout exemplar of the girl of the nineteen-twenties. Although she never married again, men were always attracted to her in clusters, and—according to Nancy Hoving, Tom Hoving's wife—"old half successes with moon in their eyes still ask about her." Some of her friends would act, on occasion, as surrogate fathers to Tom and his older sister Petrea, or Petie, turning up at child functions where parents are supposed to appear. Both Tom and his mother had strong tempers, and the two of them would sometimes have conflagrationary fights. Friends once came upon them sitting in a doorway in Edgartown together, weeping. Tom eventually learned not to participate—to act, when something unpleasant came up, as if it weren't there. (This is a faculty he is said to have kept.) His mother's emotions sometimes overflowed in the opposite direction as well, and the more demonstrative she was toward him, apparently, the more he pulled away, developing a general aloofness that characterized him for some years—until he was ready to take part in things on his own terms. Remembering himself at Edgartown, he once said, "I'm sure the other mothers thought, Poor Peter, with a son like that! I was pretty scrawny, uncoördinated, and slovenly." He

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Well; back to the old vague generalities."

CANOE

CANOE
DEODORANT
Dana
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PARIS-FRANCE

Dana

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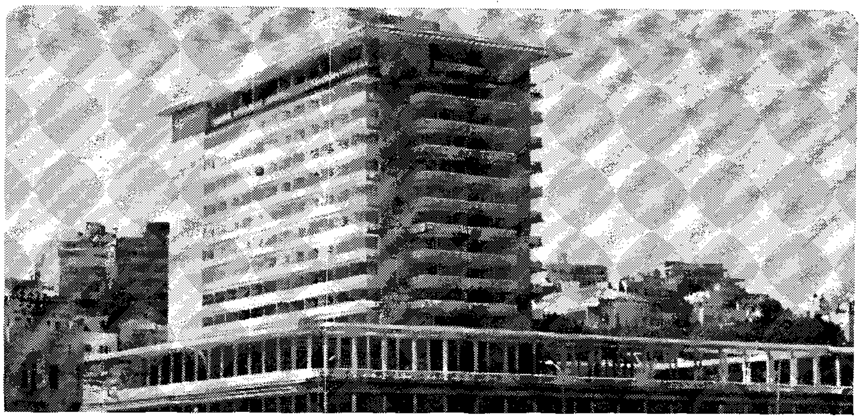
fought constantly with his sister (he once pushed her out on a roof and locked the window), but he was unusually close to her—they were two years apart in age—and he has named his only daughter Petrea for her. His particular friend was Dikey Duncan, whose family held the Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce franchise in the United States. Hoving and Duncan had the same attitude, according to Hoving's description: "Cool. We cooled it, you know. The same thoughts came to us. Dikey was bland, thin, and wiry, and he had a delightful irresponsible touch. We all used to go out to South Beach and play capture-the-flag, then sit around a great fire and get zonked. Dikey, who liked whiskey, would suck away at this bottle of Black Death. Everybody else drank Seabreezes. There were periods of forty days when we were never not drunk in the evening. One night, Dikey shambled down to the yacht club and insulted many parents, and our introduction to booze came to a grinding halt." Grant McCargo had a car (something Hoving never had), and the others would monitor McCargo's speed with their stopwatches, having determined beforehand the distances between various landmarks on the island. McCargo, as Hoving remembers him, was a silent young man who was very much worth listening to when he spoke, and his favorite object was a Wright & Ditson tennis-ball can, from which he drank his Seabreezes. ("He was always getting fuzz in his mouth, and the drinks tasted of rubber.") With the tennis-ball can in one hand and the steering wheel in the other, McCargo used to drive all the way across Martha's Vineyard at night with the headlights turned off, while Hoving, Duncan, and additional passengers assessed his progress with their stopwatches. Hoving's Edgartown era came to an end after a beach party. The pack turned over a large sand-moving machine and set its fuel tank ablaze. Hoving caught the next ferry for the mainland, and he has never been back to Edgartown. With a mixture of shame and dramaturgy, he has always claimed that he can never go back, because the rap for the sand-moving machine is on him still. He is a lover of intrigue, secrecy, and mystery, and he sometimes finds shadows more interesting than the objects that cast them. He could, of course, go back to Edgartown, but not as a boy, and that is probably what he actually means. David Erdman, the skipper whom Hoving served as crewman summer after summer, cannot remember that Hoving in Edgartown



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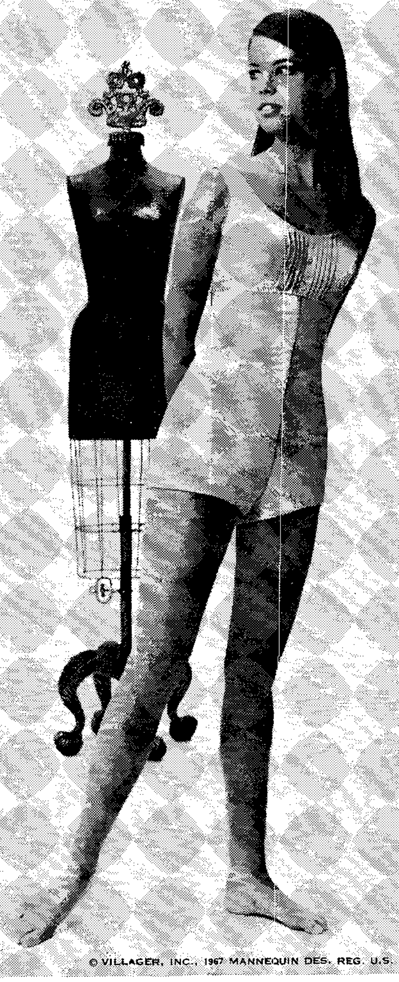

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What will the English think of next?

gave even the faintest of hints of the future that awaited him. "He showed no artistic inclinations at all," Erdman said a few weeks ago. "If I had been told that he would eventually be the Director of the Metropolitan Museum, I would have laughed and laughed and said, 'You've got to be kidding.' "

RORIMER

IN the spring of 1959, when Hoving was a graduate student in art history at Princeton, he gave a lecture at an annual symposium at the Frick Collection, in New York, on certain antique sources of the Annibale Carracci frescoes in the Farnese Gallery, in Rome. The symposium was known among graduate students as "the meat market"—a place where the young are examined by experienced eyes from museums, galleries, and universities, and where futures can be made or ruined. Hoving's palms had been damp for weeks. He feared, among other things, the presence of Erica Tietze-Conrat, an art scholar who attended the symposium unfailingly and had been known to stand up in the middle of a young man's reading and shout, in a martial Wagnerian accent, "You! Are! Wrong!" Hoving, acting on a reasonable guess, had found unmistakable similarities between ancient sculptures in the National Museum in Naples and figures in the Carracci frescoes in the Farnese. He had learned that the sculptures now in Naples were actually housed in the Farnese Palace when Carracci was doing his work there, and this was the gist of what he presented at the symposium, in a twenty-minute talk illustrated with slides. Erica Tietze-Conrat did not interrupt him, and when he had finished she applauded strongly. "A few moments later," as Hoving continues, "a man, 39 Short Portly, whom I didn't know, came up to me and asked if, in my work on the Farnese Gallery, I had encountered records of a large sixteenth-century marble table inlaid with semiprecious stones that had once been in the center of the gallery. I said I did not remember seeing anything about such a table, and he asked if I had time to have a look at it, since he happened to have it. I said sure. I had no idea who the man was, and I guess he assumed that I knew. He had deep, deep, penetrating, steady brown eyes that didn't blink. He led me out onto Fifth Avenue and a number of blocks north, up to the Metropolitan Museum. We went in at the Eighty-first Street entrance and up the stairs to the office of the Director, and by then

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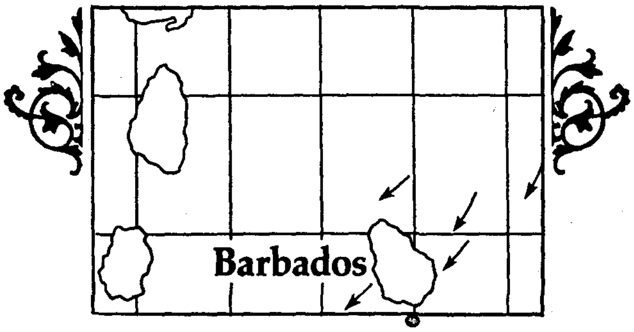

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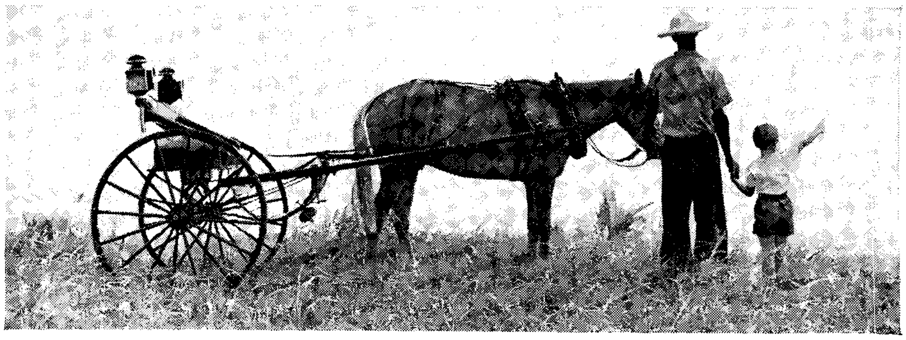

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I had figured out that he must *be* the Director, but, to tell you the truth, I had no idea who the Director of the Metropolitan Museum *was*. So I kept sidling around his desk while he talked—trying to get a look into his 'in' box, you know—and finally I saw his name, James J. Rorimer."

After they had looked over the marble table, which is now in the center of a room full of Italian Renaissance paintings, Rorimer asked Hoving what he was going to do when he left graduate school. Hoving said that he thought he might work in a gallery and that he had already been interviewed by George Wildenstein and a man at Knoedler's. "Really?" Rorimer said. "I'm surprised. Go to a dealer and you'll never work at any museum in the United States. Go to a museum and you can later work, if you like, at any dealer's shop in the world."

Rorimer invited Hoving to come into the city and have lunch with him each Wednesday for a while, and Hoving did. Later that year, Hoving went to work for the Museum, at an annual salary of five thousand and five dollars. He soon became a curatorial assistant in the Museum's Medieval Department and at The Cloisters, and one of his first assignments was to write a letter of declination to a New York dealer who had offered for sale, in a letter with a photograph, a twenty-four-by-twenty-six-inch marble Romanesque relief that was then somewhere in Italy. In a margin of the dealer's letter Rorimer had written, "Not for us." The photograph looked so interesting to Hoving that he asked his superiors in the Medieval Department if he could study the relief for a while before writing to the dealer. He was told, with fatherly understanding, to go ahead and do that, and for a week he went through book after book and hundreds of pictures, but he found nothing that could help him to trace the source of the relief and discover whether there was any substance to his feeling that it was of uncommon interest. So he wrote the letter ("We regret to say that we do not feel that this piece will fit into our collection . . .") and sent it off, but the matter continued to preoccupy him and he kept looking. Two days later, in a book on twelfth-century Tuscan sculptures, he found a picture of a Romanesque marble pulpit that had once stood in the Basilica of San Piero Scheraggio, in Florence—a church that became completely entombed in Cosimo de' Medici's administrative offices, the Uffizi, when they were constructed in the sixteenth century. Ho-

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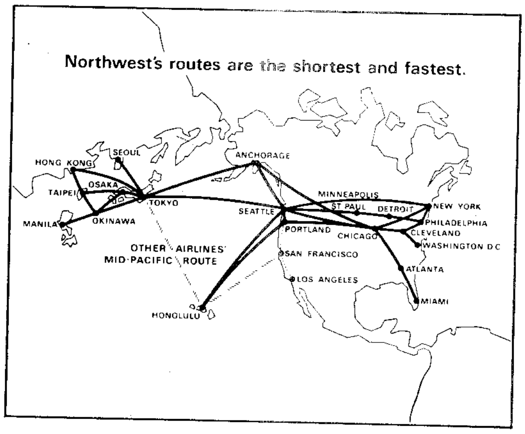

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ving eventually learned that Dante had spoken from this pulpit, and so had St. Antoninus and Savonarola. In 1782, the pulpit had been dismantled and moved just across the Arno from Florence to a church in Arcetri, where it is today—three-sided, and standing against a wall. The pulpit is decorated with six reliefs, carved in fine yellow-white Maremma marble, which have been called the masterwork of Florentine Romanesque sculpture. As Hoving studied photographs of these scenes, all from the story of Christ, he was struck by the thought that the piece he had turned down in his letter to the dealer belonged among them, but he couldn't see how it would fit in. He sought out publications about the pulpit, one of which had appeared as recently as 1947 and one as early as 1755. A Florentine scholar named Giuseppe Carraresi had written in 1897 that he believed the pulpit had once been a freestanding structure (not set against a wall, as it is today) and had originally been decorated with seven reliefs, the eighth space being left open as an entryway. The trail was getting extremely warm. The scene in the photograph submitted by the dealer was of the Annunciation. There was no Annunciation scene among the reliefs still on the pulpit, although an Annunciation would logically belong among them. Finally, Hoving noticed something odd about an inscription that ran along a marble slab under one of the reliefs. The inscription said, "*Angeli pendentem deponunt cuncta regentem*"—"The angels let down the hanging King of Kings." But angels were not lowering Christ from the Cross in the scene above; He was being let down by Joseph and Nicodemus. Between the word "*Angeli*" and the word "*pendentem*" was a vertical break in the marble, directly below the left-hand edge of the Deposition relief. The "*i*" in "*Angeli*" was slightly curved and was formed in a different way from any other "*i*" in the pulpit inscriptions. The "*i*" was, in fact, demonstrably a fragment of a "*u*," the rest having been broken away, and the original word could not have been the plural "*angeli*" but must have been the singular "*angelus*," just right for the beginning of an inscription under a relief—the missing seventh relief—showing Mary being visited by an angel of the Lord. Rorimer, with surprise and considerable pleasure, told Hoving to write a second letter to the dealer, putting the Annunciation relief on reserve for the Metropolitan Museum.

Earlier, when Rorimer assigned

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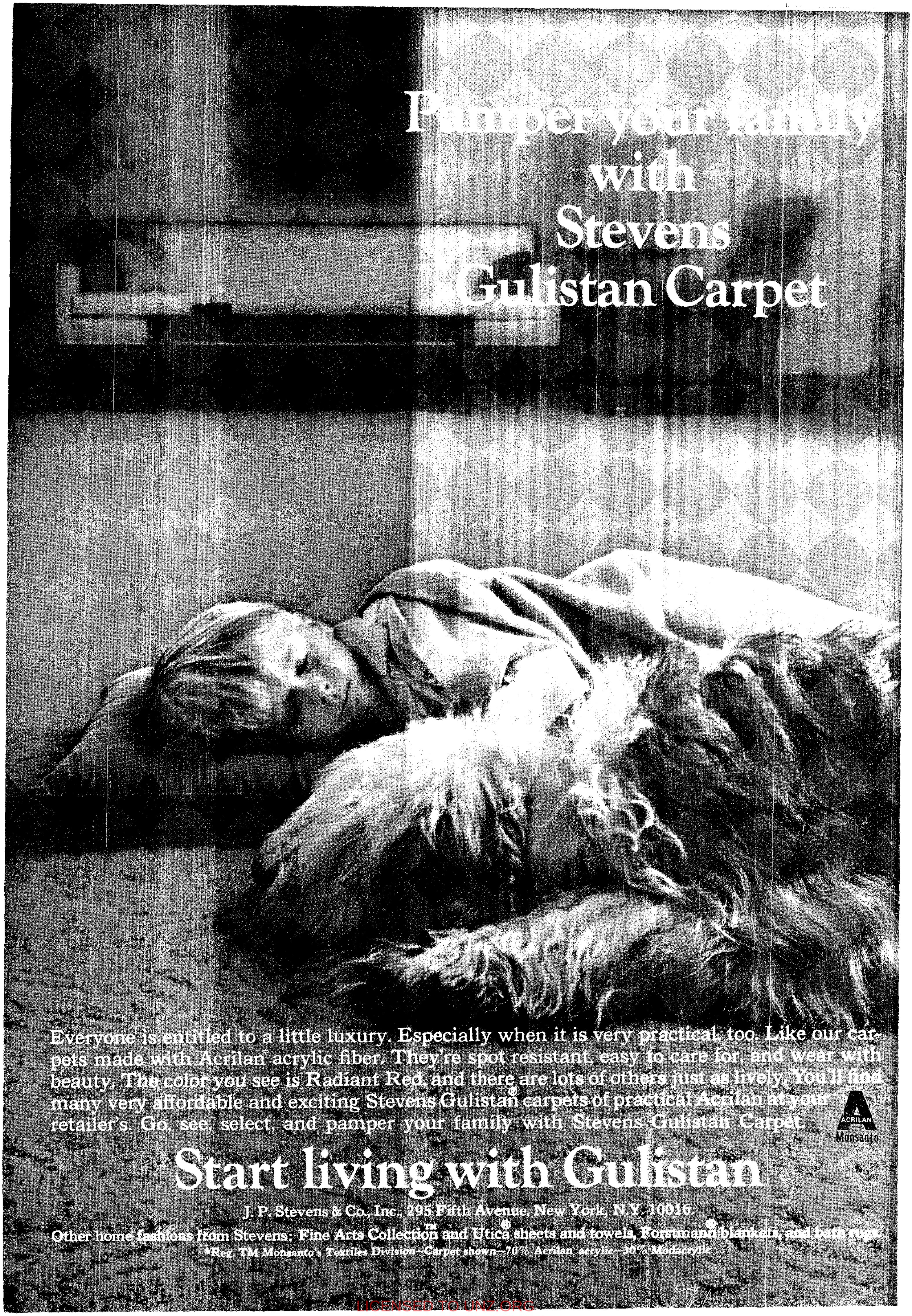

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Hoving to The Cloisters, he told him that in certain ways he envied him. Rorimer, himself a medievalist, had worked for the Museum since his graduation from Harvard, and he had developed The Cloisters, in its present location, from the beginning, after a Rockefeller gift in 1934 established the site and the building. As curator of The Cloisters, Rorimer liked to spend many hours carefully going over medieval sculptures with ultraviolet light. He loved the disciplines of scholarship and the pleasures of exploratory trips to Europe. And, as Director of the Museum—which he became in 1955—he missed these things. Hoving had been at The Cloisters only a few months when Rorimer took him on a long trip, mainly through France, Spain, and Italy—wives and, in Rorimer's case, children included: eighty-five hundred miles in a green 1953 Chevrolet station wagon with license plates from Ohio, where Rorimer had a farm. He wanted to show Hoving all his sources—dealers, private collections, friends, university people. The trip was the most important single influence on Hoving's development in the Museum. He got the feel of Europe as Rorimer knew it, saw the architecture through Rorimer's eyes, and, along the way, formed a deep friendship with Rorimer himself.

In the Loire Valley, Rorimer climbed out through a window of a château in order to escape from a boring guided tour, with all the other Rorimers and the Hovings following. Everywhere they went—in every church, museum, or other monument—Rorimer said, "Pick out the three best things. What would you like to have? Why?" Then he would incite what Hoving describes as "great fierce mock arguments." One of these concerned the portal carving at the Cathedral of Angers and whether or not it had been restored. The Hovings and the Rorimers stayed overnight in Angers, and in the morning Hoving got up at six o'clock and went to have another look at the portal. As he rounded a corner of the cathedral, he met Rorimer, coming the other way. On the third day of the trip—after a lazy, wine lunch—Rorimer went to sleep at the wheel. Hoving did almost all the driving for the rest of the trip. Rorimer always had a pocketful of cigars, and he filled the car with smoke and laughter. When guidebooks were available, he and Hoving looked at them only after they had visited the places and objects described, the better to practice their eyes. On an altar in the old cathe-

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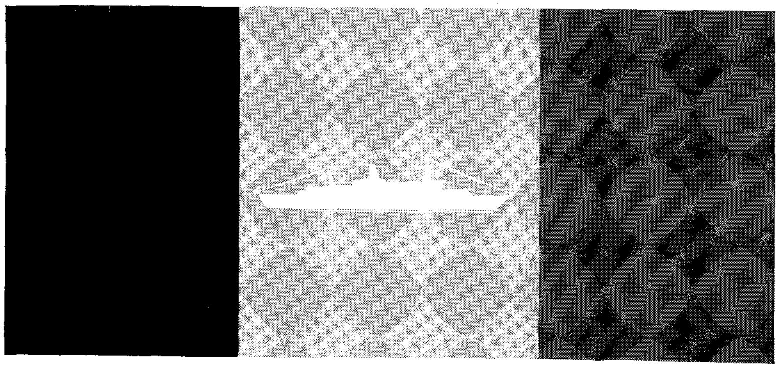

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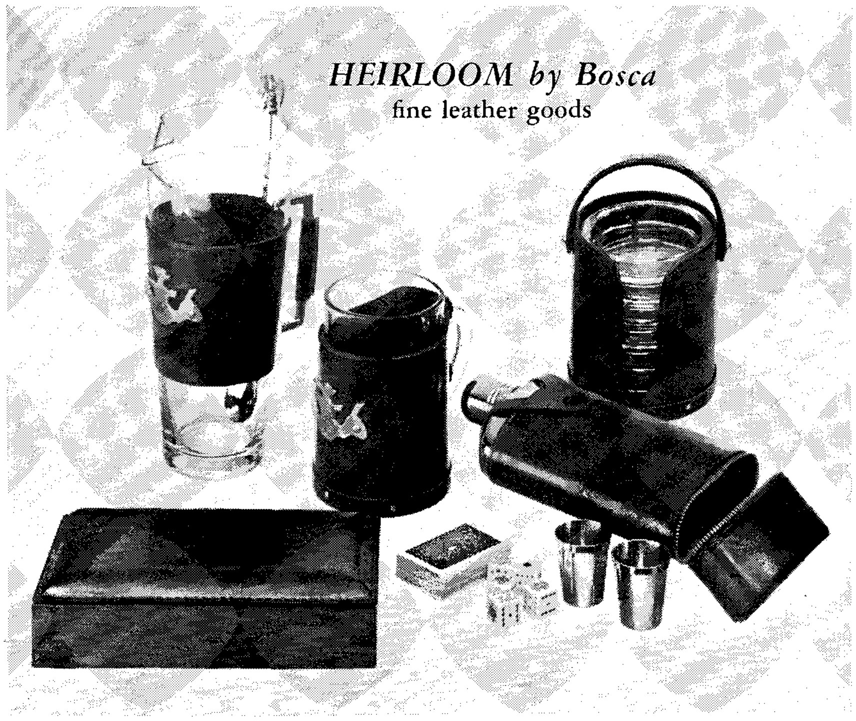

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dral in Salamanca, they saw a seated copper-gilt, Limoges-enamel Madonna that was, as Hoving remembers it, "resplendent, with almond, stunning eyes." The piece was so resplendent, in fact, that they began to argue over whether it had more likely been made in the twelfth century or in, say, 1959. Rorimer posted his children in key places to look out for guards; then he and Hoving took off their shoes, climbed the altar, and studied the enamel surface through a pocket glass. "It's glorious," Rorimer said as he peered through the glass. "This proves to both of us that you've got to get right to a thing. You can't do it from a distance. You've got to touch it." Rorimer had a passion for professional anonymity and secrecy. Ordinarily, he had about him an air of cloaked movements and quiet transactions, of undisclosable sources and whispered information—a necessity, surely, in the museum world, and something that Rorimer had refined beyond the dreams of espionage. Accordingly, when he and Hoving turned up, by arrangement, at a certain garage in Genoa, Rorimer carried a French newspaper and instructed Hoving to speak only in French while they went inside and viewed, for the first time, the Annunciation relief from the pulpit in Arcetri. Afterward, Rorimer coolly covered his tracks by leaving the French newspaper in the garage. Then they drove to Arcetri, to look at the pulpit itself. Leading away from the front of the church in which the pulpit stands is an extremely narrow street called *Costa di San Giorgio*, and many museum people from various countries have houses and apartments there—for example, John Pope-Hennessy, who is, inevitably, known as John the Pope and is now Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. Rorimer, of course, wanted to visit the church without attracting any attention at all, but the green Chevrolet station wagon became wedged between facing buildings on the Costa di San Giorgio, and Italians poured out of doorways and surrounded the car. Soon museum types were swarming all over Rorimer: "How long have you been here?" "Where are you staying?" "Why didn't you let us know you were coming?"

Some months after Rorimer and Hoving returned to New York, Erich Steingräber, Director General of the Germanic National Museum, in Nuremberg, came to the Metropolitan, at Rorimer's invitation, and spent more than half a year studying the collection. Hoving attached himself to Steingräber, The gentleman shaving in our photograph is Igor Kipnis, harpsichordist, who was among the first to tell us that the Model Twenty-One could turn a bathroom into a listening room. Mr. Kipnis is a music critic and teacher as well as a performer, and his weekly program, "Age of Baroque," is heard on New York's WQXR. He records for Epic and Columbia Records.

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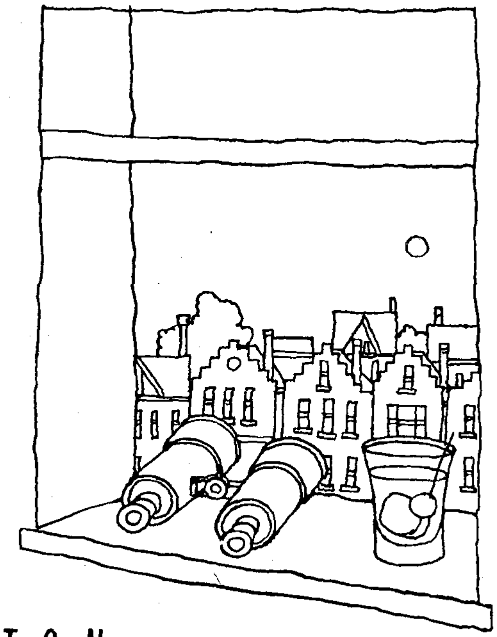

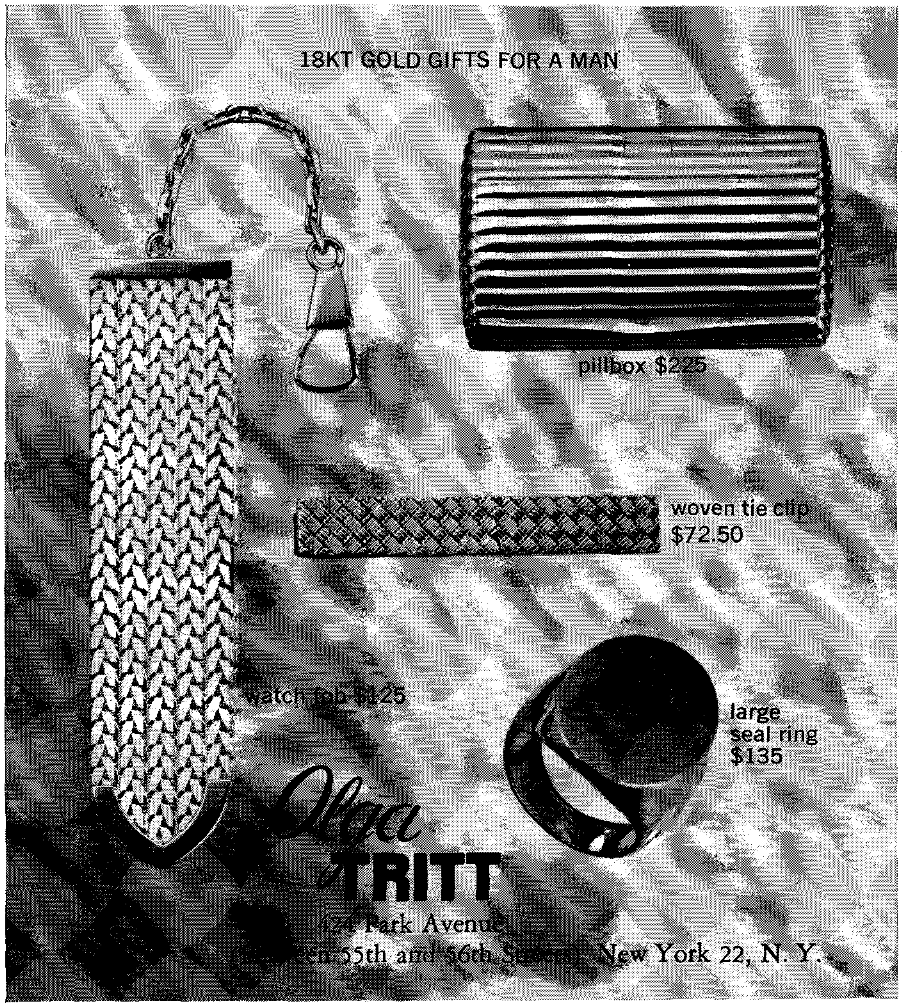

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and for days and days they went around the Museum, opening cases, handling things, and talking about them. Hoving says, "He taught me everything in the book—how to look at a work of art, how to judge its style, the tricks of forgers. There was a difference between Rorimer and Steingräber as connoisseurs. Jim liked big things—masses, big spaces, façades, tapestries. He was not interested in iconography; he was interested in the large scale. Steingräber loved enamels, carvings, reliquary caskets, small sculpture, jewelry. I like them all, but I don't have Jim's gift for the massive things."

In November, 1965, when the Mayor-elect offered Hoving the job of Commissioner of Parks for the city, Hoving went into Rorimer's office and said, "Jim, he's offered me the big marbles. What shall I do?"

Rorimer said, "No matter what I told you, you'd resent it."

"I'm going to think about it tonight," Hoving said.

Rorimer slapped his desk, and Hoving thought he could see in Rorimer's face both anger and disappointment. Rorimer said, "All I can say is, I know what I would do if I were your age." Hoving has never been completely sure that he understood what Rorimer meant.

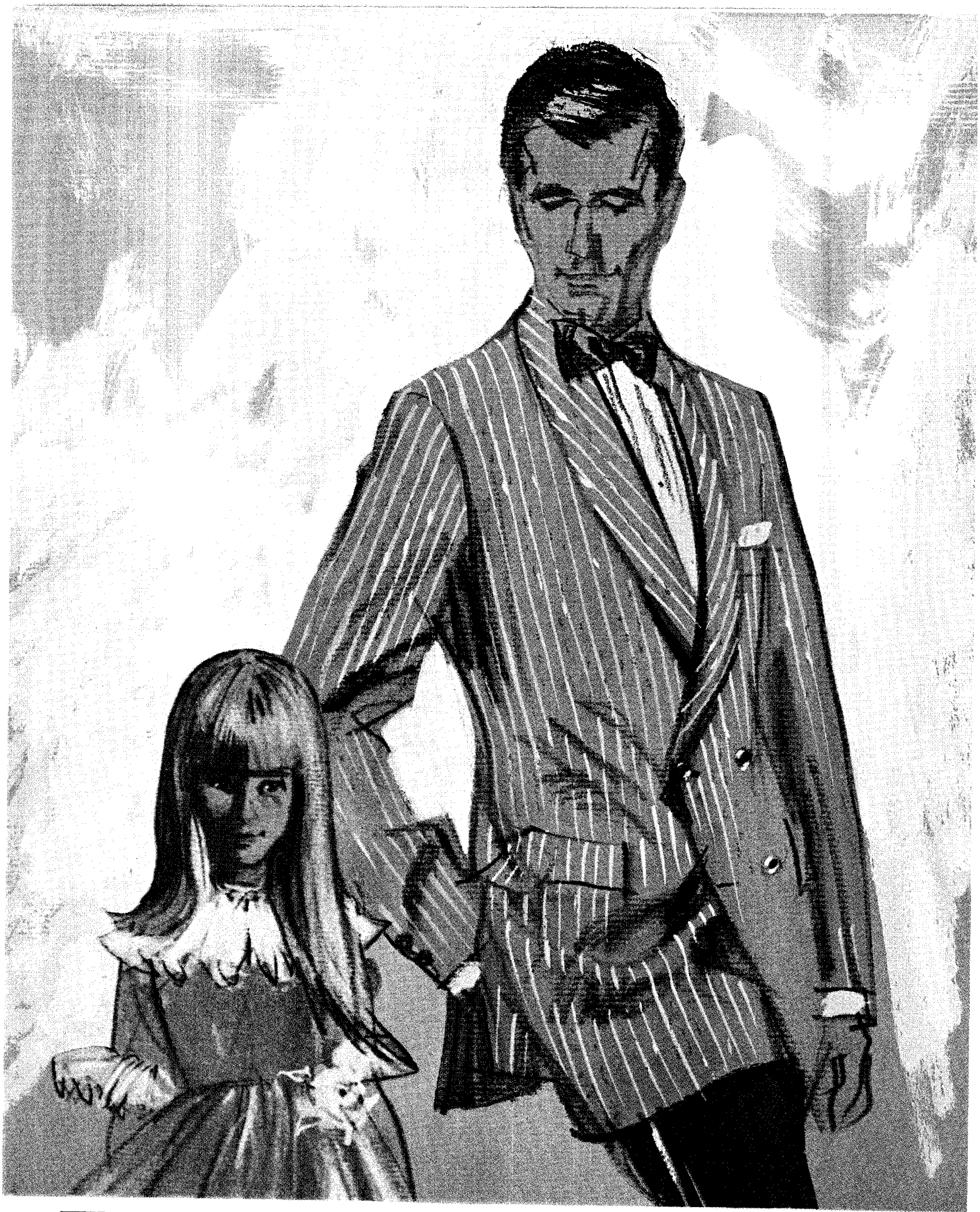
"I hope that someday I will be allowed to come back," Hoving said a week later.

"You will," Rorimer said. "Absolutely."

Hoving went to the May, 1966, board meeting at the Museum as a trustee ex officio, a position he held automatically as Parks Commissioner. Rorimer also had him sit in that day on an impromptu meeting of the purchasing committee, which considers works of art, looks at slides, and makes decisions. Hoving remarked of one piece that the Museum ought to pass it up, because it was very similar to something they already had. Rorimer said, "Just because you're our landlord, you don't have to tell us what to do." Hoving remembers that Rorimer was in great form that day, full of vivacity and jokes, sitting on the edge of his desk and swinging his legs. He died that night, while he slept.

SCHOOLBOY

HOVING sometimes refers to private schools as zoos. He went to four. The first one, Buckley, phased him out, as Hoving puts it, in the fourth grade. The school's explanation was smooth with use. Perhaps Tommy needed more individual attention, a smaller



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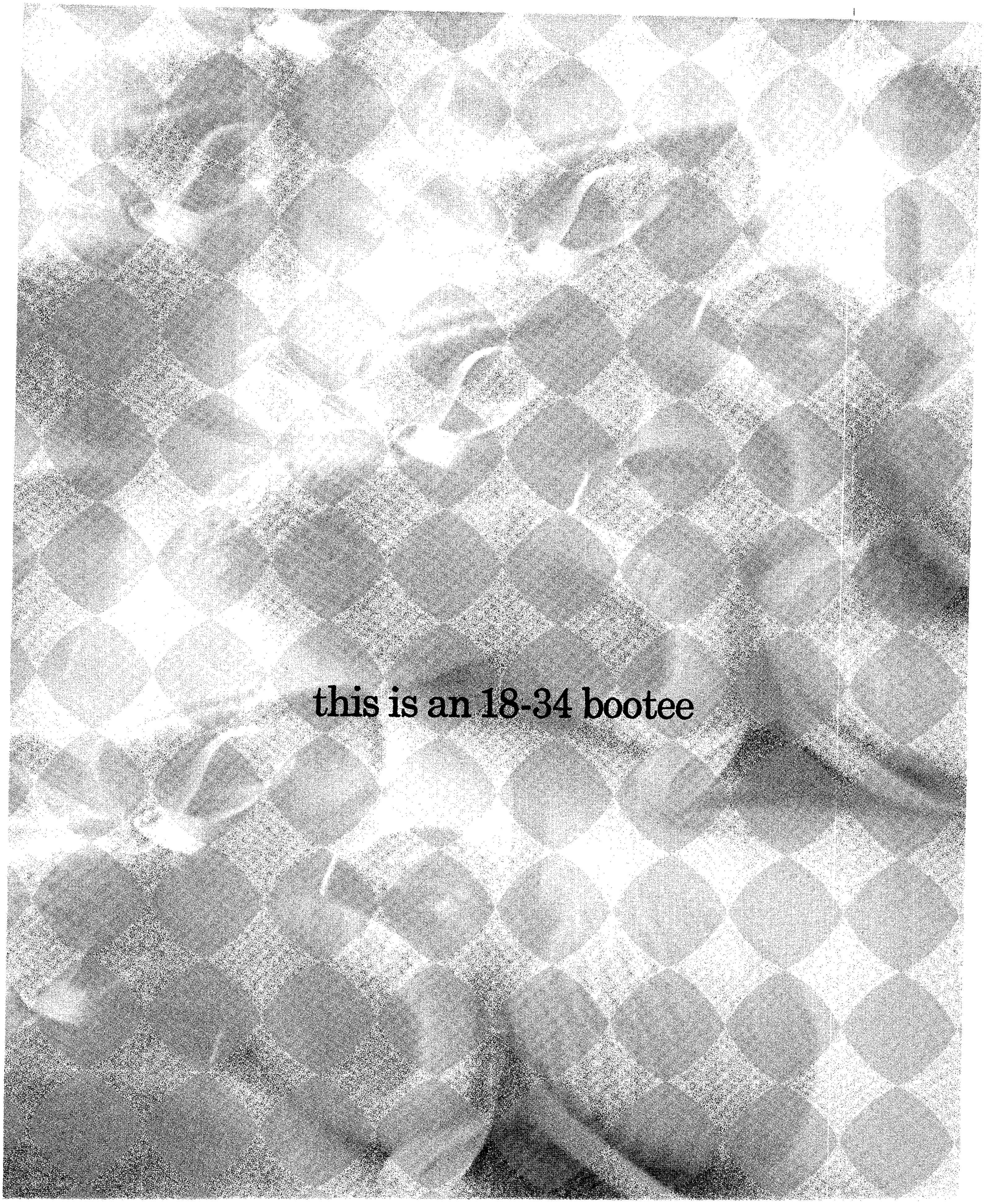

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school? Eaglebrook, a pre-prep school in western Massachusetts, was chosen. He was there for five years, and they were the best years of his youth. Items from the school's records show that although Hoving came from "an unstable background," he eventually made an "excellent social adjustment" and was a "friendly, outgoing, engaging, fun-loving, irrepressible, happy-go-lucky, impulsive, irresponsible, but industrious" boy, who got into "a good healthy amount of trouble." He was extremely thin, but he played football, baseball, and hockey, and he became (and still is) an expert skier. He played the piccolo and the flute. He spent a great amount of time reading. The I.Q. that had been reported from Buckley was not particularly high, but he earned excellent grades. C. Thurston Chase, the retired headmaster of Eaglebrook, remembers him as "a likable scamp, a good guy, not a future Met director," and Chase goes on to say, "He had a very dominating father—handsome, driving, cocky, and lonely—whose charm wore thin when he visited Eaglebrook. He wanted the boy to be vigorous, hard-studying, and successful. Tom was easygoing, and not overly ambitious. He was interested in creative and artistic things, but not overly energetic about it. He reacted unfavorably to his dad's pushing. His mother was quite different. She was loving, soft, and lonely." In 1942 and 1943, when Hoving was eleven and twelve, he spent the summer at Eaglebrook. A work camp had been established there, so that students from various schools could help relieve the wartime labor shortage on local farms. Today, when he reflects upon his childhood, it is this experience on the farms of the Pioneer Valley that seems to come most readily and fondly to mind. "I liked hoeing best," he says. "Walking. Moving. Competing with the guy in the next furrow. We hoed corn, hoed potatoes, hoed tobacco. It was hot and humid under the gauze of the tobacco tents. We clipped onions and thinned out apple blossoms, and we grew our own food in gardens around Eaglebrook. There were three hundred of us altogether. We'd go out early in the morning and start in on a mile of corn. We drank too much water at first, and fainted. Then we learned the rhythm of that kind of work from Polish farm ladies. We made twenty-five cents an hour. At noon, we ate sandwiches and field tomatoes, and drank iced tea; then we slept off lunch in the cool earth of the corn furrows. The corn had a kind of mystery. You were

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out there and it was very high, all around you. I learned to chew tobacco. When you were working, chewing gave you something to do and kept you from getting thirsty. After a while, I became a foreman—thirty cents an hour, wow!—and I blew a whistle to get people back into the furrows. At night, we had dinner out on the grass around the school. We talked, and sang. Someone had a guitar. And we had interminable puppy-love affairs. On Saturday nights, we would go off in a truck to Greenfield or some other hot frontier town and buy bubble gum and cinnamon rings, go to two movies, and drink incredible amounts of Moxie." During the school year, Hoving frequently took his turn as a dish rinser in the school kitchen ("It was thrilling to work in the deep sink; it isolated you into manhood"), and one of his early heroes was Dick Davis, the school cook, who remembers him as a fairly tall and very neat boy who always had his hair combed and who "had a little chip on his shoulder about his father but still was proud of his father." Eaglebrook considered Hoving so outstanding that his name was carved in six-inch block letters in a traditional place of honor above a fireplace, where it appears today. He moved on, in 1946, to Exeter, where he lasted six months. He was thrown out for general insubordination. In the moment that precipitated his dismissal, he slugged a six-foot-five-inch Latin teacher, who had given him an A-^{2}, signifying that his work was excellent but his attitude poor. "The place was too big for me," Hoving says now. "It was a junior college. There was no discipline there. I drove people out of their skulls. Getting tossed out changed me. It took my confidence down. My father was furious and wouldn't speak to me for a while. Exeter said I was immature, sloppy, and slovenly, and had bad attitudes. This got to me." Curiously, he established a remarkable number of enduring friendships in his short time there, and although he finished prep school at Hotchkiss, it was with Exeter friends that he roomed at college. At Exeter, he was given the nickname Loper—for his long, loping gait on the athletic fields—and his Exeter friends call him Loper today. As a goalie in intramural hockey, he mimicked the gestures and language of the pros. "He was like a George Plimpton fantast," one of his teammates remembers. "He was always hitting the sides of the cage with his stick—you know, playing a role, in the best sense—and shouting, 'On the right! On the right!' He was about

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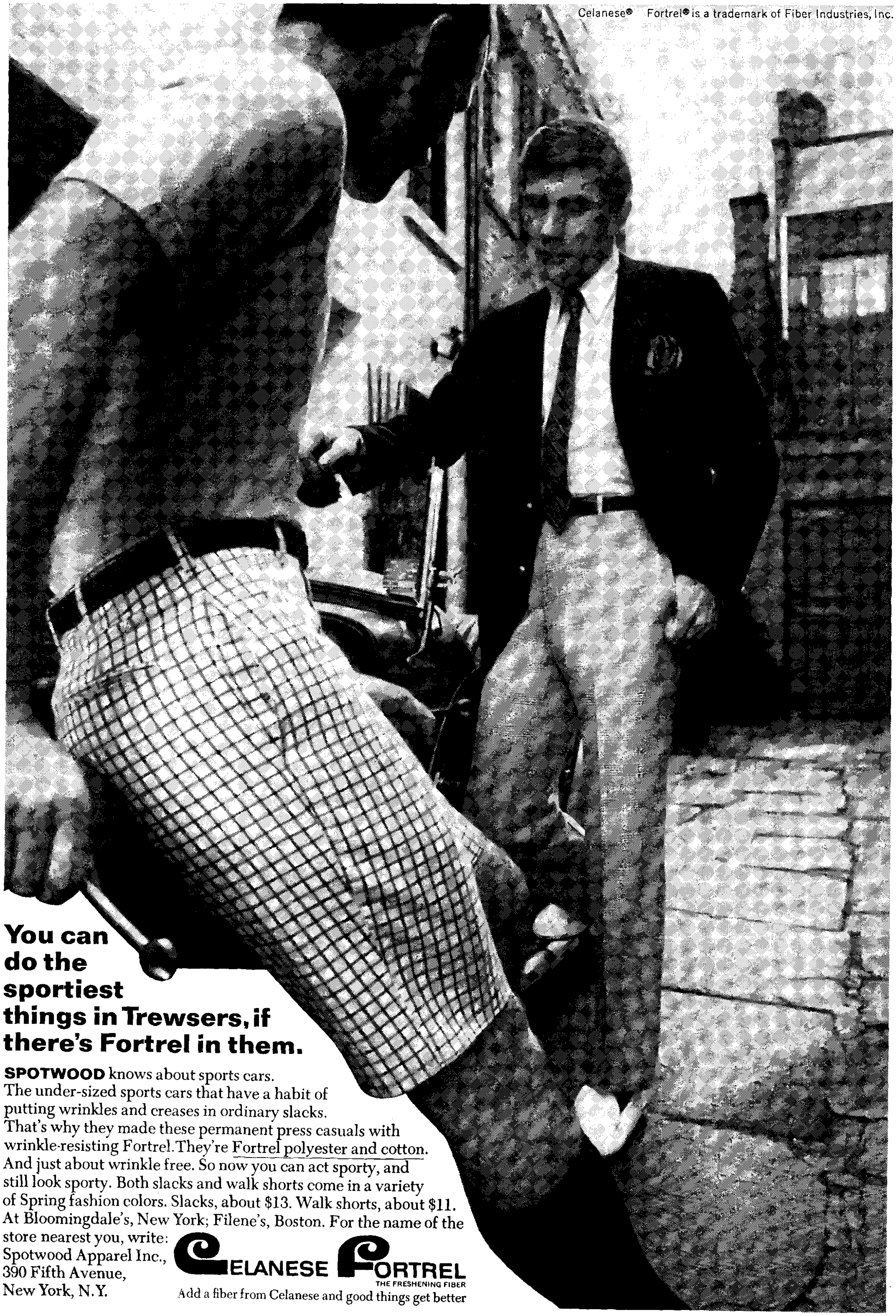

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twenty per cent too much. He knew all the words. I wouldn't exactly say he knew the music. Oh, and he had this squint, like a large, lean Chinese who has tasted something bad, ducking that almond of a head into his shoulders." When Hoving arrived at Hotchkiss, he had already entered what some of his friends and relatives have described as the introverted era of his life. He frequently got up at five-thirty in the morning and went to the library, alone. He paid a cleaning woman for the use of a key to a large closet, so that he could go in there and read after 10 P.M., when the lights went out. He made high grades, but he apparently passed through the school like a shadow. His favorite teacher, confronted with Hoving's name a few weeks ago, thought a moment and then said, "He did not blaze a trail across my memory." Another teacher remembered Hoving as "an aloof and standoffish boy, colorless, reticent, self-contained, quite beyond criticism, but not caught up in a warm way with the class," and added, "Altogether, one would not have a feeling that he would become the public figure he is." Hoving was known among his Hotchkiss classmates as Schmo. "Most of them thought I was a real jerk," he said recently. "I was very, very withdrawn and introspective. They were a pretty sophisticated bunch of cats, and pretty dull. The student council tried to stop me from smoking. I don't buy when my contemporaries tell me they don't like my attitude. I didn't go to the football or basketball games. I was a loner. I was on the outs. I was totally uninterested in school spirit. I had gone to boarding school since the fourth grade, and I had seen enough rah-rah. I lived for vacations. The thought of being locked up there for weeks and weeks—I used to sweat with the horror of it. If you see your life in terms of weather, Hotchkiss was overcast and threatening. Trees were green there in my last year, because it was my last year." That year, he was elected to the Cum Laude Society, the preparatory-school equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa. On January 30, 1967, he received a telegram from the Hotchkiss student council: "IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR SUCCESS, A HOLIDAY HAS BEEN GIVEN IN YOUR HONOR."

ART AND FORGERY

WHEN Hoving was twenty, he had a summer job with a large interior-decorating company that had been hired by Walter Hoving to beautify a branch store in Ohio. His own ac-

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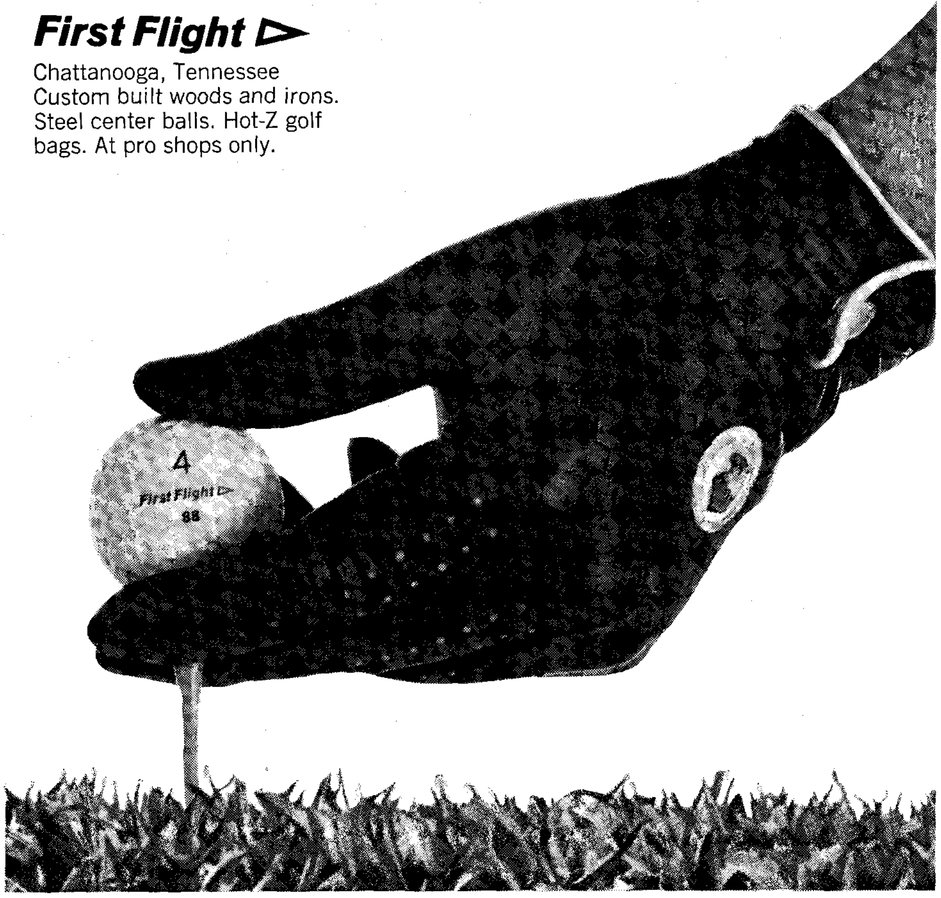

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They didn't start as sculptors; that's just the way it worked out.

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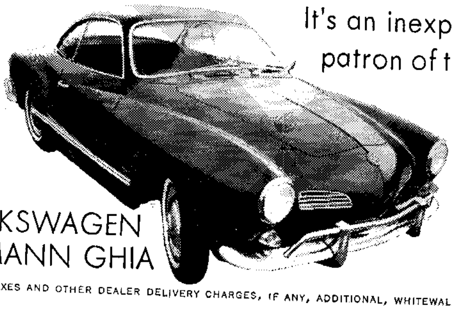

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KARMANN GHIA

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count of this job is as follows: "So there I was, with the boys clawing and scratching. The firm needed someone who was straight—a 'non-creative type,' as they put it—to catalogue the materials they were going to use and to see to it that the stuff got to Ohio." Paintings were among the materials that the decorator was using, and one of Hoving's responsibilities was to collect certain works—"turgid nineteenth-century landscapes, third-rate Barbizon School"—at a restorer's shop in the East Fifties. While he was there one day, he noticed a couple of Utrillos in a bin, and a Boudin, and a Renoir. Then he saw a half-finished Utrillo and, in a bin next to it, an Utrillo that had only just been begun and was little more than a sketch on canvas. Noting Hoving's absorption, the owner of the shop offhandedly informed him that a good Utrillo took about thirty minutes to do, that a Boudin came out best if it was done almost all at once, but that a Renoir took at least a day. Since then, Hoving has never looked at a Boudin or an Utrillo without deep suspicion. He believes that he can tell Renoirs. The owner of the shop also said to him, "Who the hell knows the difference?"—a question that would, of course, become a major one in Hoving's life. At the time of the Hungarian uprising, when he was twenty-five and had completed one year of his course of graduate study, he went into a dealer's shop in Vienna, where he saw a painting that he recognized as Goya's "Man at the Grindstone." His first thought was "It's a fake." But he knew that this particular Goya belonged in the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts, and it was rumored that any number of Hungarian art treasures were being taken out of Hungary. He left the shop and returned with books on Goya. He studied the painting, and when other people came into the shop the dealer deftly made sure that the Goya was hidden. The dealer managed to suggest that the canvas was too hot to bring much of a price. Hoving finally bought it for two hundred dollars. He paid and he learned. "Trust your first impression," he says. "Always trust your immediate kinetic reaction. Don't think of how it could be possible. That guy did a great con job on me. During the Hungarian revolution, every forger in Vienna was busy forging private and public Hungarian treasures." In 1964, as an assistant curator at the Metropolitan, aged thirty-three, he was considering for purchase a bronze-and-enamel pax, a votive object meant to be kissed. Something about it bothered him. He

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used a microscope and saw clearly that it could not have been kissed over a long period of time. Real paxes show unbelievably soft wear. Under the microscope, this pax showed minute scratches. It had been kissed artificially. "When you consider a work of art, what do you do?" Hoving asks. "The process is basically intuitive, but it is good to have a guideline. Write down that absolutely immediate first impression, that split second. Write anything. 'Warm.' 'Cool.' 'Scared.' 'Strong.' In six years of studying hundreds of items for the Museum, I never ended up feeling warm about something I had written 'Cool' about, or the reverse. Then ask yourself: Does it have a use? A purpose? If it's a late-fourteenth-century casket, say, has it been used? Look where it has been worn. Is the wear haphazard? Forgers cannot possibly reproduce that. Many forgeries fall down because things have not been used. In the Middle Ages, nothing was made just to be observed. Everything had a purpose, either as an icon or as something else. Once, with Erich Steingräber, I *studied a finger reliquary that was in a* storeroom at The Cloisters. The piece had a ring on it that could not be removed. Rings were usually later gifts, placed on finger reliquaries as a kind of homage. Steingräber was very suspicious. On the ring was a fine emerald. Gems on reliquaries were usually not of top quality. The reliquary was riveted together, and there was no way to get into it. Reliquaries were not tombs. There were times when their liturgical use required that the actual relic inside be handled directly. All *these items built up, and the thing* began to disintegrate. We removed the rivets and found that the interior could not have held a finger. We eventually discovered that the thing had been made in a workshop in Paris for a man with a gem collection who loved reliquaries. You peel a work of art like an onion. Shred every layer from it. Is it in the style of the time? How many styles exist within it? Study the iconography and the manner in which it is handled. What does it intend to say? Parallels, parallels, always seek parallels. Use scientific means—ultraviolet light, X-rays, and so forth—but always in context with your eye. Scientific analyses can be used for or against a work, like statistics. Your eye is king. Get in touch with other scholars—everybody you think is expert. The idea that there is fierce competition among museums in this respect is laughable. Everyone helps everyone. Learn the history of the piece—where it is from, what collections it has belonged to, all the information surrounding its discovery. Then get the work of art with you and live with it as long as you possibly can. You have to watch it. Watch it. Come across it by accident. I used to have the staff at The Cloisters put things where I would come across them by accident. A work of art will grow the more it is with you. It will grow in stature, and fascinate you more and more. If it is a fake, it will eventually fall apart before your eyes, like a piece of plaster.... Max Friedländer, the great art historian, once said, 'It may be an error to buy a work of art and discover that it is a fake, but it is a sin to call a fake something that is genuine.' Nothing in art history is more glorious than bringing something back from the shadow of being thought fake. The only way to know art history is to be saturated. If you are going to buy early-Christian glass, you *know* all the known early-Christian glass. You *know* what forgers do. They put on a piece something that will draw most of your attention, such as a simulated-antique repair. *They usually do it so the repair* looks kind of rinky-dink. We once discovered that we had a forgery in which the forger had taken old wood and old canvas, painted it, rolled it, created beautiful craquelure, damaged the whole thing, and restored it in three different styles. It was beautiful, and well it might have been. The forger was the father of one of the greatest painters of the twentieth century. Steingräber taught me that wormholes made by real worms are L-shaped. The test is, you pluck out a hair and push it into a wormhole and see if it bends. Punched holes don't bend. However, I once came upon a piece that was supposed to be fifteenth-century German wood sculpture, and I learned that the maker had used actual worms to eat the thing. A wise forger will make an error—an explainable error—because he knows that inconsistency can be a mark of genuineness, if the matrix of the inconsistency is right. We have two beautiful fifteenth-century silver censers. One is authentic, and the other is an unbelievably beautiful copy. The forger *put his toolmarks on the old piece.* I love forgeries! I love the forger's mentality! Once, with two carvers and two other art historians, I tried to make an ivory forgery myself, so I would have the experience. Why ivory? For one thing, no scientific test will show you a damn thing about ivory. We picked an epoch from which there are two known dated pieces, vastly differ-

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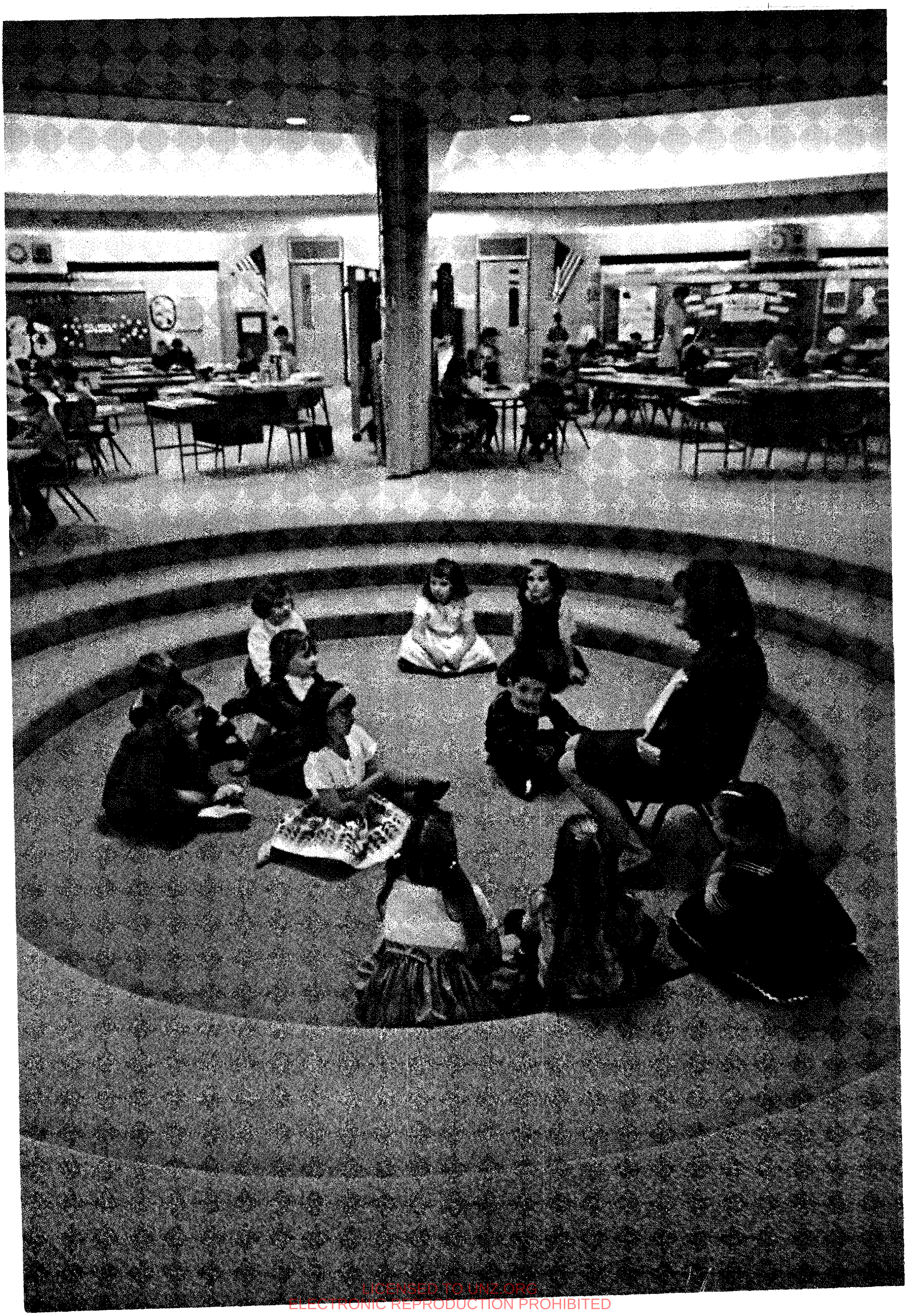

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ent from each other. One is classical, one is hieratic, and they were both made in Rome around 400 A.D. We decided to do a classical one. Old senatorial families in Rome in that era ordered classical ivories, because they were trying to look ancient—like members of the Racquet Club trying to recapture imperial days. There are ways to age modern ivory. You put it on a roof for a while and let the elements do it, or you bake it in a tin box with pine needles, or you skin a rabbit and bury the ivory in the skin. We did it with the pine needles. To get a smooth patina, I rubbed the ivory on the inside of my thigh for hours and hours. We removed dust from the interstices of an old ivory and applied it to the new one. Then we showed it to five experts. Four thought it was real. Later, we destroyed it. . . . There is a standing dictum about forgery: It will never last beyond one generation. The style of the maker is permeated by his generation. No matter how he tries, his own time will eventually show in what he does. There is a lot of forged Coptic on the market today. Coptic is strong, overstyled, overstated. Our day is like this. Primitive art is collected for its strength and its brutality. Our age appreciates this and seeks it out. Therefore, Coptic art is being forged today. We are too close to it to see the forger's style. People a generation hence may howl with laughter and wonder how we could have been fooled. In 1880, in the time of the salons and so forth, Viollet-le-Duc did some restorations in Notre-Dame de Paris, Amiens, and other cathedrals. He tried to bring back the High Gothic of the fourteenth century, but it isn't honest Gothic in our eyes; it's too smooth and elegant and 1880. . . . What limits a forger is that he has to be cautious. He can't be free in his creation. The simplest kind of forgery is the direct copy. You walk into a shop and see something, and you know the original is in the Vatican, and that's that. Another kind is the pastiche—something copied from parts of many things and put together in a way that repeats nothing over all. Then, there is the thing that is not a copy and not a pastiche but totally inventive and completely within the feeling of a time. This is the toughest, the one that gets you. The Etruscan Warriors that were once here in the Museum were not copies, and they were of the time. The forger, Alfredo Fioravanti, had sat down and thought it through. Han van Meegeren studied Vermeer and decided that he must have had an earlier style

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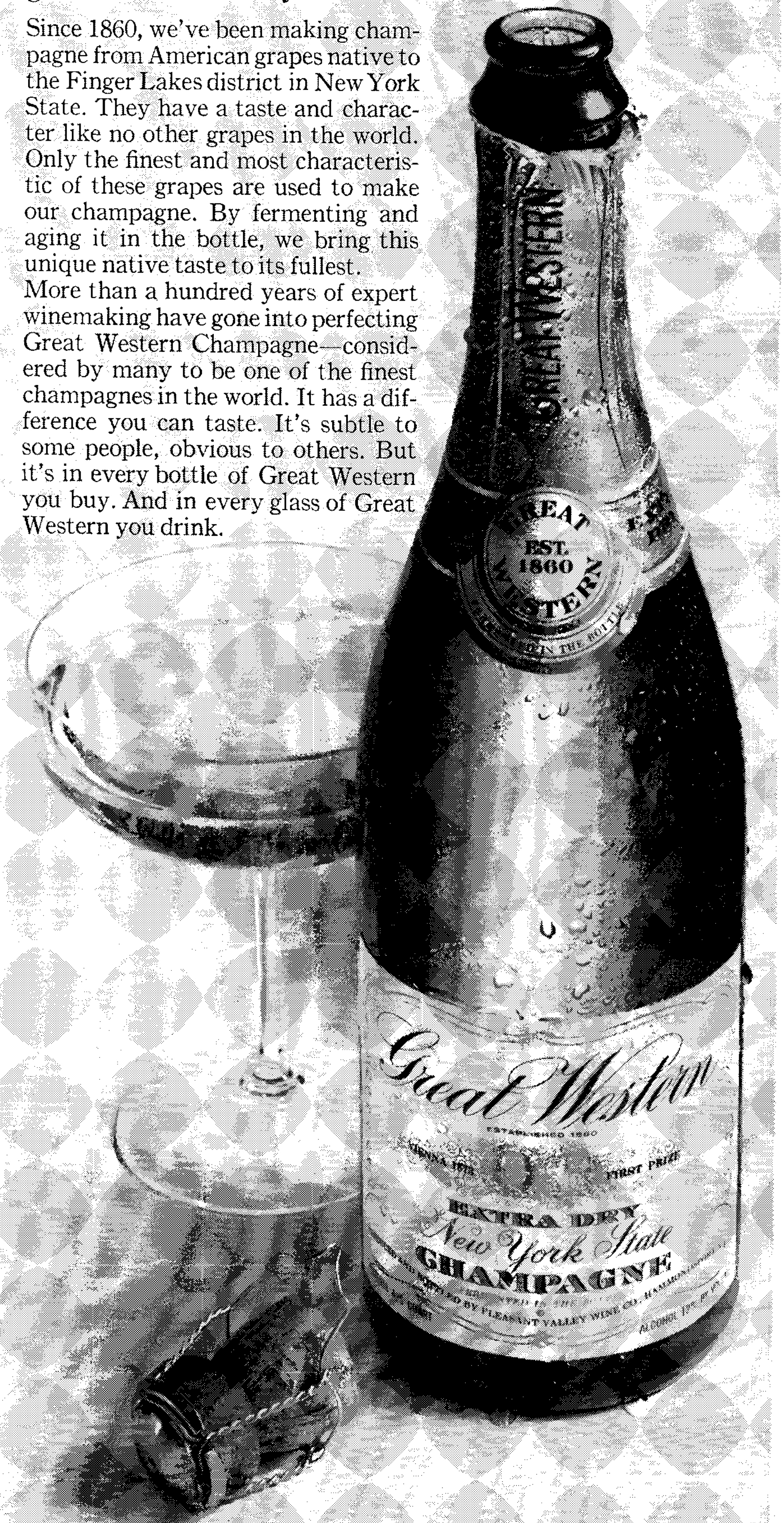

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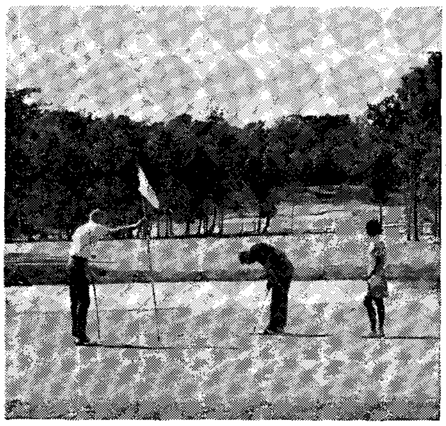

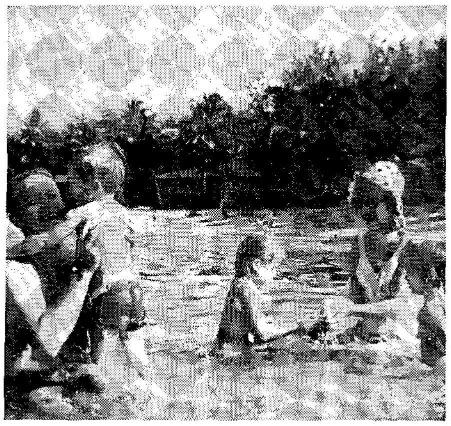

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that was different. Then van Meegeren forged an early phase of Vermeer. The wildest forgery that I have ever dealt with personally was an over-life-size Virgin and Child in limestone that was offered for sale to the Museum. The dealer claimed that it was 1380 to 1400—the very beginning of the super-elegant and aristocratic International Style. Call it German—I can't tell you where it actually was. The photographs he sent were stunning. Rorimer and I went to see it. The guy had put it on a pedestal in one of the most beautiful churches in Europe. His cousin was the sacristan. Rorimer thought it was French and didn't belong there. We were cautious, but we almost bought it. Then word came from a colleague in New York that he had found it in an old sale catalogue, and had learned that a gallery had sold it for fifteen hundred dollars to the dealer who was now trying to sell it to us for three hundred and fifty thousand. He was selling a real piece forged to look older than it was. The piece was early sixteenth century, and he had substituted on forged stone the graceful trumpet folds of the International Style for the hard zigzag of the later period. This dealer and I are the same age, and he is a friend of mine and a hunting companion. I confronted him with the entire story, supported by photographs, but he has never admitted what he did. Last week, he sent me pictures of another object that he wants to sell, and it appears to have been worked on by the same 'restorer.' This dealer is an imp of a man with a constant smile, and he always says to me, 'Tomás, do not worry. I would never do anything to *you*.' "

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spring 1967

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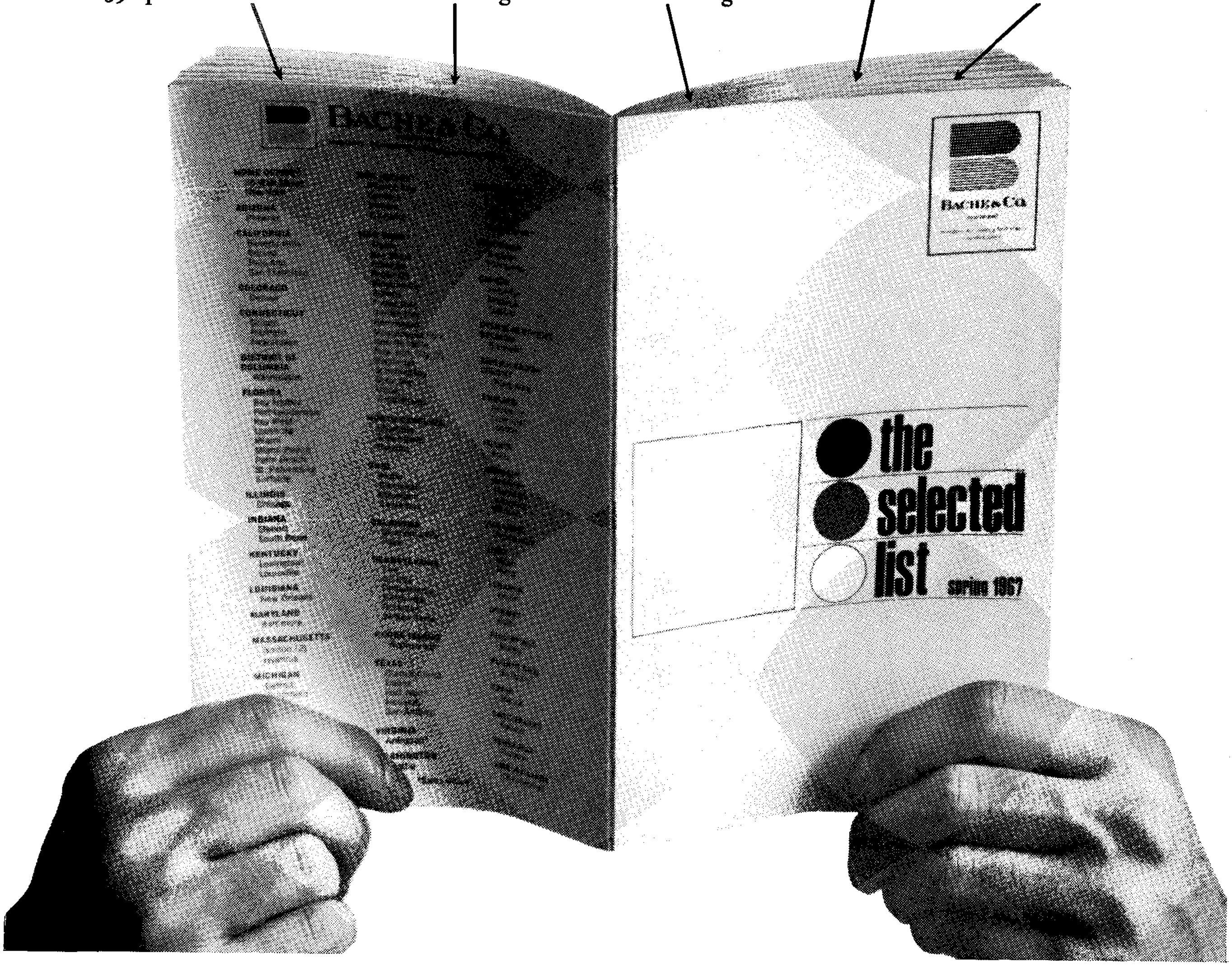

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feeling. The rising curve of his later experience on Fifth Avenue made a curious loop in 1959, when maneuvers that he himself had initiated backfired and he was pushed out of Bonwit Teller. Tiffany & Co. was his consolation prize. Very much a man of the city as well as of the Avenue, Walter Hoving was once elected mayor in the *Daily News* straw vote. Several times, he was actually asked to run for mayor, but he always declined, explaining privately that he was not interested because he had been born in Sweden and could never be President. He said also that he thought it an impossibility to be mayor and not to be corrupt. In the great sales-tax fight of 1943, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia called Hoving "that floorwalker." Hoving said, "Yes, and he is the little flower in my buttonhole." Hoving started the U.S.O., and he was assistant manager of Thomas E. Dewey's first Presidential campaign. (Curiously, a speech writer and key figure in the same campaign was Elliott Bell, the editor of *Business Week*, who is now Tom Hoving's father-in-law.) Walter Hoving has been known among his employees as a man of little or no humor but of considerable warmth, energetic leadership, and generosity in his attention to the ideas of others, always giving full credit where due. Except in the first respect—for humor pours out of Tom Hoving like wine out of a bottle—the description is one that also has been made by colleagues of Walter Hoving's son. Johannes Hoving, the father and grandfather of the two more recent Hovings, was a Swedish heart surgeon who emigrated to avoid political heat in Stockholm. His wife, Helga Theodora Petrea, was a Danish opera star and had once been a favorite of the King of Denmark. They lived on 114th Street, in what is now Spanish Harlem. At the age of forty, Johannes Hoving retired and returned to Sweden, where he spent most of the rest of his life writing a five-volume history of the Hoving family, a project that was underwritten by generous support from his two sons in America, Walter and Walter's brother Hannes, who is now a dentist in Ossining. Thomas Pearsall Field Hoving was born in New York, on January 15, 1931. His early childhood was spent in Lake Forest, Illinois. He was a fat, blond little boy. He remembers his father's dressing up as a spook, in a flowing sheet, and calling himself Diplodocus. He remembers real candles on a Christmas tree and putting them out with pieces of wet cotton on the tips of long bamboo rods. He remembers a ferocious police dog his father had, named

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Pansy. And he remembers living with his sister and a nannie in a place called the Deerpath Inn while his mother and father were getting their divorce. One frightening night, the inn burned down. From the age of five, Tom lived in New York apartments with his mother and sister, and as the years passed he emptied countless water-filled wastebaskets out of apartment windows. He decorated a long hallway in one apartment as an Egyptian tomb, the result of a temporary fascination with Egyptology that he had developed at the Metropolitan Museum. "I'd just go right in—ssah!—right into the Egyptian wing," he says of his boyhood visits to the Museum. "The Egyptian wing—none of the other trash. I remember the shawabti figures very well. I didn't care much for the mummies. I examined the reliefs and the cartouches, and I looked deeply into the lips of King Akhenaten—because all we have is the lips." An even greater influence on Hoving's young mind was Loew's Seventy-second Street Theatre, which was, in a sense, his fifth prep school, and the colorful and colloquial language he uses today often seems to be coming from a sound track. On Friday evenings, Petie and Tom would go over to the River House to have dinner with Walter Hoving and their stepmother, Pauline van der Voort Steese Dresser Rogers Hoving, who had been the widow of Colonel Henry H. Rogers, the son of one of the founders of the Standard Oil Company. When Tom, aged eight, met her for the first time, he had crawled under a desk and stayed there. Later, he took one of her rings and buried it in the Park. For some time, Petie and Tom visited their father and stepmother every Friday night. On these occasions, Walter Hoving had them bow and curtsy to empty chairs; he took assessments of their fingernails; and he taught them table manners, which they lacked. Sometimes the children visited their father and stepmother on a three-thousand-acre estate in Southampton that had once belonged to Colonel Rogers. The children were left pretty much alone to wander among its terraces, gardens, and colonnades. The great house was more or less in the neo-baronial style of William Randolph Hearst—a kind of San Simeon East—and across a large pond was a smaller house, built in the form of the stern of a Spanish galleon. Colonel Rogers had used a sixty-five-foot boat to ferry guests across the pond. There was a sheep meadow that could be used to park eight hundred automobiles. Under

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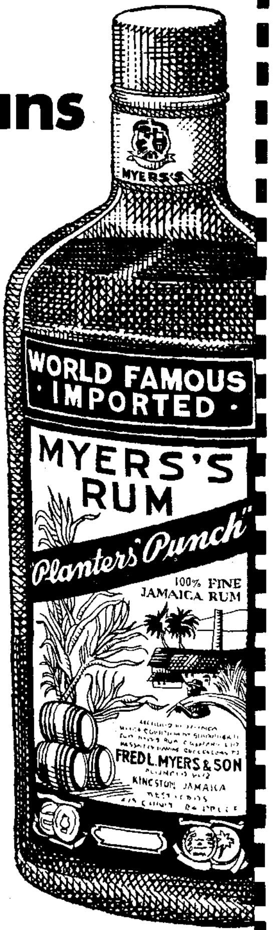

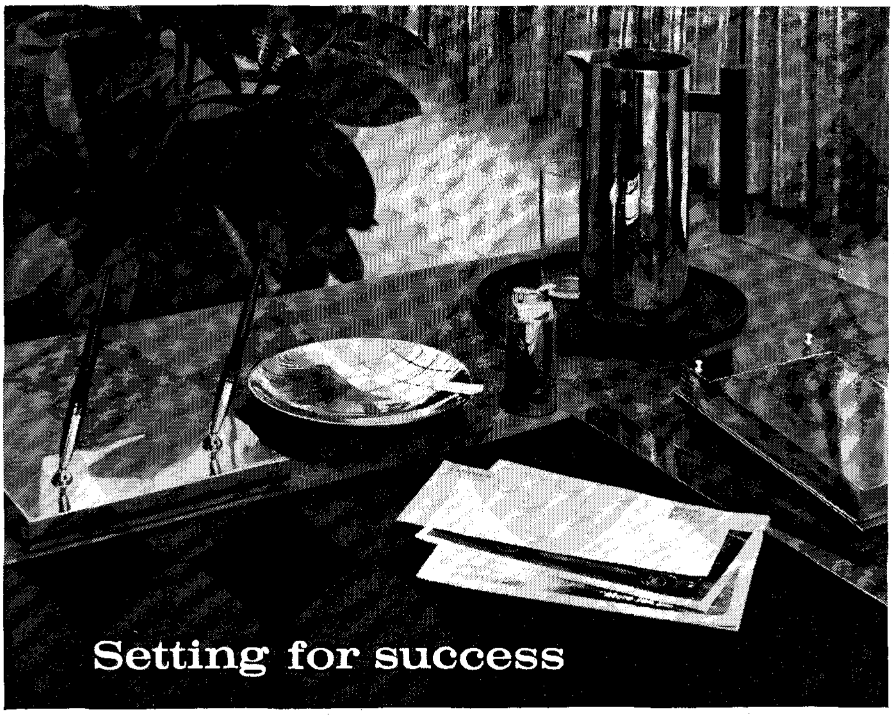

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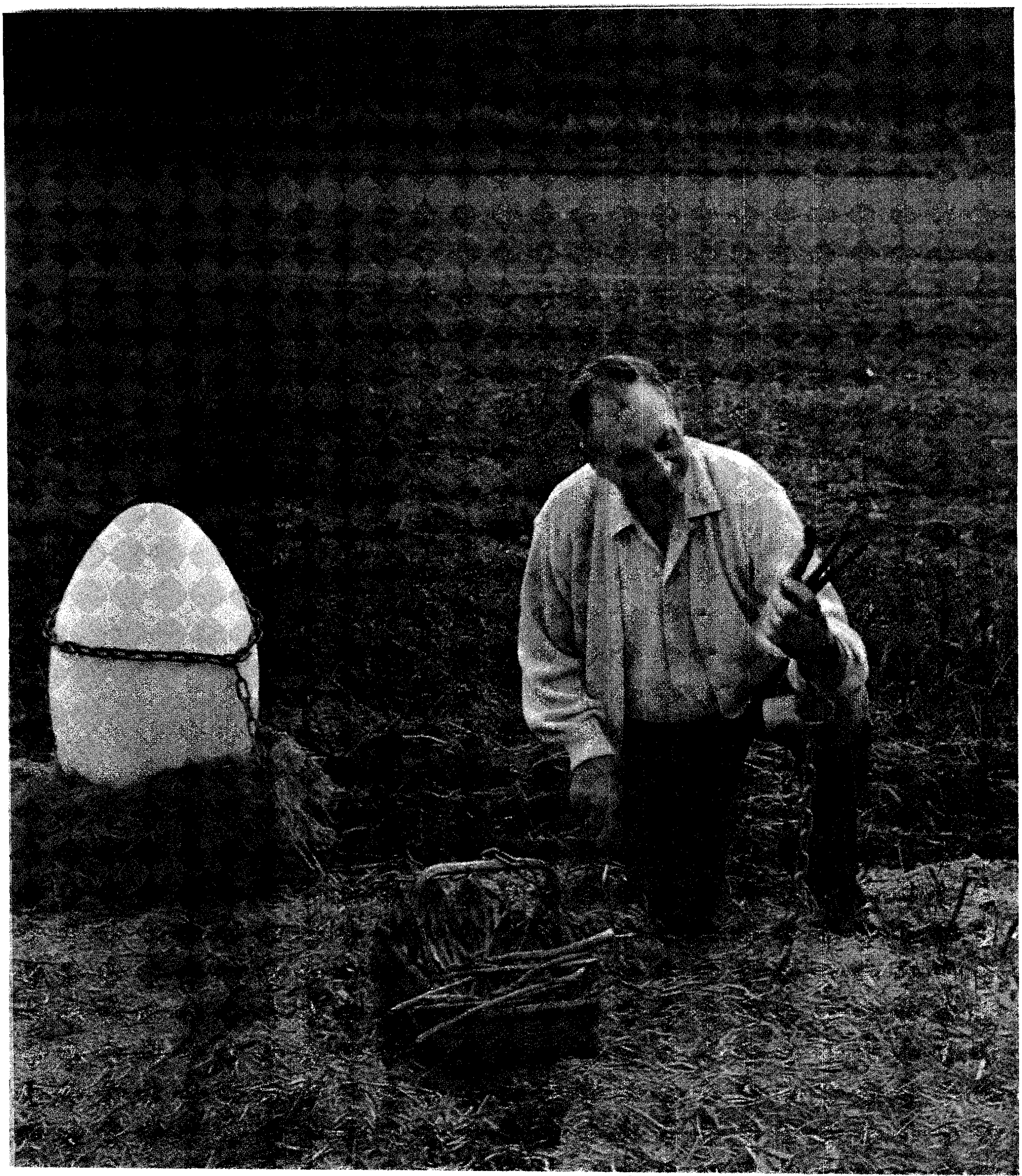

Cutting asparagus for supper—photo by Burt Glinn

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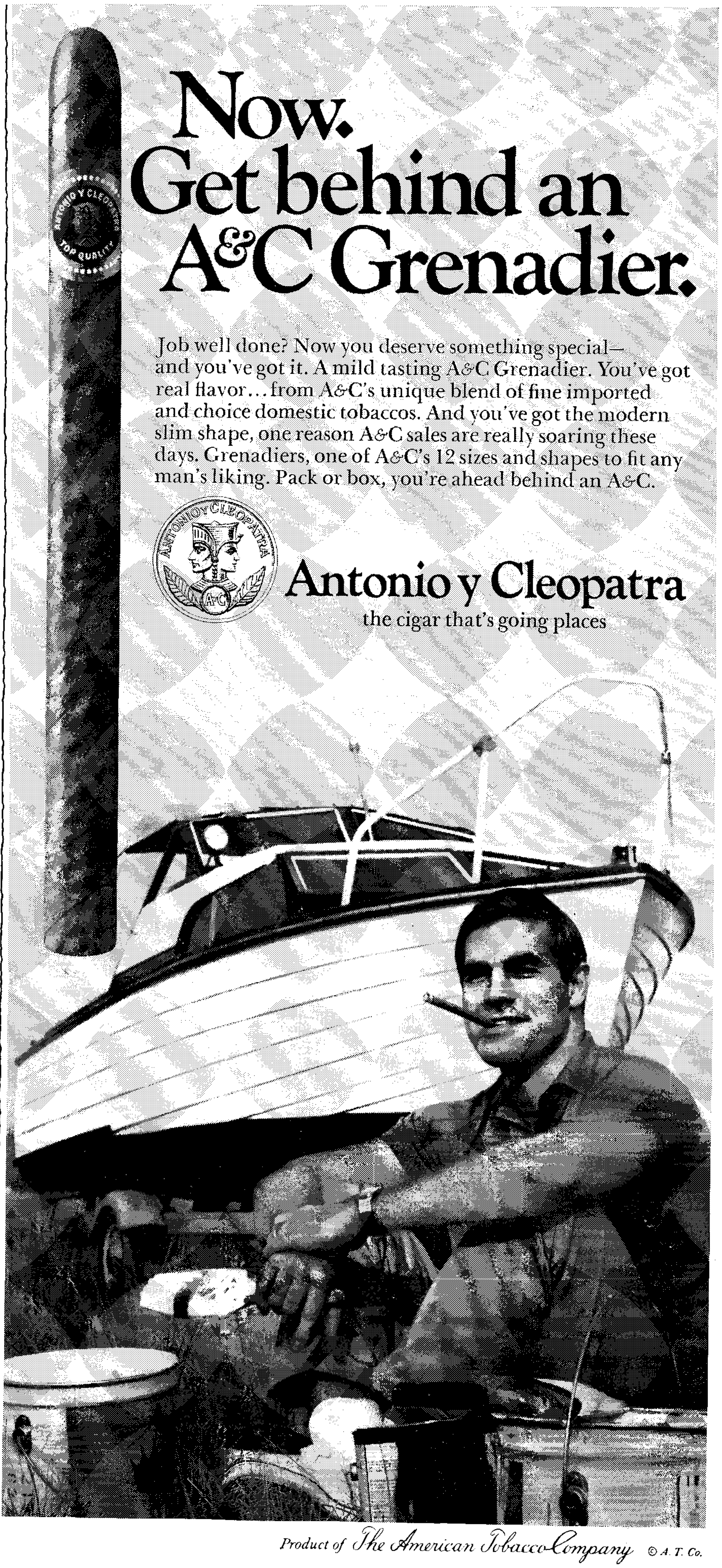
the main house, an elaborate system of tunnels led to a steam bath, a wine cellar, a ship-model museum. Tom and Petie spelunked among these tunnels and roamed the vast property outside. When he was ten and she was twelve, they were given a pickup truck to go around in. They took Errol Flynn out for a drive once and didn't know who he was. There was an apple tree that overlooked the pond, and Tom used to sit in its branches for hours. "I would just sit there and look at the pond and think," he remembers. "When they saw me in my tree, they left me alone."

In 1949, Walter Hoving, who was then a trustee of Brown University, said to his son, "You can go to any college in the country, but I'll only pay your way to Princeton." Tom now conjectures that his father may have been mindful that a number of Tom's Edgartown friends were going to Brown. On the day of Tom's graduation from Princeton, his father gave him a thousand dollars and said, perhaps to spur him on, "There. That's all you'll ever get from me." Tom's wife, Nancy, says that by the time they were married, later that year, they had nothing in the bank. In 1955, just after Tom was discharged from the Marine Corps, he called his father from California to say that he had given a great deal of thought to what he wanted to do, and had decided to go to graduate school. To Tom's considerable surprise, his father seemed quite pleased. "In my time, graduate school wasn't really necessary, but now I believe it is," Walter Hoving said on the phone. "I think you're doing the right thing." Unfortunately, he had misunderstood. He thought that Tom was referring to the Harvard Business School, when in fact Tom's intention was to take a Ph.D. program in art history at Princeton. When this bubble reached the surface and popped, Walter Hoving said "Art history?" and went on to make it clear that he considered the subject nonsense and would not underwrite such a plan. Tom applied for and got a scholarship at Princeton for graduate study.

During Tom's undergraduate years, Walter Hoving had signed up both of his children for a series of Johnson O'Connor career-aptitude tests, to help gauge their futures. Petie, who, like Nancy, went to Vassar, remembers that "Tommy was brilliant in damned near everything, so Daddy decided that the Johnson O'Connor tests were no good." Petie's own career, unlike Tom's, followed their father's. She has worked for Lord & Taylor for the past



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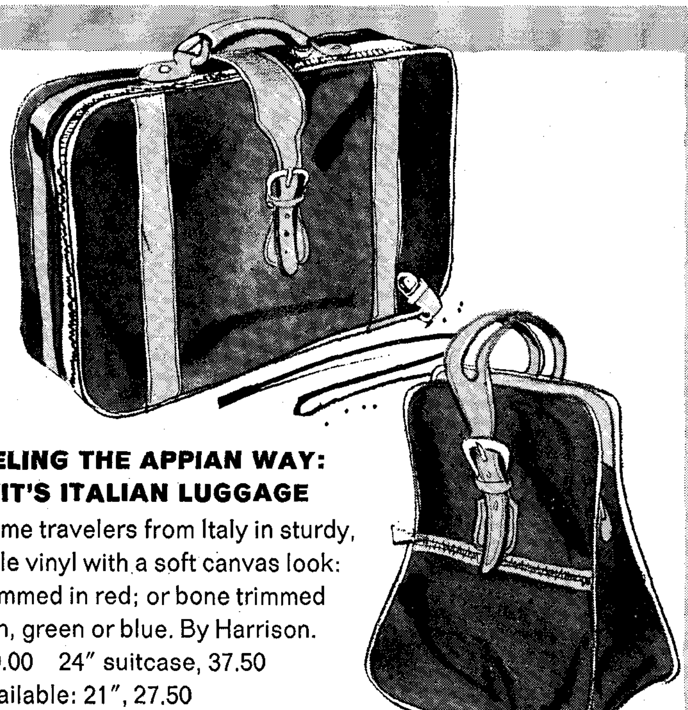

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four years, and before that she was at Bonwit Teller for fourteen years. She is married to a real-estate man and has three sons, but in the office she is Miss Hoving, buyer for the department that handles misses' dresses in the thirty-to-a-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar range. She says that some of the older employees at Lord & Taylor occasionally shake her hand and say glowing things about her father, who is still a kind of presence there, and is regarded as the great figure in the store's history. "People really worship him there, and at Bonwit's, too," Petie says. "Yet I don't think he has a personal friend in the world. There are many parallels between Daddy and Tom. Both are outgoing, warm, full of action, and adored by the people who work for them. Both are strong in their opinions. But their opinions differ, of course. Tom is very liberal, very up to date, angry, and wanting to do things about it. Daddy is for Barry Goldwater, and so on. The opinions Daddy has were not wrong twenty years ago."

Twenty years ago, when Walter Hoving was still being mentioned as a candidate for mayor, Tom was at Hotchkiss. Now Tom is the Hoving in town. He is sensitive to the implications of this, and seems at times—with never a word spoken—to be attempting to protect his father, and he goes out of his way to suggest that his rapport with his father is close. When Tom was sworn in as Commissioner of Parks, on December 1, 1965, in the Central Park boathouse, a reporter looked blankly at Walter Hoving, who was standing with other members of the family, and said, "Hey, are you Mr. Hoving's father?" A few weeks later, several hundred engraved invitations went into the mails. "I'd like you to meet my son Tom, the new Parks Commissioner," the invitations said. "So come if you can and have a drink with us at the Racquet Club on Wednesday, January 5th, between 5 and 7—Walter Hoving." Petie has kept a large scrapbook on her brother and his time in office. She pasted her father's invitation into it and wrote across a corner of the card, "Tom's *Bar mizvah!!* 1966."

PARKS

ONE evening this past February, Mayor Lindsay sat down in his living room and, for an hour, considered the loss of his Parks Commissioner. "I caught hell for appointing him," he said first. "People said to me, 'Who's he? A minor curator from The Cloisters.' But Tom has a natural, unstudied political talent. There's nothing he can't do. . . . He is a thoroughly civilized man. He understands the dynamics of institutional life. In the Museum, he'll make the mummies dance. I knew that if the trustees came to him, I would lose him. He said to me, 'It's impossible not to accept,' and, of course, that's true. It's like a call to a judgeship. It's impossible not to accept." After a pause, apparently for reflection on what he had just said, the Mayor continued, "It's like cutting off my arms and legs to see Tom leave. He's going into an important city institution, bear that in mind. He's been the best company in the administration. In this business, you have so little time to yourself that when you do have it you get choosy about your company. If I went to the movies or the opera, Tom is one of the few people I would always want to have come along. I think he has a complicated future. There's a limit to how long a young man can run a great institution. This is the sadness, sometimes, of university presidents who are there too young. Incidentally, and in passing, he would be a great candidate for mayor."

Lindsay first met Hoving in a hallway of an apartment building in 1960. They were both passing out pamphlets having to do with Lindsay's 1960 congressional campaign. "God damn it, how did we get two people working the same building?" Hoving said. Then he saw who the other man was. In 1965, Hoving wrote a white paper for Lindsay's mayoral campaign, detailing what was improvable about the city parks system, and the white paper reflected the principles on which Hoving acted throughout his tenure as commissioner. In graduate school, he had studied the planning of ancient cities, and as an undergraduate he had developed an enduring admiration for the man who created the great parks of New York, Frederick Law Olmsted. Hoving approached his job with a historical and conceptual bias in relation to the nature of open areas in an urban milieu. He thought that they should be something more than a scattering of topographical interruptions in the infrastructure of the city, and should be designed and used so that they would have the same effect as works of art—"to teach, to enrich, to relax, and to inspire." When Hoving actually began his work as commissioner, he proved, to the astonishment of almost everyone who had ever known him, that he could generate more froth per day than all the breakers on the beaches of Queens. His assistants filled fifty-two scrapbooks with newspaper clippings having to do

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1 oz. Light Rum
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2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
¼ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
¾ oz. Galliano 1½ oz. Rum
½ Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1½ oz. Scotch ½ oz. Galliano
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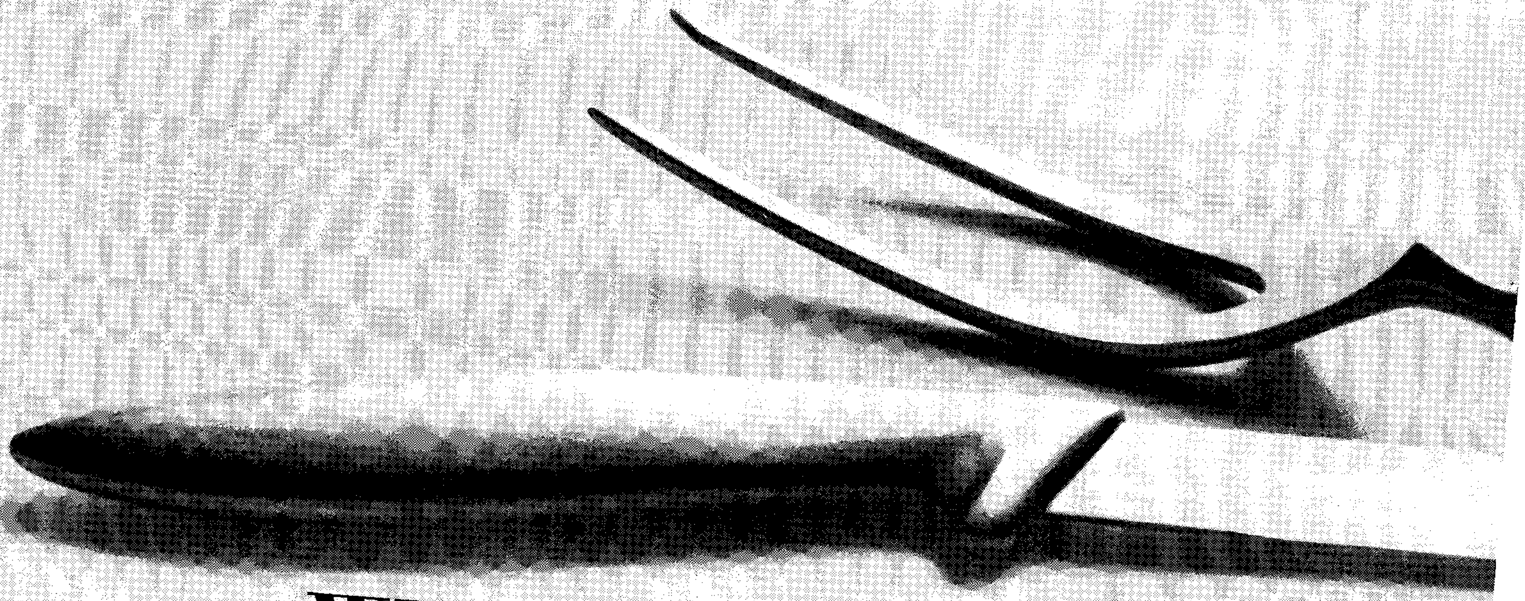

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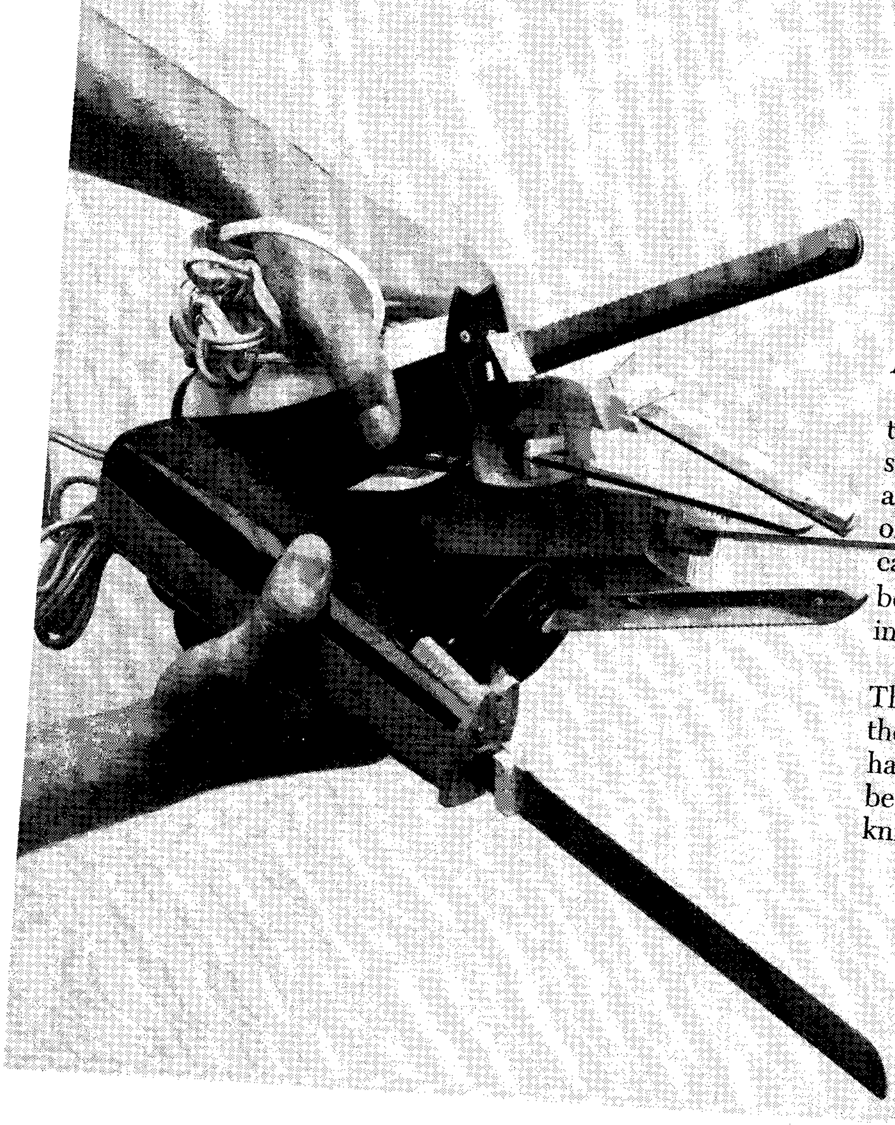

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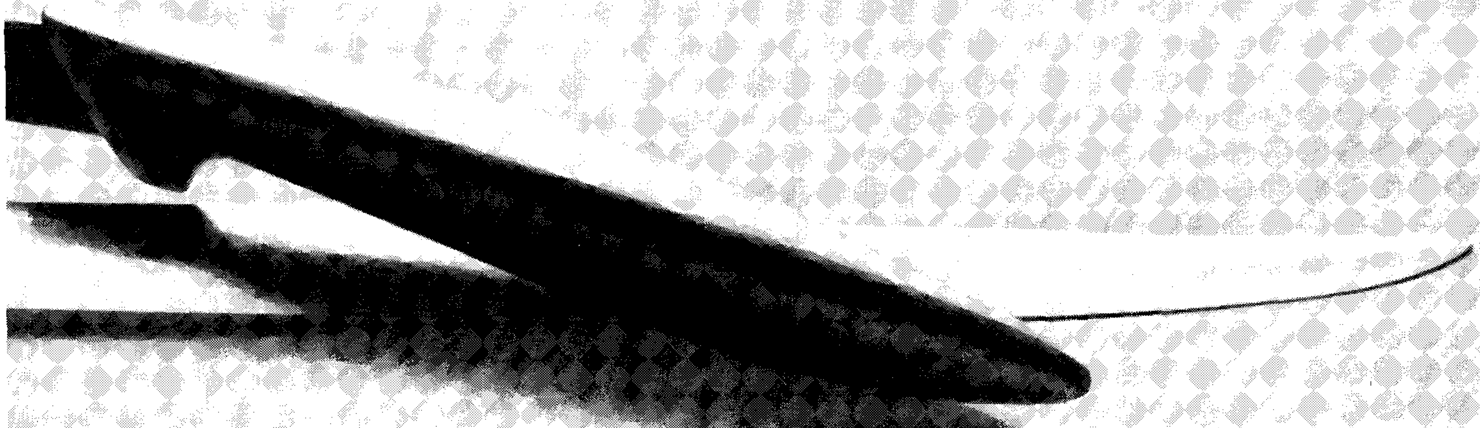

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with the city's parks during his first year in office. His so-called Happenings drew thousands of people into the parks to, say, fly kites (five thousand kites), paint masterpieces on a hundred and five yards of canvas (three thousand painters), build castles of plastic foam, or see meteor showers (clouded out). People began to gather around him in multitudes at these affairs. Girls ran up and threw their arms around him. He was Hans Christian Hoving. When the Goldman Band opened its summer season in Central Park in 1965, five hundred people were there. In 1966, Hoving arranged a Gay Nineties party for the band's opening and thirty-five thousand were there. They gave him a twenty-minute standing ovation. But Happenings happen and are over. Basic principles, and construction, linger. Hoving's work had a great deal of depth as well as reach and verve. When he took over, he said he wanted to change the Parks Department's basic approach to design. Highway engineers had been creating structures and parkscapes for the city, working with maps and charts, away from the sites. No one in the rest of the world would ever have thought of asking New York for help in the planning of parks. Hoving said, "I want to make the Parks Department's work the absolute highest quality in the United States." And he did. He brought a full-time architect into the department for the first time ever, and he himself raised the money privately for the architect's salary, to get around the drag of Civil Service. As consultants, he tried to get some of the best-known architects in the world. They were cool until he had been in office about three months, and then they began to respond—Philip Johnson, Marcel Breuer, Edward Larrabee Barnes, John Carl Warnecke, and Kenzo Tange, who did the National Gymnasium for the Olympics in Tokyo. Some of these consultants have taken on work for the department. Tange and Breuer (with the landscape architect Lawrence Halprin) are designing a sports park that will occupy the World's Fair Grounds and will include facilities for almost every sport that can be played in a city—football, badminton, drag racing, archery, basketball, swimming, tennis, baseball, softball. Breuer, Johnson, and Barnes developed competing designs for the new three-hundred-stall public and police stables that will be built beside the Eighty-sixth Street Transverse in Central Park. They all lost to the firm of Kelly & Gruzen, who shrewdly put the stables underground, preserving the

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Sauce Robert
The Original

Park above. Hoving said early in 1966 that he wanted to open up a bicycle and walking trail on the old Croton right-of-way in the Bronx. Felix Candela, the Mexican architect who is celebrated for thin-shell concrete construction, is expected to design a bridge that will eliminate the one major break left in the trail. Any kind of bridge would have done the job functionally, but Hoving reached out for one of the greatest structural engineers in the world. Confronted with the need to choose a designer for a new community swimming pool in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, Hoving and the Director of Park Design, Arthur Rosenblatt, decided that to choose a great architect would not be good enough. They chose, with inspiration, Morris Lapidus, out of whose pen ran the Fontainebleau, the Eden Roc, and half the other hotels in Miami Beach, and the Summit and the Americana in New York. A twenty-nine-year-old architect designed a Central Park playground just north of the Tavern on the Green. A center for old people will be going up in Tomkins Park, in Brooklyn. A recreation center for young people, with a swimming pool, clubrooms, and jukeboxes, will be built on West Twenty-fifth Street, in Manhattan, and will have an illuminated theatre marquee with blinking lights telling what is going on inside. Among the hundreds of ideas that Hoving has left behind, one is that park facilities should be thought of as if they were profit-making ventures, because the purpose is to bring people into them.

Hoving said at the outset that he wanted to create vest-pocket parks in small spaces throughout the city and portable parks (that is, parks with equipment that could be taken up and used again) in lots that were temporarily empty. He established a dozen vest pockets, and the portables, it is hoped, will follow this summer. He said that he wanted to close the roads of Central Park to motor vehicles on Sundays, in favor of bicyclists, and he said that he wanted to establish parks on piers, to bring the people closer to the city's beautiful harbor. He made the first moves toward opening the piers and succeeded in opening the roads. After one year, he left more than events behind, and, long before his time ended, other cities here and in Europe were asking for his advice—San Francisco, London, the District of Columbia, Boston, Cleveland, Akron, Yonkers. "The most significant thing we accomplished is the entire change of direction in design," Hoving says. "We are now the innovators in the country."

That evening last February, the Mayor said, "Running a huge department is a big political office. Tom rose to it like a bird. He stumbled occasionally, and he walked in with his jaw now and then, but each time he got stronger and better. His antenna is good. There's no disguising anything with Tom. If I ran again for this office—or, indeed, for any other office, which is most unlikely; in fact, zero chance—I would turn again to Tom." Even before Hoving went into the Parks Department in 1965, he had decided to leave the Metropolitan Museum. He was going to accept the directorship of the Wadsworth Atheneum, in Hartford. He made this decision because he felt that the general experience of the Hartford position—running a large museum and collecting in all fields of art history ("You know, Chinese porcelain, Renaissance bronzes")—would improve his chances of one day becoming the Director of the Metropolitan Museum, which was his ambition, he has disclosed, almost from the moment he started to work there. Rorimer had been curator of The Cloisters before becoming Director of the Metropolitan, and Hoving feared that the trustees would want to vary the pattern. He says that he is sure he would never have been chosen had it not been for his time in government, and that the commissionership prepared him for the job in the Museum as the Wadsworth Atheneum never could have. In his words, "It would have been terribly different for me if I hadn't been dumped into the trouble of Little River City here during the past year."

CURATOR

IN the Fuentidueña Chapel at The Cloisters, there is a Romanesque doorway from the Church of San Leonardo al Frigido, in Massa-Carrara, Tuscany. It is a beautiful thing, carved in Carrara marble, and its architrave depicts, in some twenty figures, the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. Close inspection shows that the head of an apostle in the center of the architrave has a yellowish color, quite different in tone from the rest of the apostle's body and from all the other figures. In 1893, a Countess Benkendorff-Schouvaloff wrote from Nice to Italian archivists in Milan to tell them that the doorway, which had been taken from the Massa-Carrara church when it fell into ruin

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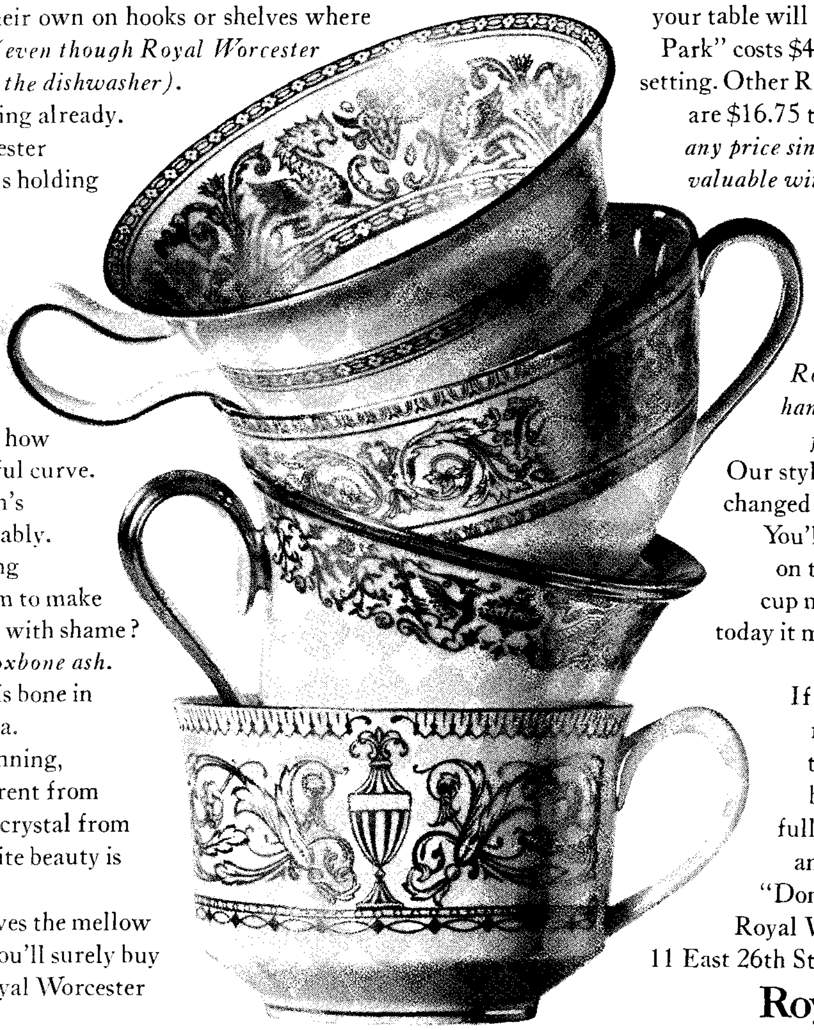

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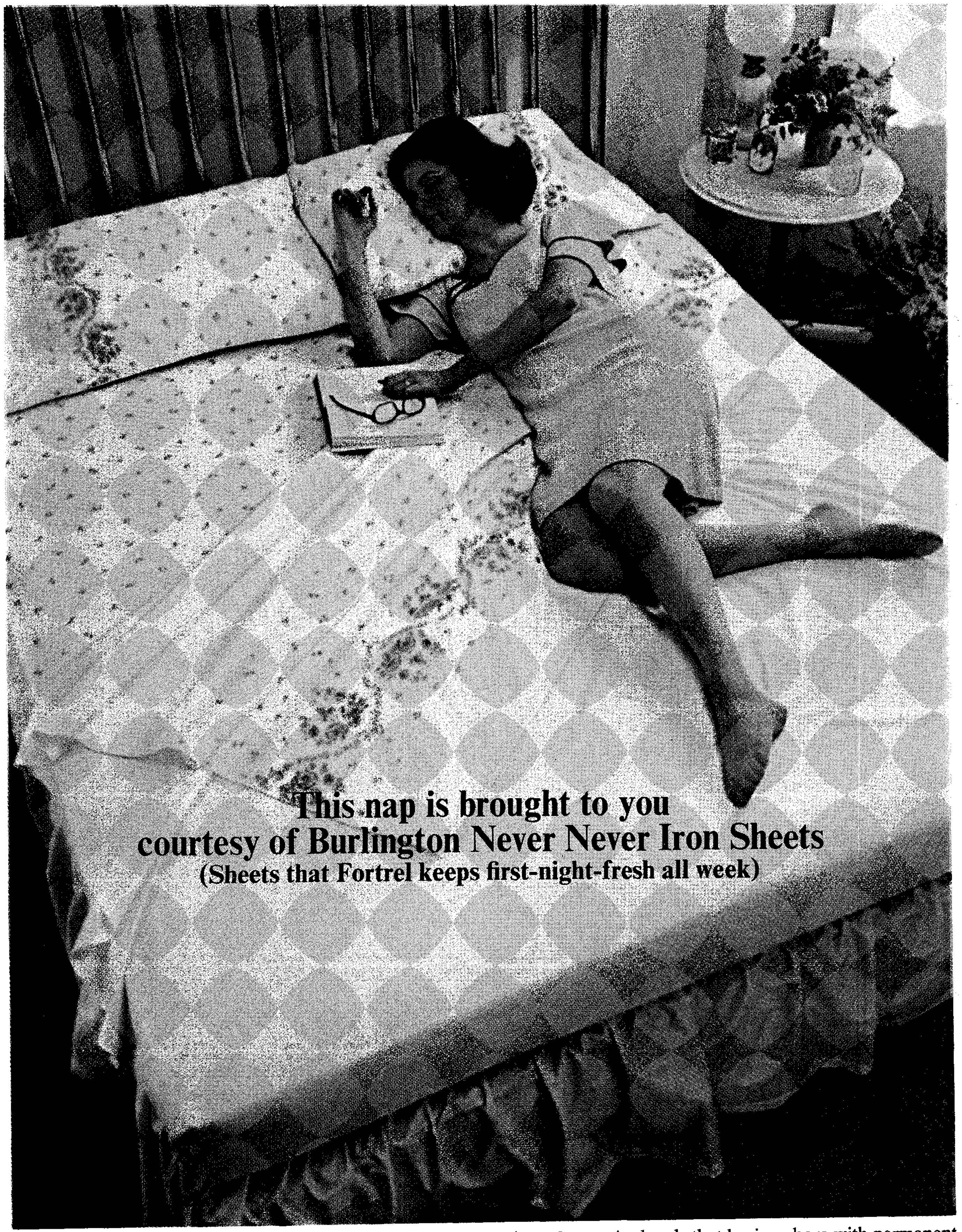
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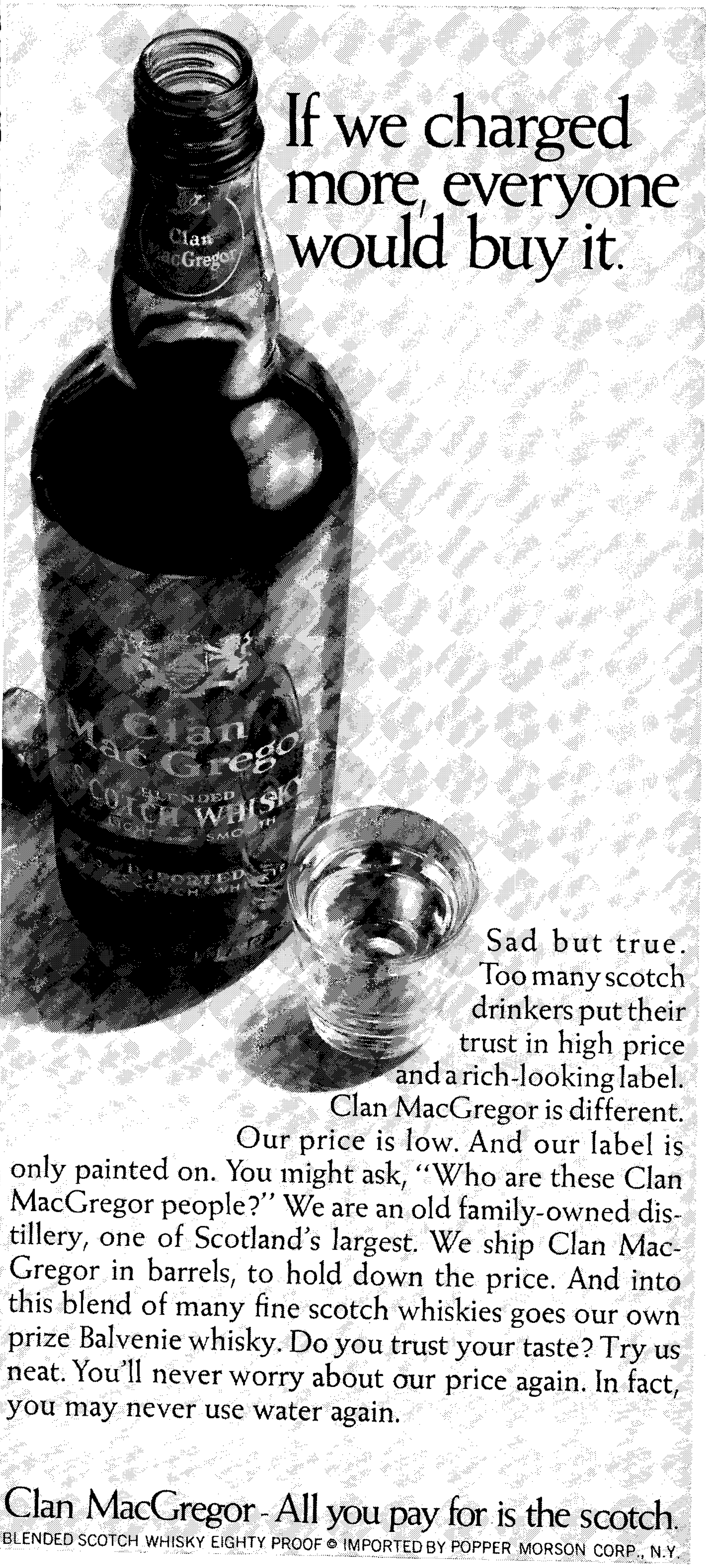
some years earlier, was installed in her villa in Nice. Hoving learned all this in 1960, as an ancillary result of his research on the Annunciation relief from the Romanesque pulpit in Arcetri. He wrote to a friend in Nice asking him to go see the present Count Benkendorff-Schouvaloff and have a look at the doorway. The friend wrote back and said, as Hoving paraphrases the letter, that "the Count had split long ago" and there was now a high-rise housing project where the Benkendorff-Schouvaloff villa had once stood. Hoving reasoned that Romanesque doorways don't just disappear. This one had to be somewhere. He wrote and asked his friend to keep looking. Soon the friend wrote and said that the doorway was lying in pieces behind the housing project. A local dealer in Nice was sent to have a look, and he cabled, "CONDITION TERRIBLE, NOT MARBLE." A year later, happening to be in Nice, Hoving went to the housing project and searched around in the weeds out back, just for his curiosity's sake. In high grass among old apple trees he found the blocks of stone. They were marble, all right, and they were in excellent condition. "It was easy to get the doorway out of France," he says. "The French couldn't have cared less, because it was an Italian doorway. When the Benkendorff-Schouvaloffs moved it to Nice, Nice was a part of Italy. So the doorway never left Italy. Italy left *it*." The heads of two apostles were missing from the architrave. One is still missing, but Hoving found the other—the piece with the yellowish cast—in a beauty parlor in the center of Nice.

Much as the pulpit relief led Hoving to the San Leonardo doorway, the doorway led him to a holy-water font, also from Tuscany, that had been carved at about the same time. Hoving found the font at 125 East Fifty-seventh Street, in the shop of the dealer Leopold Blumka. He just happened to see it there while he was out for a Saturday-morning walk, and he was struck by the close stylistic similarity between the figures on the font and the figures on the Massa-Carrara doorway. (In another shop on East Fifty-seventh Street, he later found, and bought for the Museum, a pendant that proved to be one of two known reliquaries of St. Thomas à Becket.) The holy-water font now stands beside the doorway in the Fuentidueña Chapel at The Cloisters. In the St. Guilhem Cloister, which is adjacent to the Fuentidueña Chapel, is the Annunciation relief from Arcetri. As Hoving moves from room to room in The Cloisters and looks at



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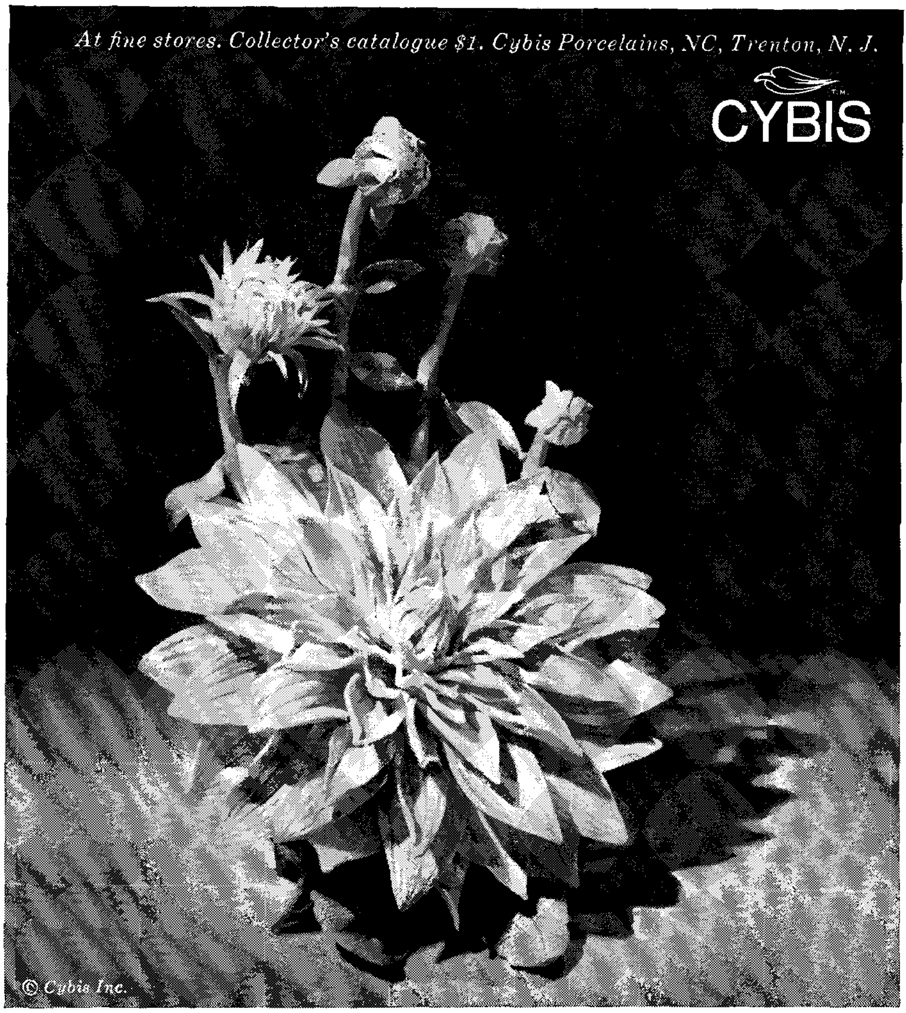
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one object after another, including his own acquisitions, he says, "Ooh!" and "Ah!" and "Great!" and "Unbelievable!" In the Treasury, he stops before a wood carving of Sts. Christopher, Eustace, and Erasmus that was done by Tilmann Riemenschneider, of Würzburg, in 1494. "Look how that crackles with energy," he says. "It's linden wood, but see how dark it is. It was probably stained in the nineteenth century. The thing is incredible, isn't it? Look at those faces. I bought it here, in New York. It cost like hell, but nobody remembers how much now—and who cares? We *have* it." He moves on to a reliquary shrine that once belonged to Queen Elizabeth of Hungary (acquired by him in 1962), a reliquary bust of St. Juliana (1961), and a Rhenish Crucifixion carved by an unknown master (1961), of which he says, "This is one of the most beautiful Calvaries ever made. It was in an auction and sold for a sum so low that I could have bought it out of my paycheck."

As a curator, Hoving went to Europe six or seven times a year on acquisitional ventures, staying in cheap hotels in Paris near the Boul' Mich ("Ratty hotels, always ratty—I like to be *anonyme*"), stuffing himself on Bélon oysters ("Hepatitis? Who cares? You might as well go big"), and trying to get to bed by 1:30 A.M. in order to be in reasonable shape to see dealers the next day ("whose names, of course, I cannot divulge"). He ranged from London to Istanbul, but the most important acquisition of his career he made in Zurich. He had heard, from a friend in a museum in Boston, that a man named Ante Topic-Mimara—a Yugoslav by birth, an Austrian by citizenship, and a resident of Tangier—possessed an ivory cross of uncertain origin, which he kept in a bank vault in Zurich. The general suspicion, Hoving learned, was that Topic-Mimara's cross was a fake—in part because of inconsistencies in its iconography and in its inscriptions. For example, where ordinary liturgical phraseology would read "*Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudeorum*," an inscription on Topic-Mimara's cross read "*Iesus Nazarenus Rex Confessorum.*" Hoving had written his doctoral dissertation on medieval ivories. He wrote to Topic-Mimara asking for photographs of the cross. Topic-Mimara replied that he was making no photographs available but that if Hoving would meet him in Zurich he would show him the cross itself, and that Hoving would find it "something

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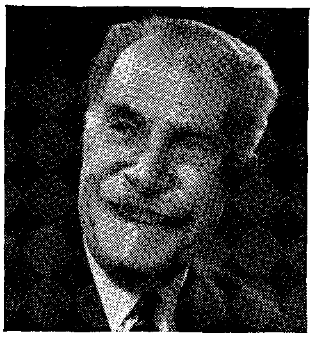

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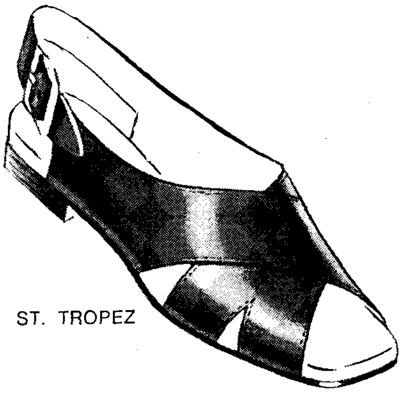
unique in the world." All this had such a melodramatic resonance that it did seem to add up to forgery, but Hoving still had not had that "first impression," that "immediate kinetic reaction," and he went to Zurich to have it. He found Topic-Mimara to be "heavyset, 46 Short Portly, with a stubble, slightly hunched shoulders, a rapid walk, slightly turned-in feet, darkish hair, and a face like a crowd." Topic-Mimara spoke Yugoslav, German, and Italian. In Italian, he said to Hoving, "I am a simple, humble man. A humble artist. I live in Tangier." The bank vault was subterranean, and there Topic-Mimara had cabinets full of objects—goblets, ancient glass, stained glass, pieces of tapestry. Withholding the cross, he showed the other things to Hoving, piece by piece. In time, Hoving learned that Topic-Mimara had acquired most of these things just after the Second World War, when he moved from city to city and country to country buying art treasures that were available and relatively cheap because of the disasters of war. With the complicity of an American colonel, he had filled two boxcars in Berlin with uncounted treasures and removed them to Tangier. Now, in 1961, in Zurich, after running through his current repertory, he finally brought out the cross, wrapped in a large black cloth. When Topic-Mimara removed the cloth, Hoving looked at the cross for a moment, and then wrote, on a piece of paper in his hand, "No doubt." Re-creating the moment, he said recently, "It was staggering. A truly great, great thing. Just exactly where it fitted into history I didn't know, and at that point I didn't give a damn. It didn't seem to have the nervous, fluttering quality of the eleventh century, so I guessed the twelfth." Hoving asked for photographs to take back to New York, but Topic-Mimara still refused. Each day, for three days, Hoving went to the vault and spent eight hours looking at the cross. Topic-Mimara sat near him and read newspapers. At noon, they ate sandwiches. Each day, as they entered the room, Hoving set his Rolleiflex on a table in front of Topic-Mimara and again appealed for pictures. He was always turned down. Topic-Mimara left him alone in the vault only once, and as he went out he picked up the Rolleiflex and slung its strap over his shoulder. "I'll be back in ten minutes. Take all the pictures you care to," he said. "I will," Hoving said. As the door closed behind Topic-Mimara, Hoving reached into his shirt, where he had a Minox. Quickly ad-



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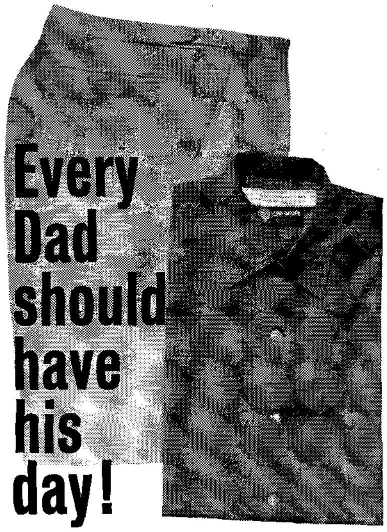

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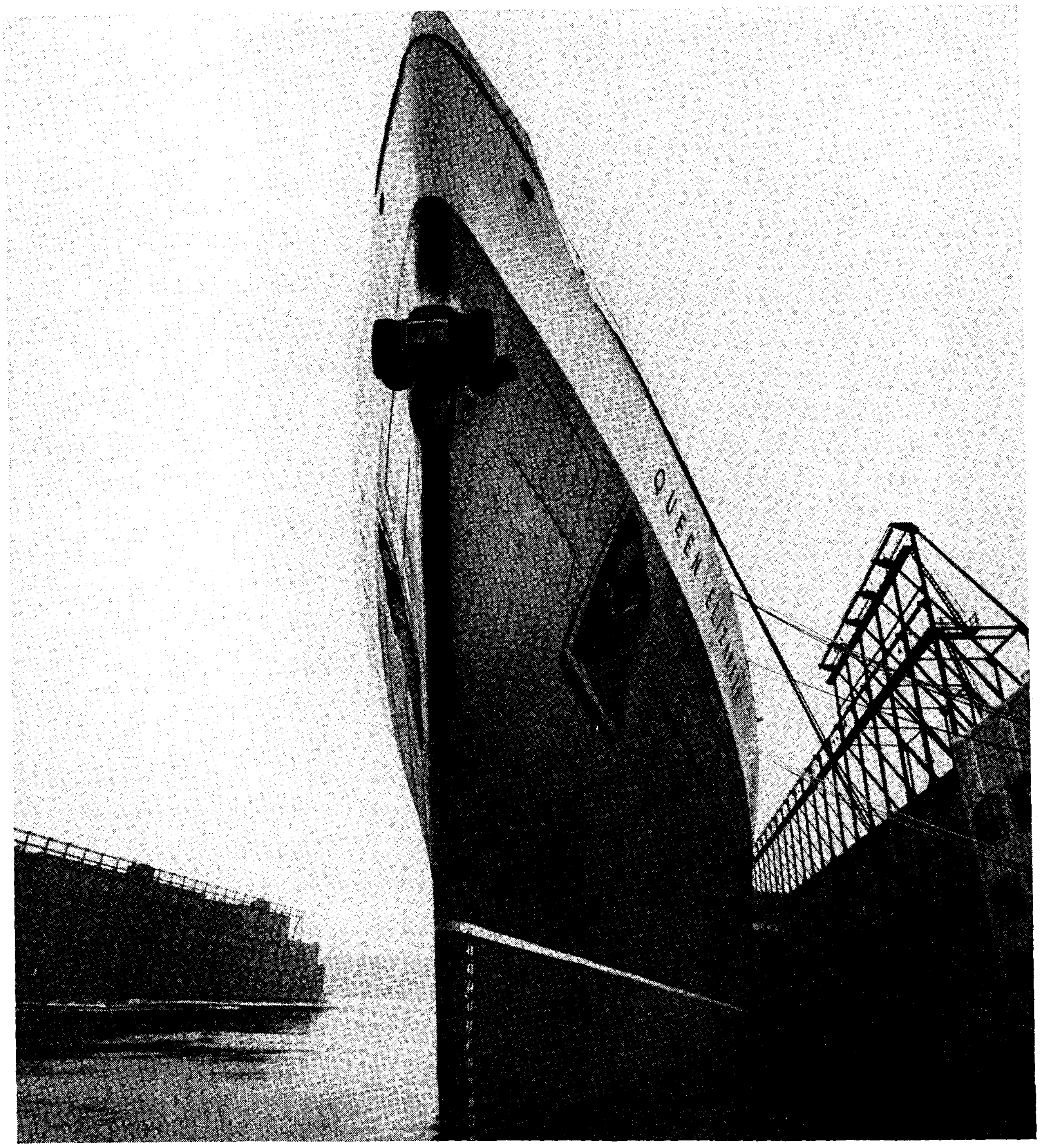

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justing the tiny camera, he took eight pictures of the cross. Then he continued his study. Carved in walrus ivory, the two-foot cross had sixty-three cryptically abbreviated inscriptions in Greek and Latin and a hundred and eight carved figures, which were sharply detailed and extraordinarily alive in their gestures and expressions—in Hoving's words, "a great crowd of deeply undercut figures, distributed over the surface in a lacy network, carved with breathtaking skill." He decided that, among other qualities leading him to the same conclusion, the cross had so many irregularities that no forger could possibly have made it. He also decided that given the long, beautifully postured figures, the dampfold elegance of the draperies, and the complicated carving, it had to be English. Topic-Mimara, for his part, never said where or how he had obtained it. Hoving took the Minox film to Munich and had it developed with supreme care in the Minox laboratories there. He then went to Erich Steingräber and showed him the pictures. Steingräber said that the cross could not be other than authentic. When Hoving returned to the United States, the pictures of course sparked the interest of Rorimer, and, in turn, of Kurt Weitzmann, a professor of art and archeology at Princeton and the foremost voice in the world on Carolingian and Romanesque ivories. When Weitzmann saw the pictures of the cross, he said, "I must go see it." On separate occasions during the year that followed, Rorimer and Weitzmann both visited the vault in Zurich, and came away with positive reports. Weitzmann said that the cross was unparalleled. Meanwhile, word reached Rorimer that Rupert L. S. Bruce-Mitford, of the British Museum, was coming to conclusions about the cross himself. "There is a sense of timing in this sort of thing," Hoving says. "A museum man has to sense when to wait things out, when to bluff, and when to move fast. The trustees did not want to meet Topic-Mimara's full price, and we were trying to wait him out. Then, one day, Rorimer's sources told him that the British Museum was really on the move, and Rorimer said to me, 'You go tomorrow.'" Hoving, following a plan that he and Rorimer worked out, went to Zurich with ski boots under his arm, so that he would appear to be just passing through on his way to the snowfields. He ran into Topic-Mimara in a hotel lobby, and Topic-Mimara, who was wearing a fez, said to him, "You shouldn't have come. The Eng-

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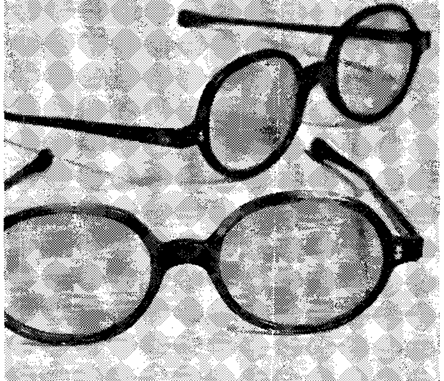

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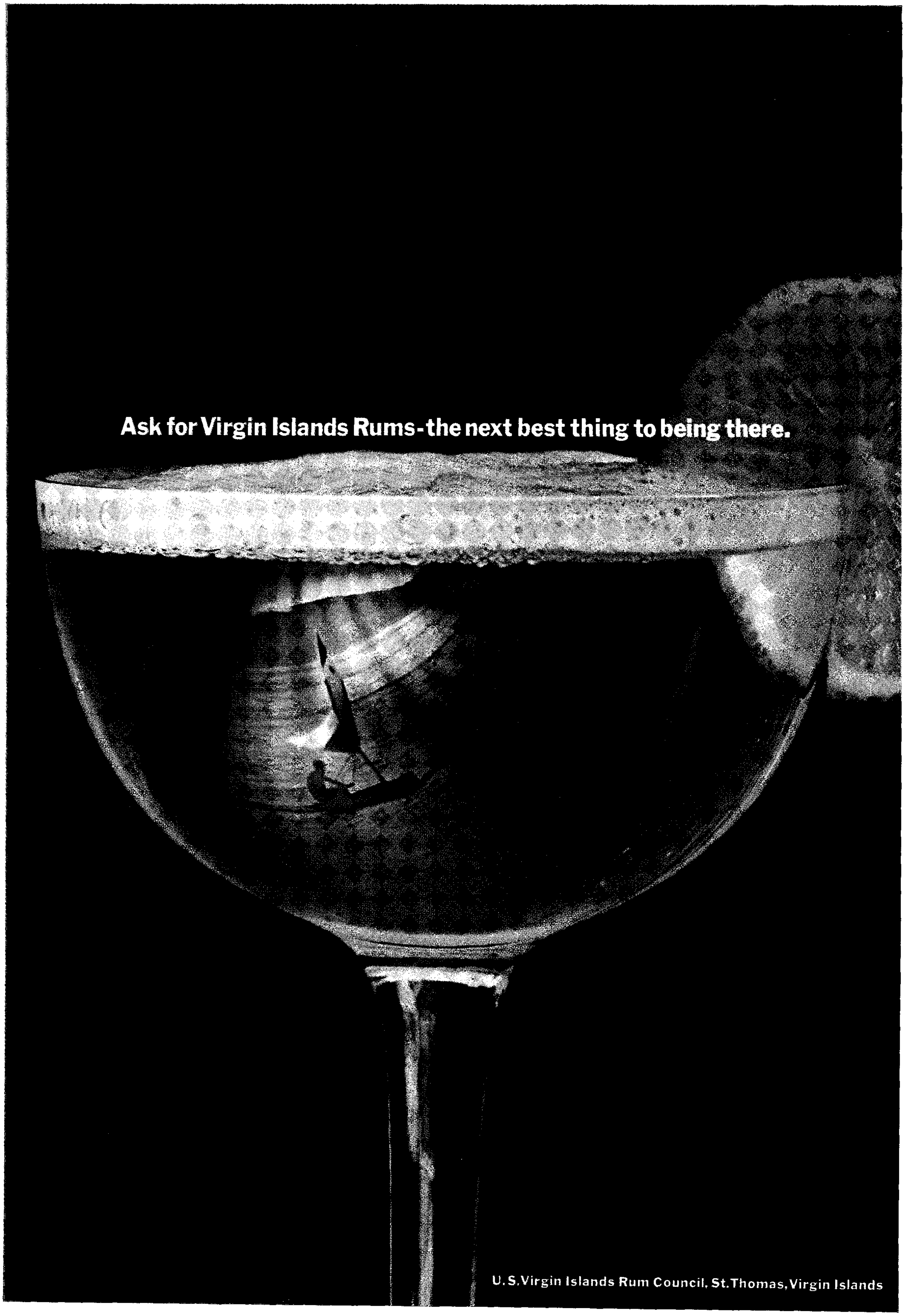
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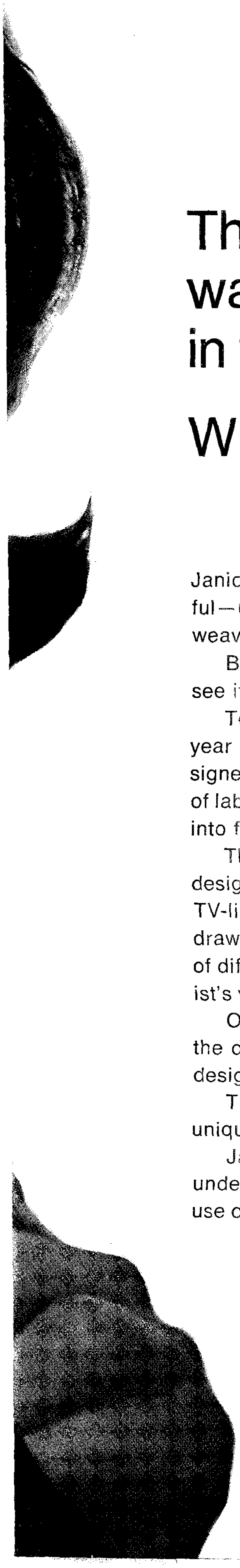

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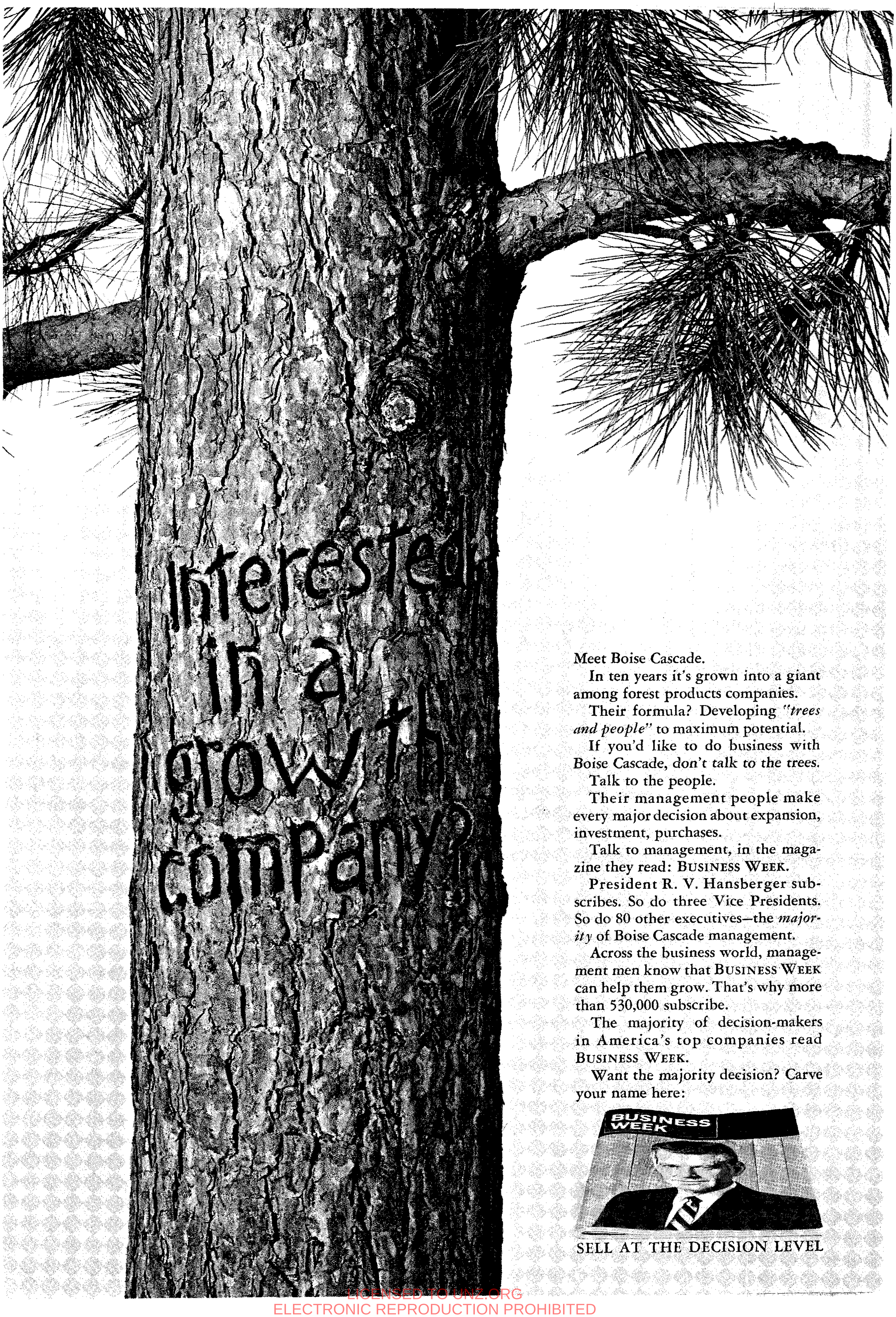

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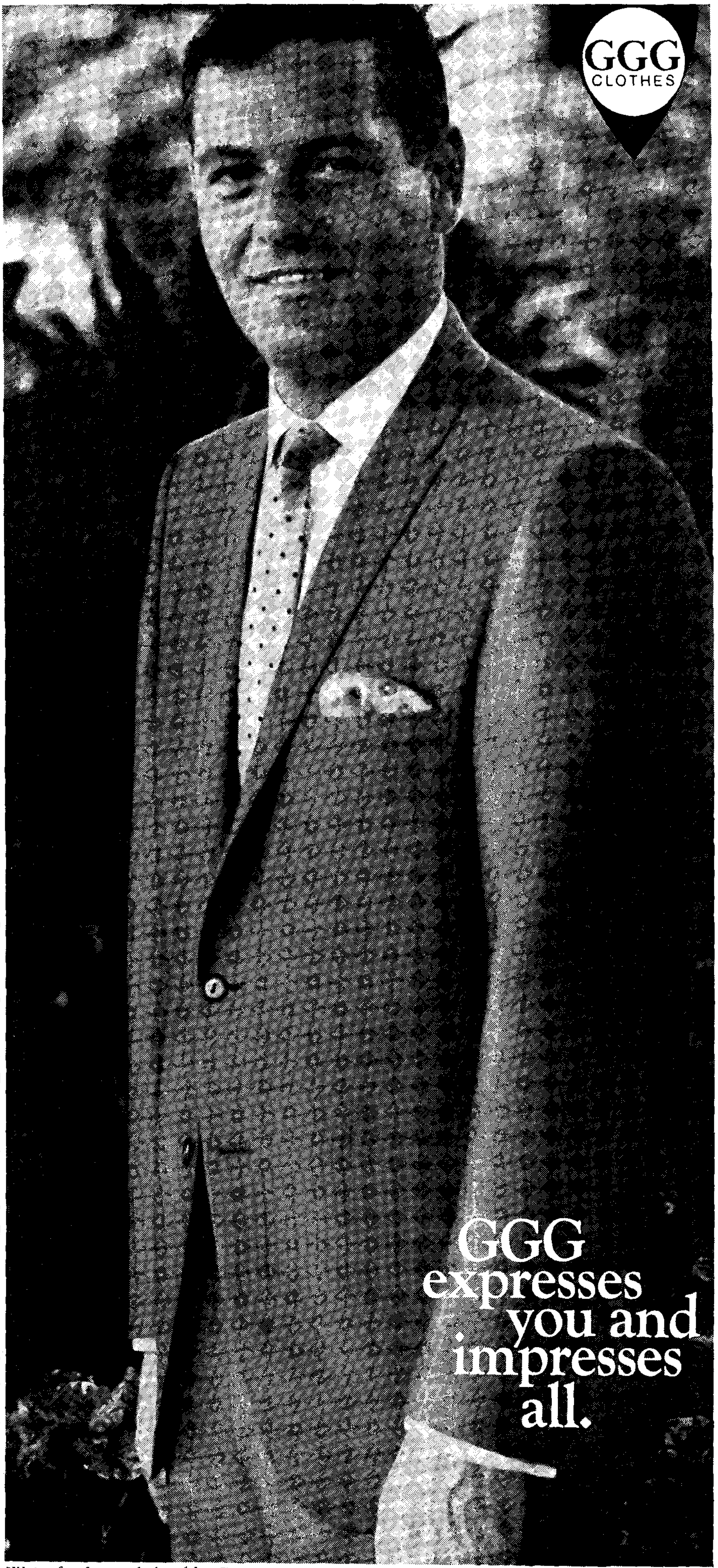
lish are coming tomorrow. I have given them a complete option."

Bruce-Mitford soon arrived with Peter Lasko, a colleague. "Ah, here is Hoving, just passing through on a ski trip," Lasko said.

Bruce-Mitford said, "Well, Mr. Hoving, I imagine you feel something like Paul Revere."

Hoving felt more like a skier who had just fallen into a ravine. In the end, however, Topic-Mimara limited the option to three weeks, and Bruce-Mitford was unable to meet the deadline—apparently because the Exchequer would not approve of a sterling drain as heavy as Topic-Mimara's price, which was well over two hundred thousand pounds. In the morning of the twenty-second day, Hoving and Topic-Mimara went back to the vault. "You are also buying the rest of my collection, of course," Topic-Mimara said. Hoving said no, he was not. Then, in Hoving's words, "Topic-Mimara handed me the cross and I handed him the money, and a bank vice-president was standing there watching this, losing his mind." Hoving wrapped up the cross and sent it home airfreight. Then he went to Paris for a few days to relax. The piece he had just acquired has been said to be more valuable than the entire Guelph Treasure.

Continuing his research, Hoving attempted to find where and when the cross was made. It had no recorded history. Nothing whatever was known about it except that it had been in the collection of Ante Topic-Mimara. In New York and in Princeton, Hoving went through hundreds of photographs of Romanesque English art, looking at every kind of work—stone carvings, illustrated manuscripts, metalwork, cathedral façades, ivory. When he had looked at everything, he found that he had set aside seven photographs in which were figures that had struck him as having stylistic similarities to the figures on the cross. Two of the photographs were of objects of unestablished origin. The five others were all of things that had been made in or near the Suffolk village of Bury St. Edmunds. Hoving deciphered the sixty-three Greek and Latin inscriptions on the cross. Sixty-three seemed to him to be an inordinate number for anyone to put on a two-foot piece—a very literary and English thing to do. Although the inscriptions were arranged in flowingly graceful patterns, written communication was obviously an even more important element in the intent of the maker. So Hoving put all the inscriptions together and read them as a literary



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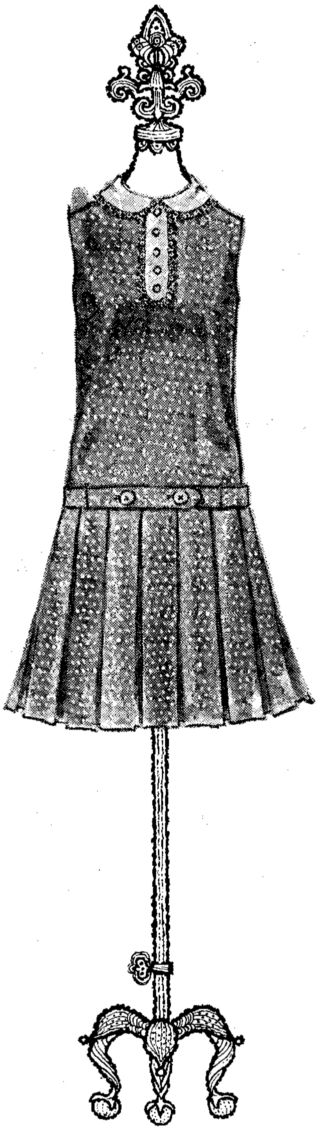

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whole. The message that emerged was powerfully anti-Semitic, condemning the Jews for killing the Saviour whose existence their own prophets had foreseen and proclaimed. Hoving then searched through the Patrologia Latina—which includes two hundred and eighty-two volumes—for anti-Jewish writings and disputations, particularly in medieval England. In a typical disputation, a Christian would speak and then a Jew would answer. "I found that these disputations were learned and friendly until the middle of the twelfth century, but after that the Christian had all the lines," Hoving says. "The Jew would answer back with stupidities. This was fraudulence, McCarthyism, on the part of the writers. A wave of anti-Semitism had obviously arisen at that time. Of the inscriptions on the cross, with all their linguistic irregularities, I found twenty-two in the Patrologia Latina." Hoving then went to England and worked in the Courtauld Institute of the University of London. The evidence he assembled, both stylistic and historical, continued to point to Bury St. Edmunds. He learned that on June 10, 1181, a young boy of Bury St. Edmunds was murdered, supposedly by crucifixion, and that the death was blamed on Jews. He learned that a monk named Samson was elected abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Bury St. Edmunds in 1182, that Samson was a particularly vehement leader of anti-Semitic campaigns, and that fifty-seven Jews were killed in a riot, of unexplained origin, in 1190, in Bury St. Edmunds. Hoving went to Bury St. Edmunds, where almost nothing is left of the abbey, and stood on Samson's grave. At Cambridge University, nearby, he went to Pembroke College, whose library houses many volumes of twelfth-century Bury St. Edmunds manuscripts, bound in deerskin. At random, he removed a volume marked M-72 from its shelf. It was the Gospel of Mark, and it had been copied in the decade 1140-50. At some later date, another hand had written an annotation below the words *"Rex Iudeorum." "Rex Confessorum,"* the annotation said, with a further note that this change in language was occasioned by "the perfidiousness of the Jews." Reflecting on that moment, Hoving says, "I had a long way to go, but the matter was essentially solved with this discovery." From then on, evidence accrued more rapidly, and in the Bury Bible, made in Bury St. Edmunds in the twelfth century, he found populated initials whose figures looked almost exactly like those on the cross—the same sharp outlines, precise gestures,

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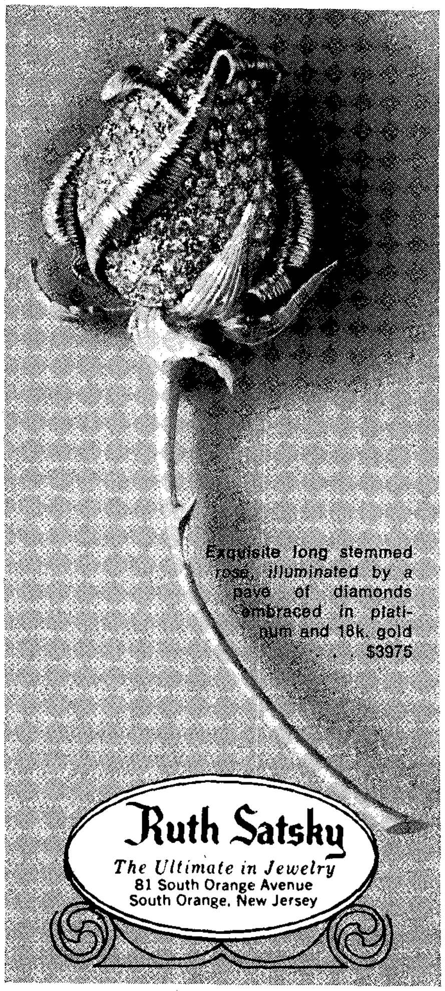

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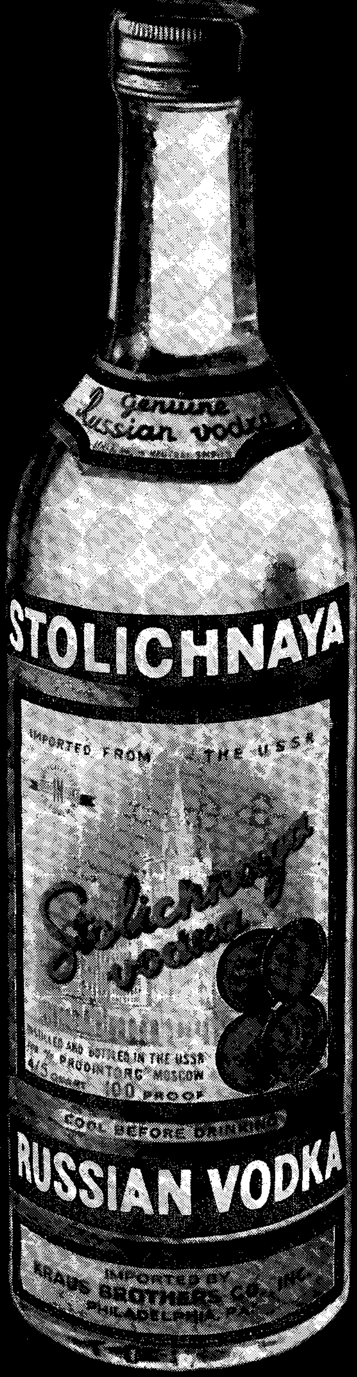

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pointed beards, and damp-fold garments. He was able to date the cross (1181-90) and to conclude that it had been made for, and under the direction of, Abbot Samson. "The cross is a virtual seminar in the style of the late twelfth century," he wrote in a paper that he plans soon to expand to book length. "In the figures, one can detect the inexorable and fascinating change from a Romanesque to a decidedly early-Gothic point of view implicit in the development of increasing attenuation and a dramatic movement away from the confining surface. The literary content voiced in the proliferating scrolls or cut into the flesh of the ivory is, like the figural carvings, the Passion and Resurrection. But it goes a step further, for it also rails against those who did not believe in Christ as Saviour and Messiah—namely, the Jews. It is against this poor, alien people and their synagogue, harried and persecuted throughout centuries, that the text of the cross directs itself with wrath. The cross may not be the only medieval monument that carries on a polemic against the Jews, but it is not matched in vehemence. The passage of time makes the contents of these writings no less harsh. But it must be remembered that this is the accepted attitude of the church militant of the late twelfth century. Today there may appear to be an incongruity between such superb artistic form and the vehemence of a number of the inscriptions, but in Romanesque times religious tolerance did not exist. The cross is intellectual, yet pedantic; clever, yet forced. It is English, above all—imaginative, dramatic, literary, independent of rules, far too rich, yet poetic and adventurous in its attempt to be encyclopedic. It even reaches beyond its insular character and expresses what was in the wind throughout the entire Christian world during the late twelfth century, for the cross is symbolic of the crusading spirit, both good and evil. It is one of those rarest of works of art that are both the strength and weakness of its era—the mark and the explanation of an entire epoch." It stands in an illuminated glass enclosure on a pedestal in the center of the Fuentidueña Chapel at The Cloisters, where people can see it from a distance of inches and can walk around it and examine all of its sides. "Look at it," Hoving says, standing before it. "Isn't it beautiful? Look at the work that went into it. Can you *imagine* someone thinking that was a fake?" The 1966 Annual Report of the Metropolitan Museum, which was published last October, lists four great

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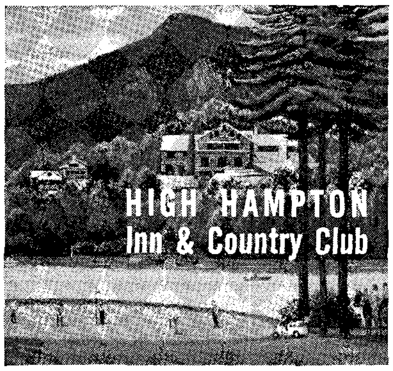

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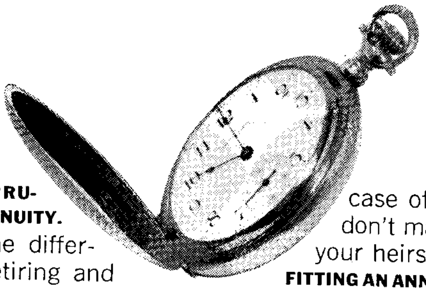

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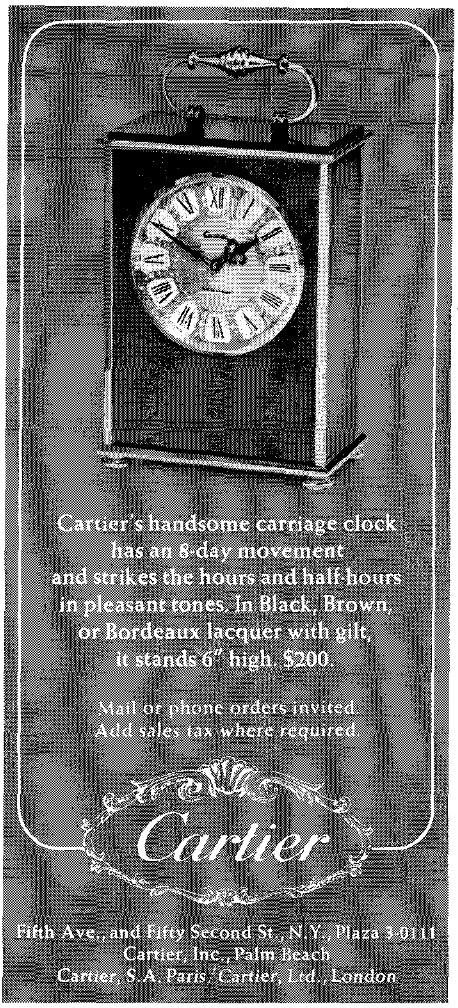
acquisitions that marked the eleven years of the directorship of the late James Rorimer: Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer;" the Merode Altarpiece, which is Robert Campin's Flemish triptych showing the Annunciation; the Antioch Chalice, once thought by scholars to be the Holy Grail; and—as the fourth of these treasures has come to be called—the Cross of Bury St. Edmunds.

PRINCETON

ON Friday, January 12, 1951, Hoving and his Princeton roommates decided that the time had come to pull themselves together, that their general and flagrant neglect of the university curriculum was approaching a critical intensity, and that the weekend then beginning should be spent in solid intellectual endeavor by all, since the term's final examinations would begin on Monday. The principal architect of this plan was Thomas S. Godolphin, a brilliant young man who, like Hoving's other roommates, had known Hoving at Exeter. Godolphin further reasoned that what the group needed most was a long and untroubled night's sleep, and that they should all go to a movie that night, turn in early, and address themselves to their work first thing in the morning. Between the movie house, in Palmer Square, and their room, in Holder Hall, was a delicatessen. Walking back toward the campus after the film, the roommates passed the delicatessen, and one of them suggested that they assure themselves of a perfect night's sleep by having a glass or two of milk punch before sacking out. So they bought a gallon of milk. Milk punch had become a favorite among them, and they had a large assortment of sweets and spices that they liked to put in it to complement the basics—milk and whiskey. Their favorite drink the year before, when they were freshmen, had been Seabreezes. The freshman year had not been an inspired one for this group. "We were just doing prep school all over again," Hoving says now. "And that carried us through. I had an appalling cut record. I went to classes in the first week of each term and didn't go again until finals. I went a lot to New York, and haunted the Orpheum Dance Palace, in Times Square. An extremely temporary charge account was established for me at a night club called La Rue, in order to get me out of the Orph and also out of the Automat Bar on Eighty-sixth Street, a favorite place of mine, where you put a quarter in a



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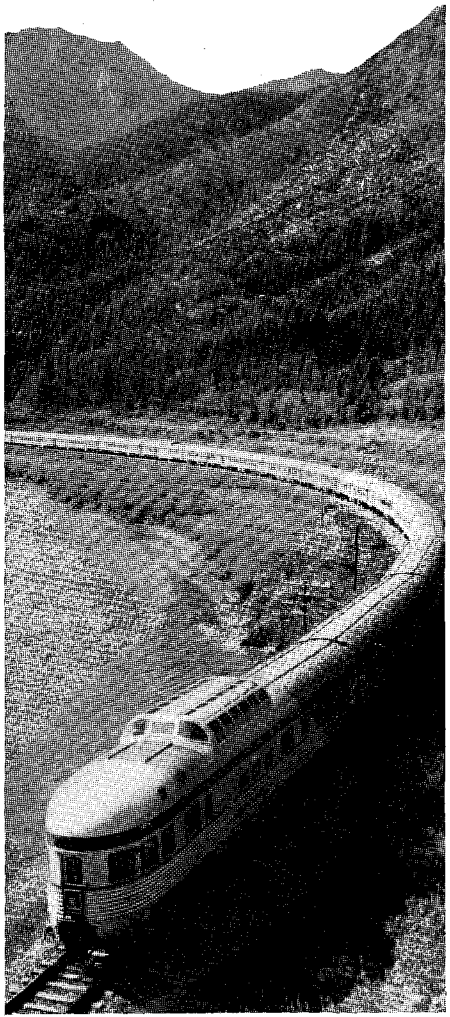

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slot and got a Martini—you know, pretty pestiferous. Dikey Duncan, who was at Brown, came down frequently to the city, and we once ran up a five-hundred-dollar bill at the night club, setting up everybody in sight. Dikey tried to pass himself off as the youngest-ever president of Lea & Perrins. We wore white tie and tails every night. We'd hit a few debbie parties and sink back into the Rue." In Princeton, meanwhile, Hoving watched his classmates from an aloof perspective, made sarcastic, cynical, and funny remarks about everything he noticed, and showed no interest at all in extracurricular activities, with one brief exception. He tried hard to get into the Press Club, a semi-professional organization through which undergraduates serve as paid stringers for newspapers and the wire services. He had worked during the summer of 1949 as a copyboy at the *Daily Mirror*, where—as he describes it—his job was to "fold carbon sandwiches, go out for heroes, and place bets." He continues, "The *Mirror* was a bookie joint, as far as I could see. The teletype room was enclosed in glass, and every time the race results came in from some track the crush of people almost broke the glass. The writer I liked best had a drawerful of comic books. I myself wrote letters-to-the-editor. Two kinds—singers and howlers. We used to write howlers by pounding our fists on a table for a while to warm up." In the university Press Club competition, he extended himself to interview a man who was pushing a wheelbarrow all the way across the American continent and happened to be passing near Princeton, but, even with that scoop to his credit, he lost out to Tom Godolphin. Godolphin was a superior poker player, and he and Hoving used to play regularly in the afternoons. Robert Goldman, the playwright, who was another of the roommates, recalls these games vividly. "Afternoon cards in college is serious cards," he says. "I remember Loper with the green eyeshade doing the Cincinnati Kid. If anybody had had the sleeve guards, he would have put them on." Things continued in this pattern through the autumn and early winter of the sophomore year, and on the Friday night in 1951 before the first-term final examinations the roommates drank their milk punch and then collected supplies for another batch. There was a fireplace in their room, and they built a memorable fire. They started up a player piano they had, and when they ran out of liquor they borrowed more from neighboring rooms and in-

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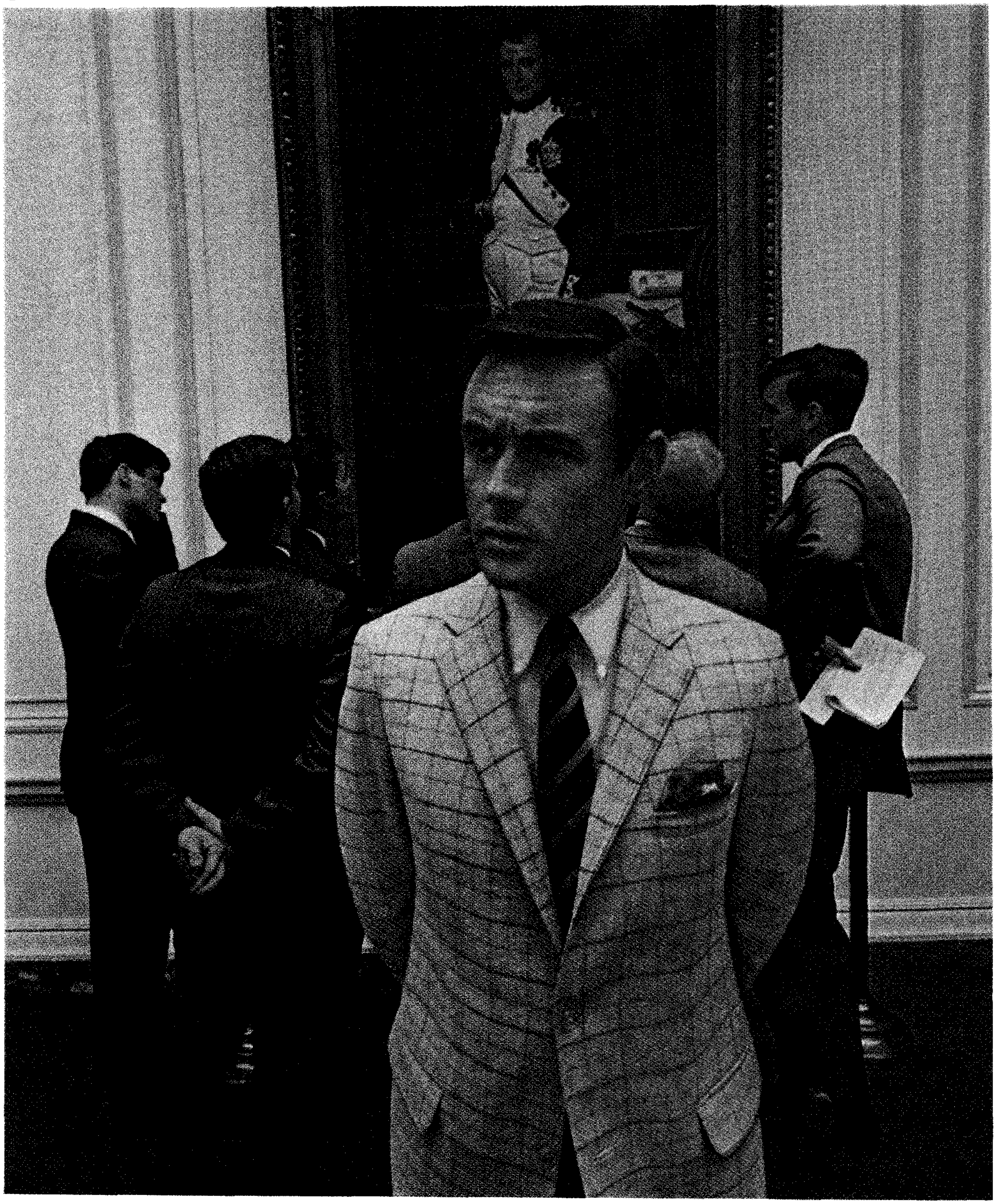

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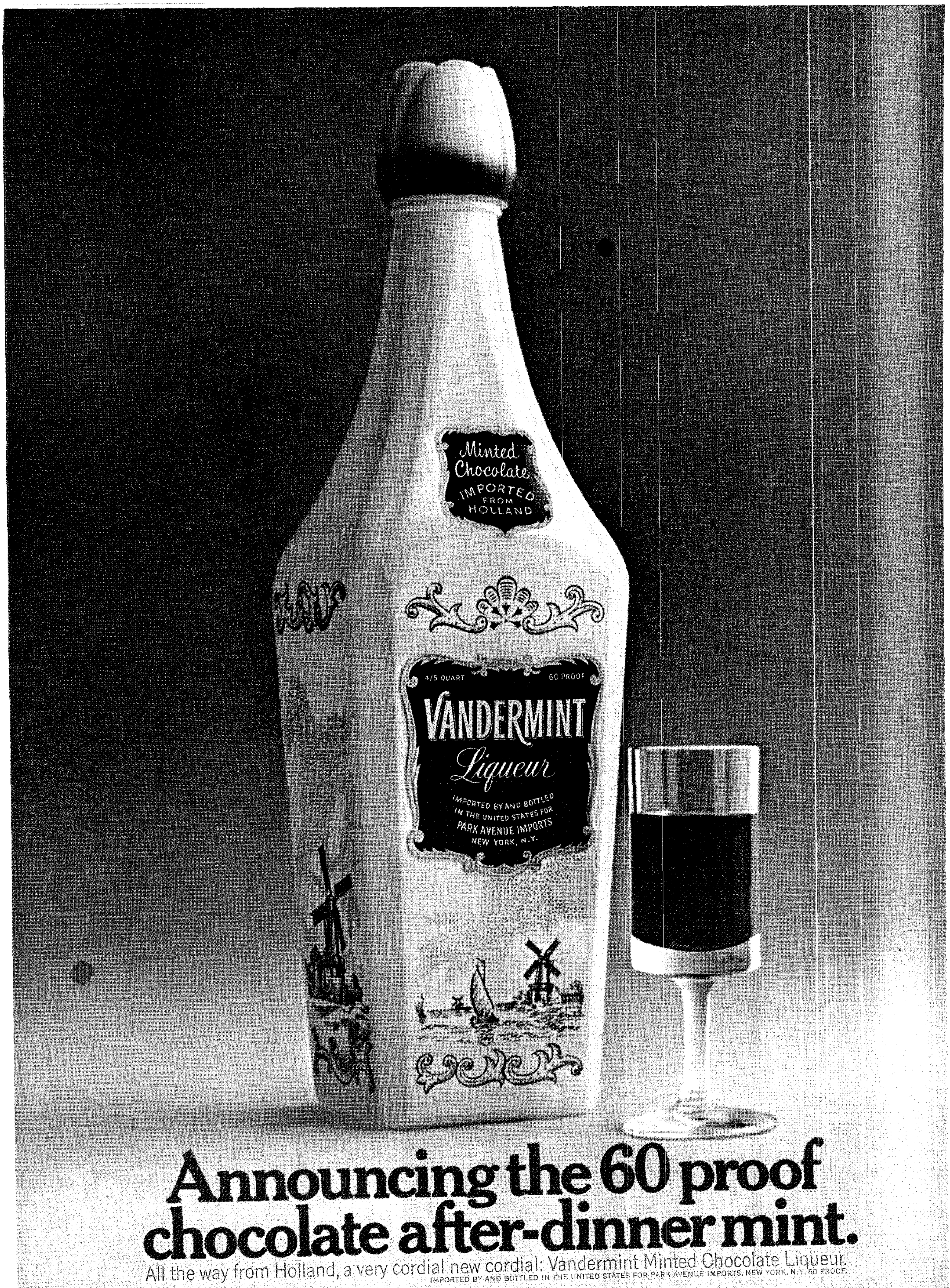
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vited the occupants to join them. At about 2 A.M., they drew their curtains and established a proctor watch, and when university proctors entered the Holder courtyard the milk-punch party observed a period of silence. Soon they began to feed the fire with T-shirts, shoes, phonograph records, and minor pieces of furniture. In the early morning, they got a ten-gallon can of milk from the Walker-Gordon dairy, which is two miles from Princeton, and by late afternoon they were putting Drambuie, vodka, curaçao, crème de menthe, gin—everything they could find—into the punch. The party went on through Saturday evening, and in the early hours of Sunday morning the fireplace fire was still going. They had put chairs and pillows into it, and several worsted suits. They had, in fact, burned up almost everything in the room except the player piano. Someone went out and came back with an axe. The piano played on while it was being hacked to pieces, and all the pieces were given in tandem to the flames. Princeton's grading system goes from a high of 1 to a low of 7, and at the end of the senior year a student's final departmental grade must be better than a 4 or he gets no degree. Hoving's average at the end of that first term in his sophomore year was 4.46. "I have been to several serious, artistic Happenings where, in a highly creative and avant-garde way, pianos have been smashed," he said recently. "I watch this with a ghostly smile."

In the second term of his sophomore year, Hoving went to a preceptorial in Art 301, a course he had signed up for that dealt with sculpture from the Renaissance to the present. Princeton students, in most courses in the humanities, go to two lectures and one preceptorial each week. In preceptorials—or precepts, as they are called—five or six students sit around a table with a professor and exchange ideas on the assigned reading and related material. This system was initiated by Woodrow Wilson when he was president of Princeton, and since Wilson's time a student's performance in precepts has always been an important part of his final grade. This particular art precept was attended by two seniors, three juniors, two graduate students (sitting in), and one sophomore, Hoving. The professor, Fredrick Stohlman, set on the table a graceful piece of metalwork that had several flaring curves and was mounted on a base of polished hardwood. Stohlman asked each student, in turn, to say whatever came into his head about the ob-

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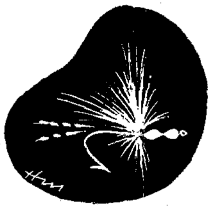
ject. Hoving heard the others using terms like "crosscurrents of influence," "definitions of space," "abstract approaches to form," "latent vitality," and "mellifluous harmonies." He felt unconvinced, unimpressed, unprepared, utterly nervous, and unsure in the presence of older and more knowledgeable students. A warm flush came over the back of his neck—something that still happens when he finds himself in an uncomfortable position. Finally, Stohlman and the others looked at him, and waited for his contribution. "I don't think it is sculpture," he blurted out. "It's beautifully tooled, but it's not sculpture. It's too mechanical and functional." Stohlman, an authority on Limoges enamels, was an inspiring teacher, and it was he who, some weeks later, first put into Hoving's hands a work of art of importance—a piece of Roman glass. Now, in the precept, he looked at the other students and warned them of the dangers of getting caught in their own lecture notes, and went on to say that anything should be looked at first as an object in itself, and not in the light of secondary reading or artistic theory. Finally, he pointed out that the sophomore was right—that the thing on the table was an obstetrical speculum. "From that moment on, I had fantastic confidence," Hoving says. "I was never again afraid to say, 'I don't believe that.' Three weeks later, if that hadn't happened, I might have been talking about elegant *sfumato* and sweeping diagonals, but, fortunately, I have never looked at a work of art through a cloud of catchwords. In the technical language of the history of art, you can draw a cocoon around anything, whether it is a Campbell Soup can or an obstetrical speculum. That's what those cats in the precept did. A work of art should be looked at as a humanistic experience, an object on its own. It betrays what it is immediately." Hoving got a 1 in that course. He decided to major in art and archeology, and for the next two years he made regular trips to New York for drawing courses at the Art Students League. In Princeton, he retreated from nearly all non-academic activity of any kind, roomed alone during his last two years, and was seldom seen even by his friends. He audited undergraduate art courses that he was not enrolled in, and he sat in on graduate seminars. He wrote his senior thesis on "The Origin and Development of the Early Christian Basilica." His final departmental grade was a straight 1, and he was graduated from the university with highest honors.



SEVENTY-THIRD STREET

ON a bamboo easel in one corner of the living room of Hoving's apartment, at 150 East Seventy-third Street, stands a work by Dan Basen in which a hundred and eight finishing nails have been inserted in canvas like pins in cloth, all in regimented patterns of "X"s and palisades; the whole of it, nails and canvas, is painted white. The room itself appears to have been last painted in the early nineteen-thirties, and, its contents aside, suggests a room in an old hotel in, say, Scranton, Pennsylvania. On one wall is a Ruth Abrams abstract called "Woman Sleeping," and across the room is another Abrams—this one representational, of a woman brooding. Five hooks-and-eyes of graduated sizes, mounted on a plaque, are labelled "Sex," sculptor anonymous. Framed and under glass is a large sketched composition by Knud Nielsen that consists of fragments of Hoving: several aspects of his head, and a study of his hands—tapered, talon fingers holding the head of a griffin. On a freestanding set of shelves is a Basen head of Hoving, made from blocks and chips of wood that Basen nailed together, partly wrapped in strips of canvas, and daubed with paint. The likeness is remarkable. Across the room is a Basen fetish—two mobile boxes within a third box, which has been screwed to the wall; on top of the exterior box is a full-size model, made of wood with photographs glued to it, of the Cross of Bury St. Edmunds. On a two-foot-long table near the door is a sixteenth-century French marble sculpture of the Virgin and nursing Child. In a glass-front cabinet are a fourteenth-century French ivory (half of a diptych); a fifth-century Syrian drinking glass that was found with the Antioch Chalice and was eventually given by the King of Sweden to Hoving's grandfather; an Etruscan terra-cotta head; a Günther Uecker icon, consisting of a board with a nail in it; and a fifteenth-century Russian icon given to Hoving by Ante Topic-Mimara. By the cabinet is a cloud box by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle, who also did a six-foot cylindrical "Column of Light" that stands in another corner of the room, and, elsewhere in the apartment, a four-foot mechanical man whose head lights up in various colors when it watches a television set. The mechanical man, ac-

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cording to Hoving, "mixes his own bulbs." Resting on another living-room table one evening not long ago were an original sketch by Charles Dana Gibson, several sketches by Mario Avati, and a sketch of a woman with open skirts by Egon Schiele. On the floor behind a chair was a small, portable hi-fi, and in it a Judy Collins record was turning. She was singing Bob Dylan's "Just like Tom Thumb's Blues":

> "Don't put on any airs
> When you're down on Rue Morgue
> Avenue
> They got some hungry women there
> And they'll really make a mess
> outta you."

Hoving said, "I think it's the saddest song I've ever heard, and I'm not even sure I know what it's about. I'm hung up on Judy Collins." The hour was six-thirty. He had a pitcher of Martinis in one hand, and he sat down in a chair and began to open the day's mail. "Swine!" he cried out, and tossed a letter aside. He glanced at another letter and wrote "Hire him" across the top of it. A third letter invited Hoving to join a club. "I hate memberships," he said. "I once had a summer membership in the Racquet Club and I couldn't stand it—the snobs running and screaming." The phone rang. "No, it's O.K., it's all right," he said. "I think we ought to go for that; the ring is beautiful. The whole *Schmier* . . . See if you can haggle them down. We'll try to use curator's funds. The time has to be critical, and it's getting very hairy." He snapped his fingers. His life, after a year in the Parks Department, seemed to have become a series of snaps—snap decisions, snapped fingers. Moreover, he was then working at two jobs. He was still Commissioner of Parks and, *de facto*, he was Director of the Museum. "I've been too damned busy to be thoughtful," he said. "But I was taking stock of myself last night, and I'm terribly dissatisfied. At times like that, I see myself as a failure—going into things, having all the fun, and getting out without taking care of the details." His daughter, Trea—a pretty, blond nine-year-old who goes to the Spence School—was sitting beside him, trying to learn how to play a recorder. Hoving wondered aloud if she couldn't learn somewhere else. She stayed where she was. He looked cross-eyed and shrugged. His wife, Nancy, arrived home from work and made herself a drink. She works downtown, in the office of the city's Coördinator of Addiction Programs. Both she and Hoving have their own Hondas. After a while,

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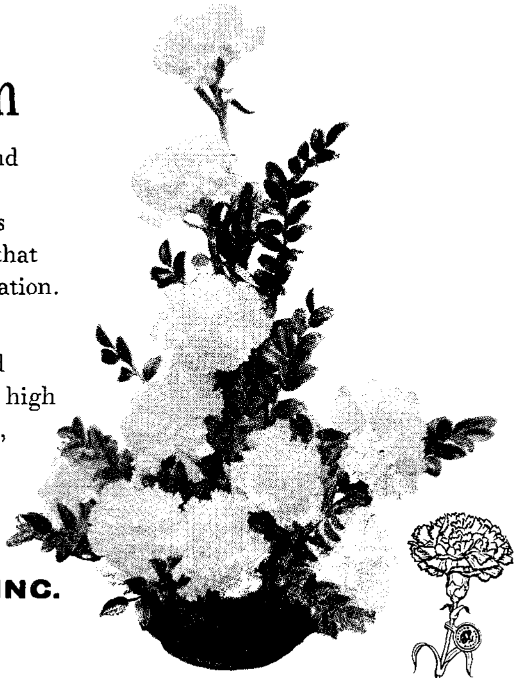

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that evening, they got into an argument. It was political, not personal, having something to do with Bed-Sty, which is how both Hovings refer to the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. Mrs. Hoving is at least as fast on her feet as Hoving. When, during their Bed-Sty argument, he responded to a question with a circumlocution, she said, "Don't give me a public answer." Hoving clapped his lips up and down, like hands. Hoving is not only a verbal wit but a facial comedian as well. His face moves all the time while he talks. He winces, wags his eyebrows, and smiles the smile of a cozy wolverine. A few minutes later, he was describing, in words and sounds, a sailboat luffing and flapping through a narrow inlet. The talk had changed to his summer plans—five short cruises, spaced out from June to September, as a member of the foredeck gang of a friend's fifty-foot racing sloop called Blixtar. He has raced to Bermuda five times on Blixtar. Three years ago, Blixtar was nearly run down by a freighter in a black fog. "You felt this clammy, crawling fear," Hoving said. He whistled, wailed, and made foghorn sounds. He went on, "Then we heard the slap of the screws—thwa thwa thwa—and the thing went by us a hundred feet away." The talk centered for a while on dangerous situations, and soon Hoving was demonstrating how Sicilians, as they leave their houses in the morning, automatically swivel their heads to check on the mood of Mount Etna. While Hoving was a graduate student, he lived in Italy for a year, studying in Italian museums and working for several months at an archeological dig in Sicily. During that year, he also painted, sketched, wrote short stories, and began to keep a personal journal that, within two years, exceeded two hundred thousand words. It contains compact but incredibly thorough descriptions of every building and every object of artistic interest he visited, and it also includes essays on subjects as disparate as cybernetics and Italian rock 'n' roll, and an eloquent chronicle of the infancy of his daughter. Most notably, though, it is a record of the self-questioning of a man in his middle twenties who seemed to want more than anything else to know the extent of his potentialities as a painter and a fiction writer, and who wondered if, alternatively, he would ever be able to find himself in the scholarly discipline of art history. All that, however, was now on the shelves of cabinets in the living room, and he was describing what it felt like to lie down on

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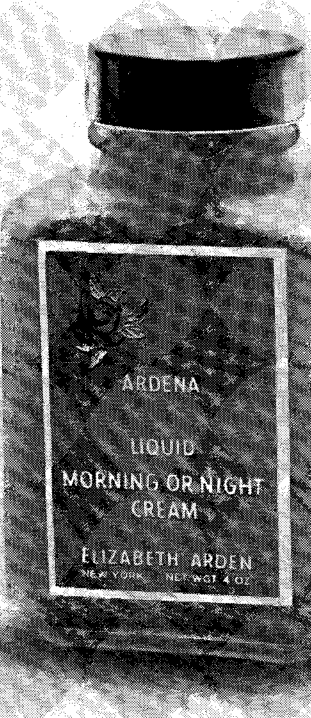

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the black earth in the crater of Etna. "You could hear the lava bubbling—blump blump blump—and all these zonked bees walked all over you," he said. "Millions of bees are attracted to the sulphur, which does something to them. They're all up there taking trips. Every step you take, you crunch generations of bees. Fow! Shall we go?" He meant to dinner. During his time as Parks Commissioner, a secretary typed out a schedule for him every day, and he sometimes made as many as three speeches in eight hours, and seldom spent an evening at home. That night, he and his wife had accepted an invitation to The Four Seasons.

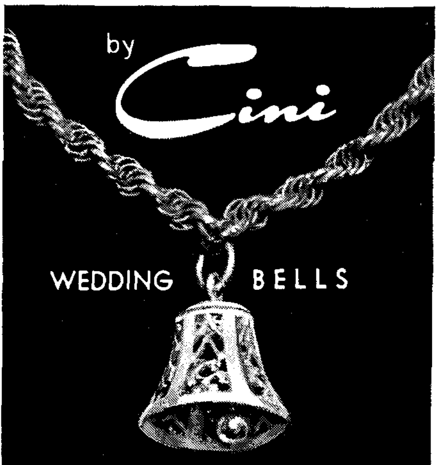
An enormous Picasso hangs there, eighteen feet high. Hoving said, looking up at the painting, "I would pay seventy-five thousand dollars for that. It's just beautiful."

His wife said, "Do you know how much the restaurant paid?"

"A hundred thousand," Hoving said, and his eyebrows bounced up and down.

EIGHTY-SECOND AND FIFTH

HOVING, wearing a turtleneck jersey and a sports coat, stood just inside the main entrance of the Metropolitan Museum. "Come in. Come in. Don't touch! Don't touch!" he said, and he turned and walked through the Great Hall, with his hands clasped behind his back. This was a Sunday morning in March, and the place was empty. His eyes swept the high, vaulted, train-station ceiling and ran down the grimy walls. He said, "Note the great space, the classical reminiscences, in 1911 style. We're going to sandblast. Shall we go to the Gyppies?" As he would have done twenty-five years ago, he went first to the halls of Egyptian art. His eye was caught by a stone relief of sailors in action. "People say that Egyptian art is pattern-repetitive," he said. "It isn't. Look at that rope disappear and reappear beyond the sail. This was utter realism to them. . . . Look here. . . ." The god Amun, from the Temple of Amun, at Karnak—pure gold, seven inches high. "That's one of the best pieces in the joint. How would you like to own *him*?" Having walked on through a roomful of Egyptian gold until a jewel casket that belonged, in 1900 B.C., to the Princess Sit Hat-Hor Yunet arrested his attention. He said, "Talk about Art Nouveau, Mies van der Rohe, or anything at all, this is just as beautiful as any piece of furniture made throughout history." In the Chapel of Ra-em-Kui, he stopped before a wall decorated with beasts. "Look



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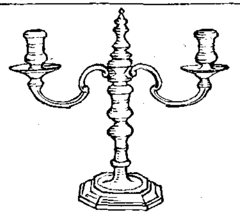

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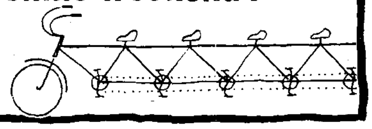

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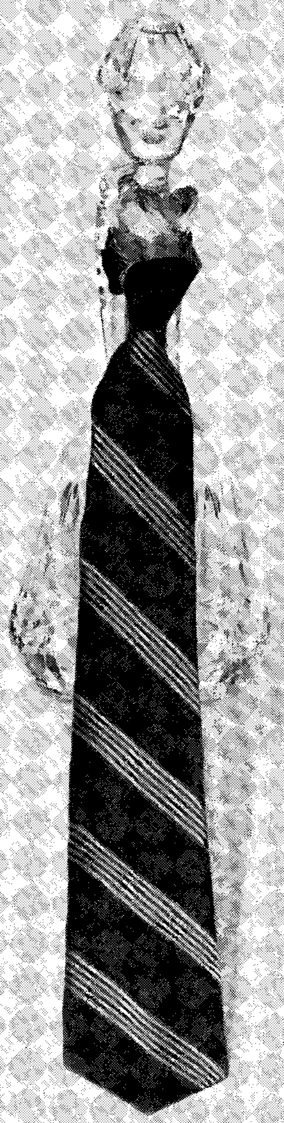

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at those horn shapes," he said. "That couldn't have been done by a people who had any written language but the hieroglyphic. If any other museum in this country had this chapel alone, it would consider itself to have an Egyptian collection." The government of the United Arab Republic has given the United States a temple from Dendur, below the Aswan Dam, in gratitude for the American money that helped save Abu Simbel. American museums were competing for the temple at that time, and Hoving wanted it very much. The stone of the temple is porous, and vulnerable to erosion in a humid climate. Hoving had had a new two-million-dollar wing designed (and approved by the Museum's trustees) just to hold the temple. As conceived by Hoving, the walls of the new wing would be sheer glass, so that the temple would be visible—most dramatically when illuminated at night—from Fifth Avenue and from the surrounding acreage of Central Park. Meanwhile, the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, his chief competitor, wanted to put the temple outdoors, on the bank of the Potomac. "They think they're going to dip it in something," Hoving said. "In our vast, glass case, it would glow like a work of art, which it is. That temple makes me so nervous I can't sleep." (It was awarded to the Metropolitan Museum on April 28th.)

Hoving wandered on through the Museum without pattern or plan, and kept quoting Rorimer: "What are the three things you like best? Pick three." Picking his own in the Ancient Near Eastern collection, he stopped by a sculpture in heavy black diorite. It had been carved from a cube, and very little of the cube had been removed in order to reproduce the likeness of Gudea, ruler of Lagash. "Look at that little black atom bomb," Hoving said. "That is one of the few pieces here I would take off and go lumping down the track with. This entire Ancient Near Eastern collection has been built up since the mid-nineteen-fifties. Look at that Syrian bull. How would you like to have *that* and touch it every day? When you consider that these Sassanian pieces weren't here ten years ago, you can see the sort of thing that can be done. People think this Museum is loaded, but I don't think we have enough. We should develop the pre-Columbian collection. Do you know how many great Nabataean bronzes we have? None. There may be stuff we have no idea of the existence of. The notion that we're supposed to collect only masterpieces is a little bit

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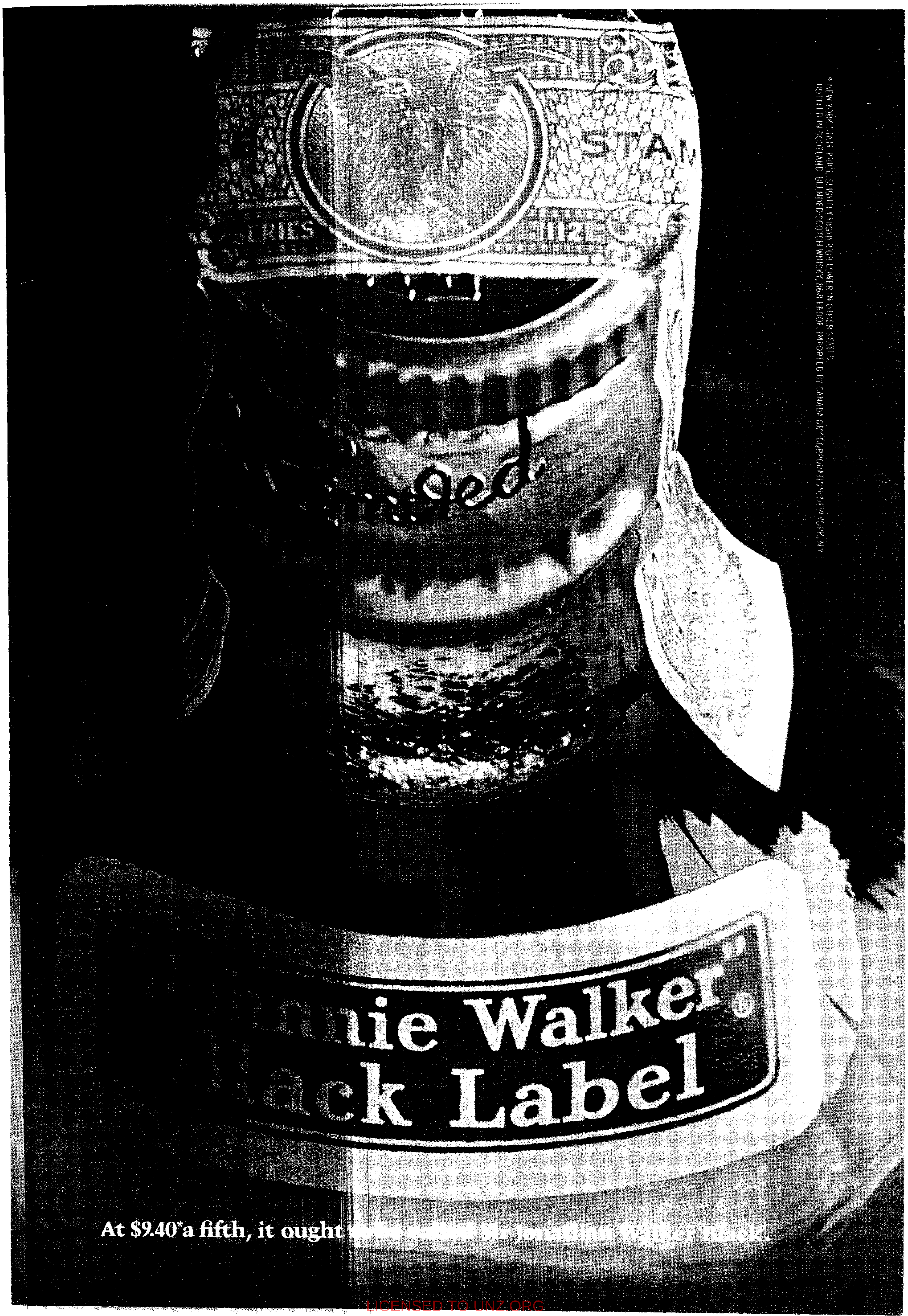
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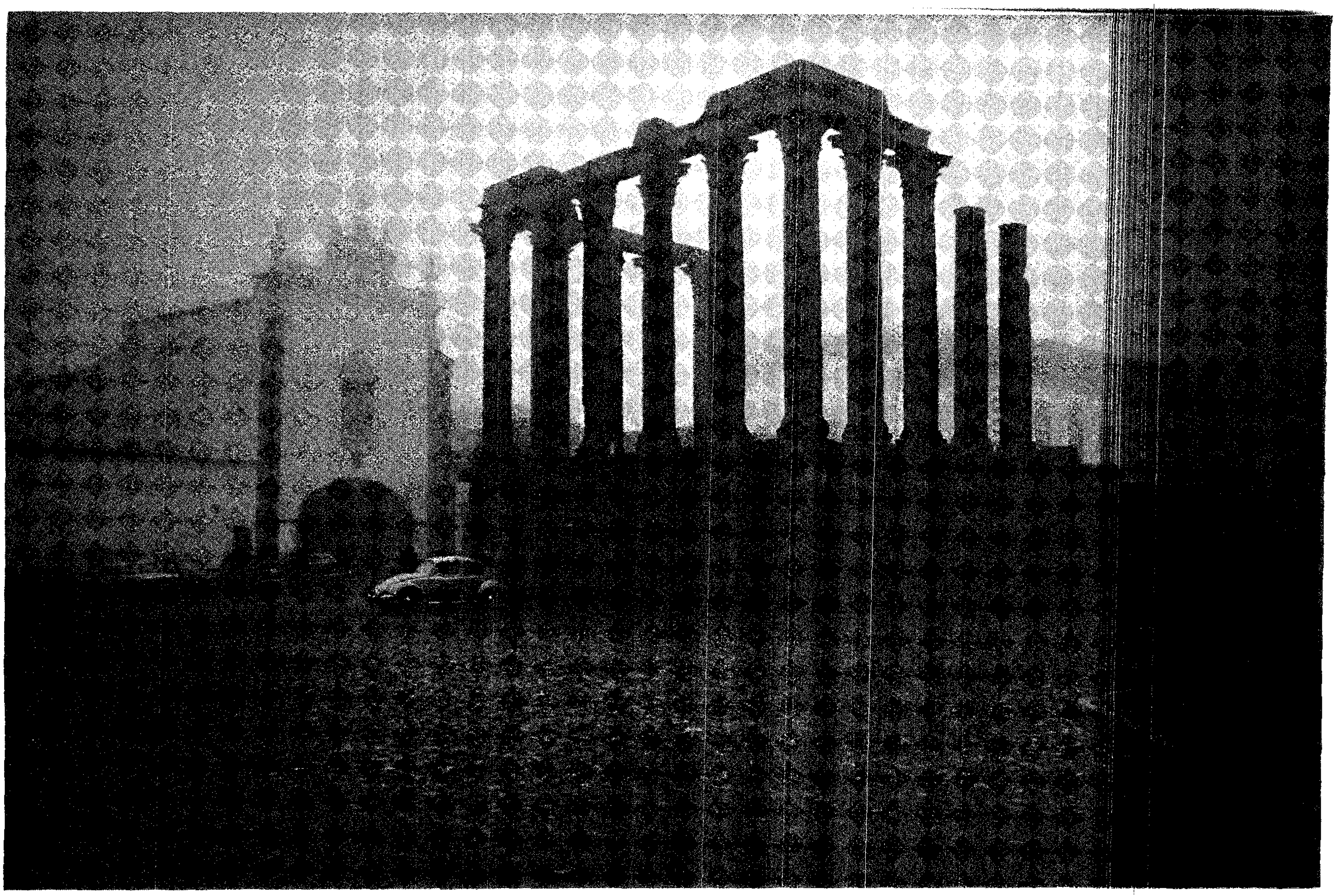

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false. Concepts of masterpieces change. We're collecting for five hundred years from now. We're after the top quality, but since the Museum is a great encyclopedia of man's achievement, we also collect backup material—footnotes and appendices to great chapters in art history. Every great treasure needs a supporting cast. Come on upstairs. I'll show you what I mean." A minute later, Hoving stood in a roomful of Rembrandts. The Museum has so many Rembrandts that they go around a corner and out into an antechamber as well. Hoving's attention settled on "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," which Rorimer bought for two million three hundred thousand dollars, and in which Aristotle wears over his shoulder a blue-gold and almost iridescent chain of honor, presumably given to him by Alexander the Great. "We have thirty-two Rembrandts," Hoving said. "The collection was outstanding before the 'Aristotle' arrived. But reaching out for it was important, because the 'Aristotle' became the preëminent Rembrandt in the collection. Look at that chain. That alone is worth two million three. We hate to put that figure down anywhere, but all you can say is—it was worth it. Look at the thought, the loneliness, in that human, moving face. When I learned the other day that the National Gallery had bought that Leonardo—the 'Ginevra de' Benci'—for six million dollars, I couldn't sleep all night. We should have reached for it. The reputation of the Metropolitan has always been based on its power to acquire things without reserve. A museum can lose that sort of knife-edge. It's a matter of attitude. If you lose that *one* day of going for the great thing, you can lose a decade. Any trustee should be able to write a check for at least three million dollars and not even feel it. We are a collecting institution, and mobility is the only thing that wins in this game of collecting—making a decision and moving out. If I live to the year 2000, before I die there will be a painting sold for twenty-five million—well, a work of art, not necessarily a painting." He stopped for a moment before two other Rembrandts—"Man with a Magnifying Glass" and "Lady with a Pink"—and said that in his opinion they were "on a level" with the "Aristotle." Close by was a painting called "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails." "That's not a Rembrandt," Hoving said. "It's probably Nicolaes Maes. The label says, 'Signed and dated Rembrandt, 1648.' There are subtleties in the museum

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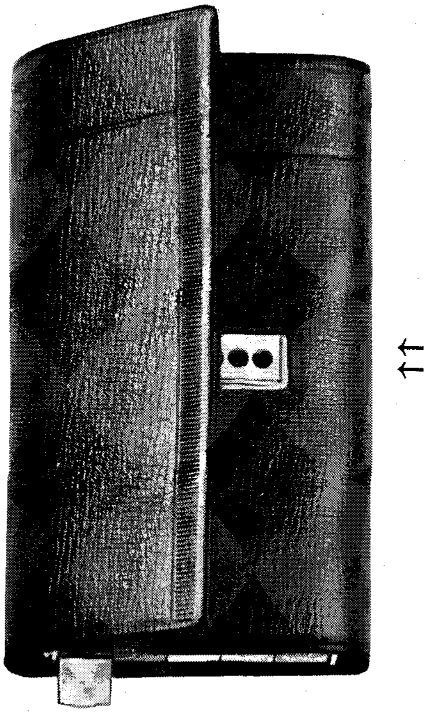

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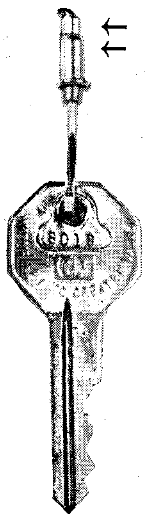

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business, let me tell you. Do you want to know what quality is? Come look at this." He took off as if he were a floorwalker on his way to the Hickey-Freeman suits. Finally, he stopped before a van Eyck, showing, in two panels, the Last Judgment and the Crucifixion, with green country, behind the cross, reaching away to snow-covered mountains. "In my opinion, this is A No. 1 in the Flemish collection," he said. "Why? Just look at it. The color. The drama. Possibly it is not van Eyck. The Alps bother me. Whatever it is, it is a great painting. Do you want to see my favorite picture in the Museum? This way. You know, people say art is long and life is fleeting. In my opinion, it is the other way around. Mummius bought all the great treasures of Lysippus and Praxiteles. Nothing remains. We don't have *a single thing* from the workshop of Praxiteles. Nothing is preserved from the vaunted collections of Rome. Private collections disappear quickest of all. You have to band together to last, and this is one of the arguments for a big museum. There it is—the Havemeyer Degas. Isn't that something?" He was standing in a roomful of French Impressionists, and his gaze was fixed on Degas's "Woman with Chrysanthemums," his own subjective choice as the treasure of treasures in the Museum. "There is something about it—I can't explain it, I don't know how to describe it," he said. "Keep looking at it. You have to stand here and hang into it. Absorb its nature. Forget the label. Ask yourself questions. Look at the thought in the woman's face. What is she thinking? What is she about to say? Everything clicks in this painting. It has classical assurance. Just as a flower piece, it is staggering. It's, for me, got every*thing*." He then walked away quickly, and, on his way out of the room, paused a moment in front of the full-lipped woman in Renoir's "By the Seashore." He said, "Look at the difference between this Renoir and that turgid portrait over there—when he began to sell out." He waved a thumb at Renoir's "Mme. Tilla Durieux." Then he went around a couple of corners and stopped at Cézanne's "Man with a Straw Hat" and, near it, Monet's "La Grenouillère" and "The Green Wave." All three were identified as having come from the Havemeyer Collection. "What an eye Mrs. Havemeyer had!" Hoving said. "She picked the best of the best. Wow! What an eye! All the ones that make you thump forward. Come look at this Goya." He moved like a ray through

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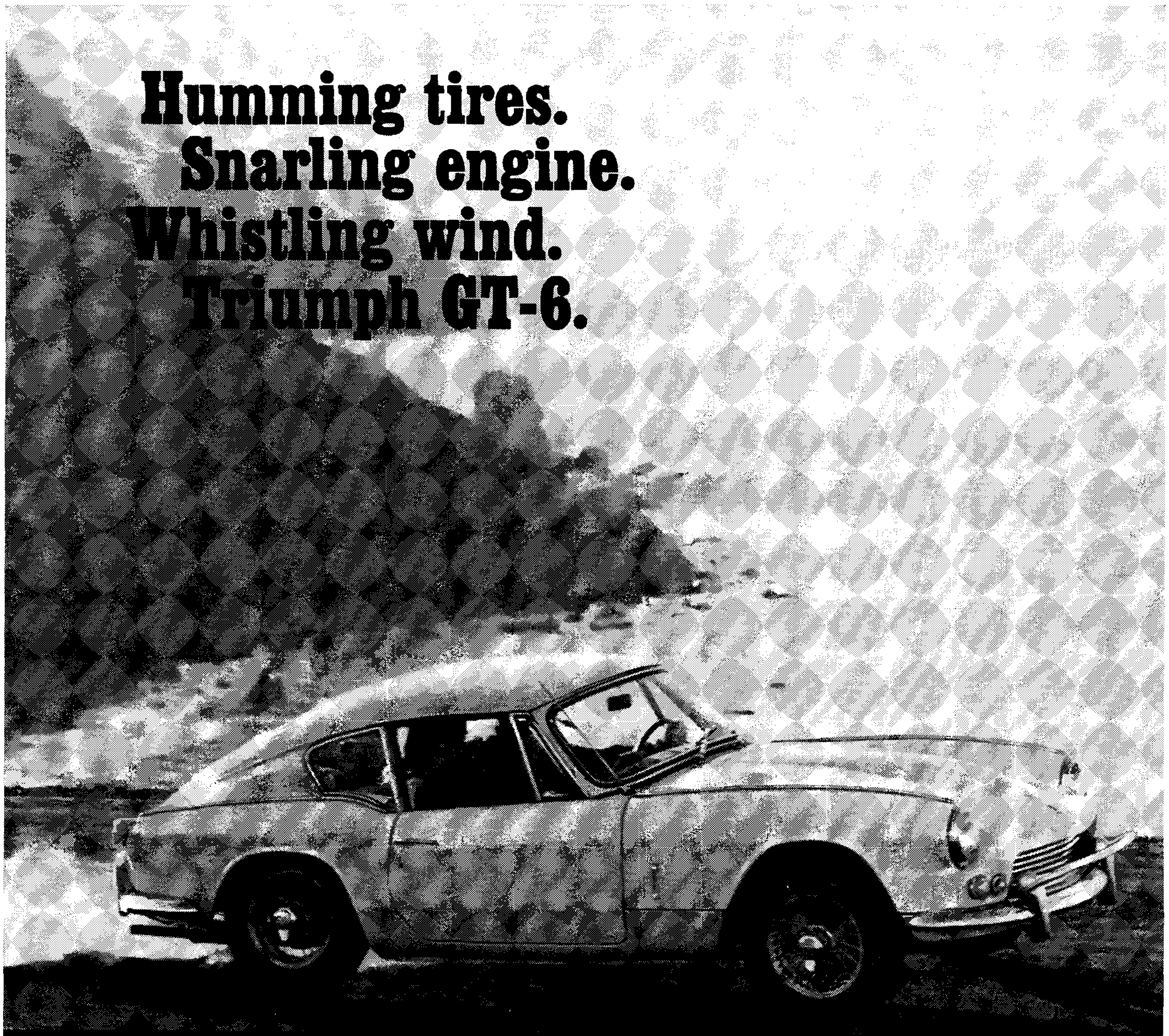

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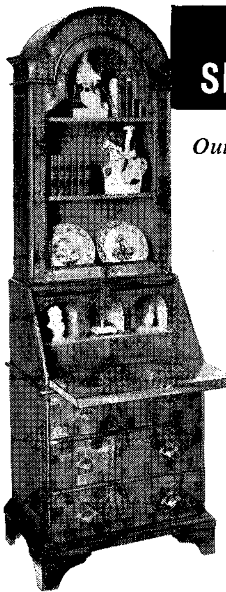
several walls until he stood before "A City on a Rock," in which a city stands on a butte above a battle scene of terrible bloodshed and burning flesh. "That's a stunning picture," Hoving said. "I don't know what it's all about. It made a great impression on me when I was fifteen years old. Some people think that it isn't a Goya, that it's too loose, but since it's a Havemeyer, I'd give it the benefit of the doubt. How many incorrectly attributed pieces there are in the Museum depends on who you talk to. With a million and a half things in the house, there have to be some errors. Look at these drawings." He was now walking through a temporary show of Goya drawings. "Our collection of Goya drawings is just sickeningly great," he went on. "About ninety per cent of all our prints and drawings are kept in storage, but don't let that mislead you. One of the great myths about the Museum is that lurking below the main floor are fabulous treasures. You bring most of them up and show them and—ickkk." He doubled back on himself and was soon standing before three enormous battle scenes—each on about a hundred and seventy-five square feet of canvas—by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. He said that he had bought them for the Museum in 1965, he was not sure where. His eyebrows moved up and down like brushes, somehow carrying the implication that he had walked out of Italy on stilts, with these great canvases rolled around his legs. "The Museum has never done anything slightly illegal," he said. "And you had better believe that. We are no more illegal in anything we have done than Napoleon was when he brought all the treasures to the Louvre. Our scope is excellent, but if I were to tell you what we want most, prices would go up—keep that in mind. Our collecting is done in secrecy. In the world of art, drop a spoon in Cleveland and ten seconds later they hear about it in Munich. Are you beginning to feel why I like going into the Museum? In The Cloisters, I was surrounded by objects—things, rather than people. I needed to get away from it for a while. After Jim Rorimer died, the six youngest trustees of the museum became a committee to choose a new director. As a trustee ex officio, I advised them not to get someone young, because a young man probably couldn't stay with it for thirty years. They brought this up again when they hired me, and all I could say to them was that it is one of the onuses of the board of trustees to decide when to get rid of a director. I don't really know what I'm going



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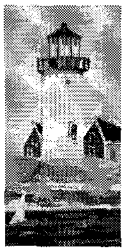

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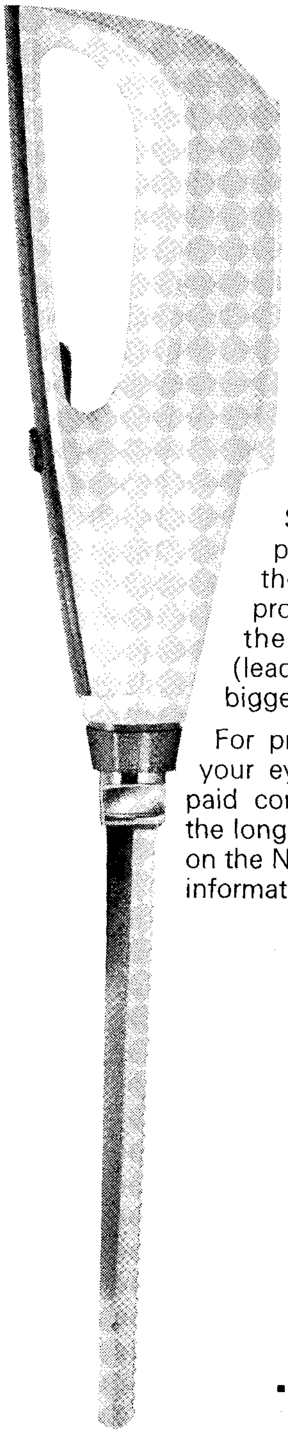

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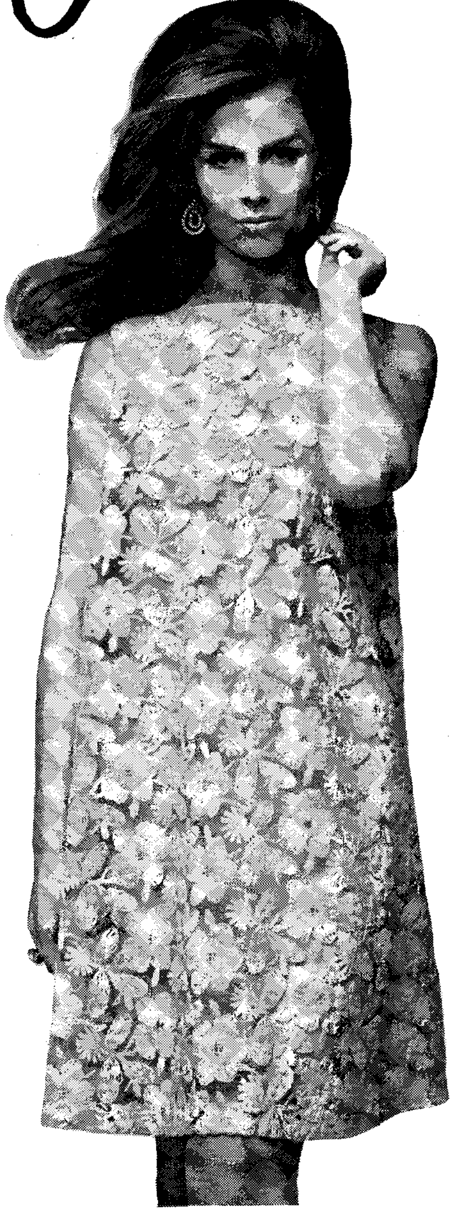

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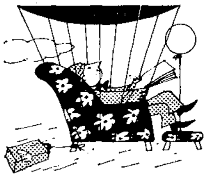
to do. Flamboyant promises come out during political campaigns, but, hell, the Museum has a fine structure and its intentions have been clear since it was chartered in 1870. We collect, preserve, exhibit, and educate. My job is to make the Museum sensitive to its time and to people living in that time. When I see an area where I want to collect—maybe because I see a gap, maybe because a great piece has come on the market—my only standard will have to be over-all quality. I'll have to think very deeply about what the work of art does, not only in its aesthetic nature but in its historical and humanistic nature—how it sums up its time, how it expresses its creator. You build with an eye to having as few gaps as possible, and you try to fill some of your own gaps as well. God knows, *I* have plenty of them—prints, Oriental art, American painting, American sculpture. My expertise is medieval, but I hope that I know quality. Jim Rorimer was a medievalist, but that didn't stop him. From collecting Rembrandts, for example. There's another kind of gap I'd like to bridge, too—the one that exists between museums and universities. The relationship is now one of some suspicion on both sides. Museum people think of professors as too theoretical, dull, chained to an iconographical point of view, immersed in photographs, lacking in connoisseurship. University people think of museum people as dilettantes, not well trained and bent toward social activity. In Europe, the museum man is more on the level of the professor. We have good people and we need more. We should have endowed chairs here, and a scholarly journal. We need a firmer foundation of scholarship. The Museum has a great scholarly contribution to make. On the popular side, we have to find a better way to educate the people who come in here—thirty-six thousand on a Sunday afternoon alone. We need some kind of storefront, a place near the door where they can go and, through modern media, be prepared for the task of looking, and for the scope of what we have. In the age of television, the contemplative attitude that people once took before paintings has left us. You don't have to be Marshall McLuhan to figure that out. The way to get people to *see* the paintings now is to tell them what they're looking at. I'm not a great fan of our tape-recorded guides. They don't go far enough. I'd like to put in a system of jacks under each painting, each work of art, of major importance. There could be a jack for religious symbolism,



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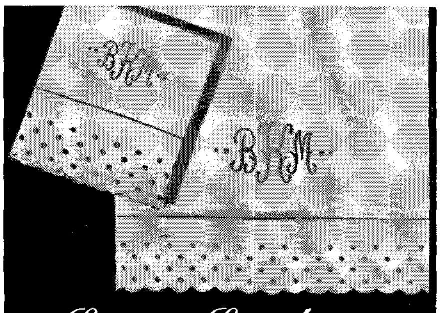

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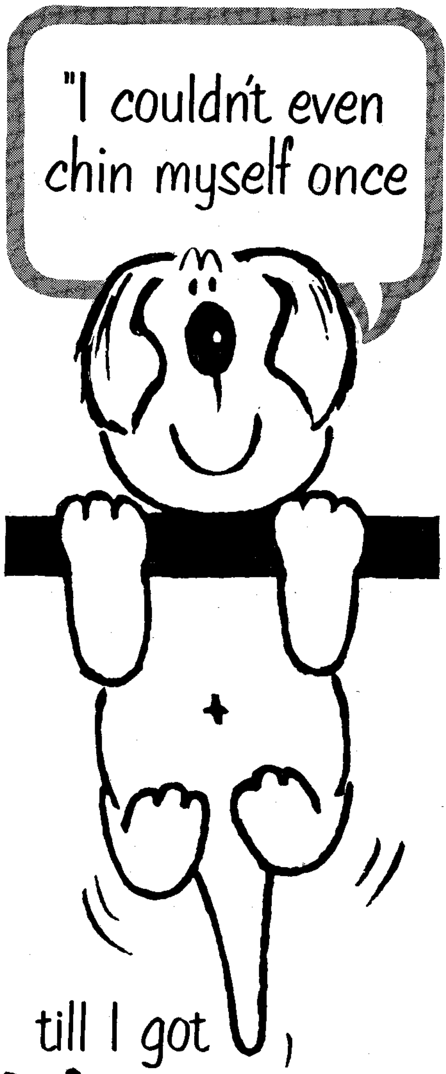
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a jack for quick biography of the artist, a jack for general history, another for technique. You plug yourself into the jacks and learn as much as you want to. To set up something like that throughout the Museum might cost several hundred thousand dollars, but that's nothing. In the decorative arts, the hyper-ideal is to show things to people as if they had them in their hands. That's all I can say. Now I have to go do it. Gene Moore, who does windows at Tiffany, is coming here to do a display of Greek gold, silver, and jewels. I'd like to do that sort of thing throughout the place—use industrial designers, interior decorators. As a general thing, we should be unobtrusive, but in the past we have been so unobtrusive that objects have suffered for it. Also, we've been criticized for not having enough shows, and that's right. We're about to do one called 'In the Presence of Kings.' We have twenty-two hundred objects, from all over the Met, that are known to have been intimately associated with rulers. About six hundred of them will be in the exhibition. We have Marie Antoinette's dog kennel. I'm going to do the tape for the 'King' show myself. I'll improvise it." He stopped and looked up at Salvador Dali's "Crucifixion," and an expression of distaste came over his face. "A remarkable example of modern Spanish painting," he said, blinking three times, rapidly.

The empty rooms were suddenly filled with the sound of footsteps, and a group of men and women walked past with an assistant to Hoving whose name is Harry Parker. "Actors," Hoving explained. "They're rehearsing fragments of plays that they will do in front of paintings: Pirandello in front of Pollock, 'Phèdre' among the Greek amphorae—that sort of thing. People will just come upon them unexpectedly; nothing will be scheduled. It's Harry's idea. I don't know the point of it, but I know it will work. Come look at this Bingham. . . ." The canvas, by George Caleb Bingham (1811-79), shows two men in a canoe on a smooth river, with a dark lupine animal in the bow, and is called "Fur Traders Descending the Missouri." "This will stack up to any painting done in Europe in that period," Hoving continued. "People have been over-Europeanized. The expatriate influence is still on us. Americans, dissatisfied with American life, went to Europe, and praised what they saw. They had no eye for what had gone on here. Two hundred years from now, people will look all this over

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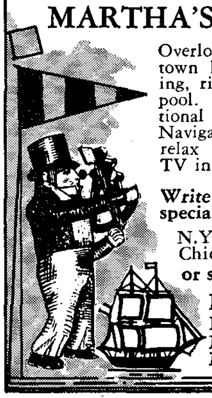

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and reëvaluate it for what it is. It will all reshuffle itself." He drifted on into the first of several rooms full of modern American paintings, stopped to adjust a cushion on a Mies van der Rohe chair, and looked for a moment out of a window that faced Central Park. Two bicyclists, riding side by side, moved north up the Park drive. "What three things do you like best?" he said, and he turned to face Larry Poons' "Tristan da Cunha," a particularly effective piece of optical art—many pink eggs on a bright-orange field—which cannot be closely observed without a certain optical pain. "Most Op Art is mechanical and not subtle," Hoving said. "This one captures you and draws you within it. Take any still-life painter from the Dutch to Cézanne. They're just putting *things* onto canvas. There's no reason it can't be done this way." He crossed the room to Jackson Pollock's "Autumn Rhythm," which to an unsympathetic eye could appear to be a drop cloth over which a ceiling was painted black, brown, and gold by a man with a shaking hand. "This is a great painting," Hoving said. "It takes a long time to figure out why. You know, the Japanese once did ceramics that they deliberately broke. They would make a crack in a perfect pot. It fascinated them—one haphazard imperfection in something otherwise perfectly formed. This Pollock has some of that element. It seems haphazard, but the forms are there. Look at that series of ellipses hunched in the center. When I look at it, I don't think. I just look at all the shapes. It's big. Limitless." Then he walked on, past twenty or thirty canvases, and stopped before Charles Demuth's "I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold," which possibly contains as much action as any work that could be done on canvas. The figure 5, repeated twice, emerges out of what appears to be a pattern of architectural fragments, an urban vortex, centered on a bright-red metallic engine that is hurtling who knows where. "In collecting modern paintings, we try to decide what are the best pieces that a man has done," Hoving said. "Then we try to get the absolute best one—the best, without any question, that he has ever done. That's what it's all about." He went over to another window and stood there looking out for a moment before continuing. "I once had a secret wish to become director of the Museum of Modern Art, but I really couldn't be happy in any museum but this one," he said. "I couldn't stand being categorized into one era."

—JOHN MCPHEE

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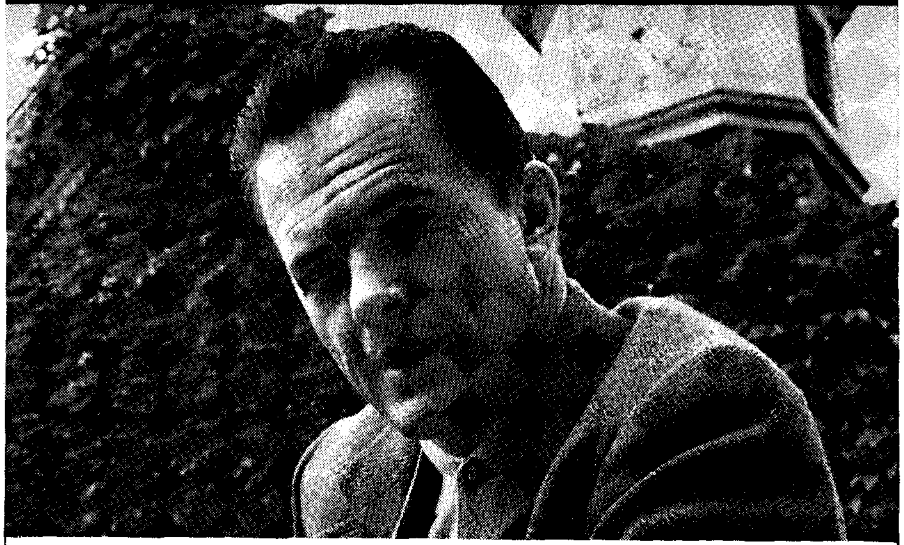

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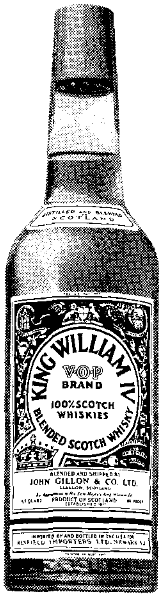

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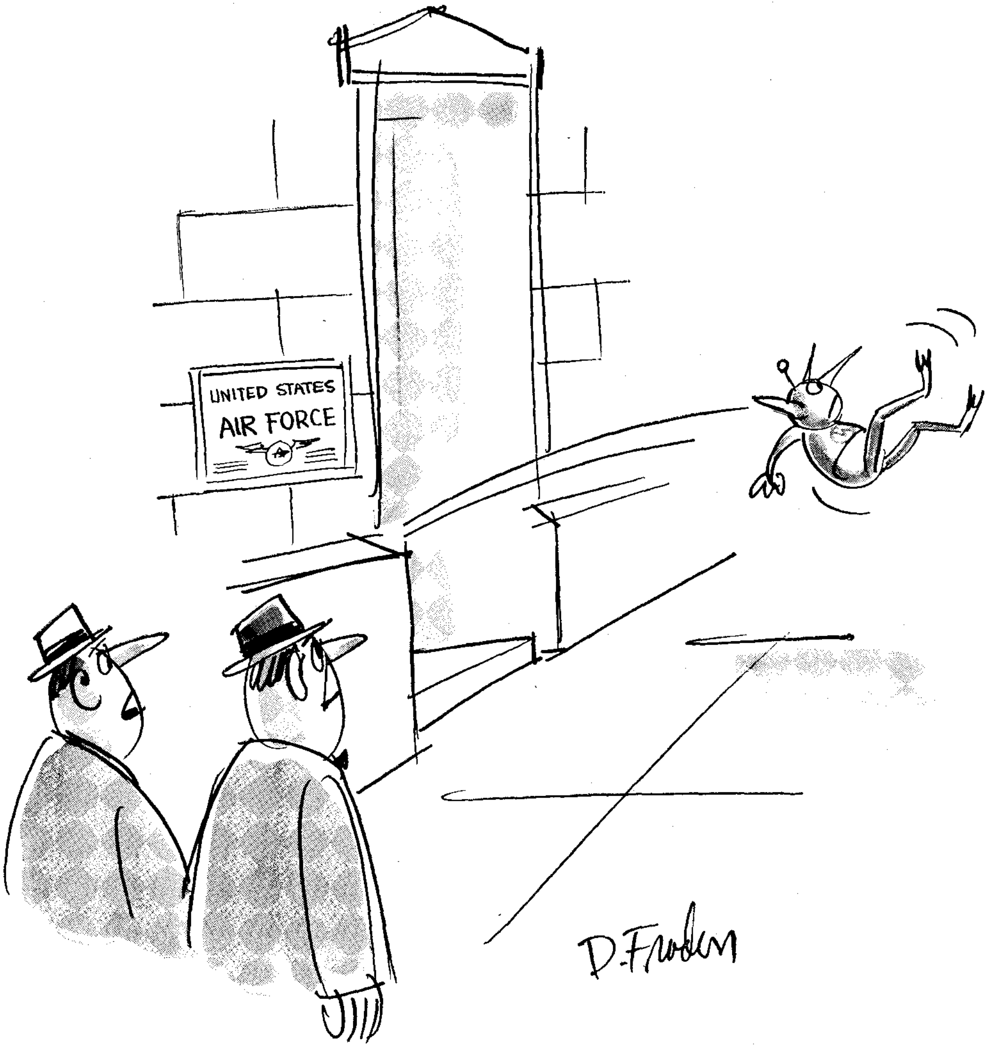
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"THE EXPERIMENT," by David Halliwell and David Calderisi, is another of those inside jokes that keep cropping up, this one trying for satire (via parody) and muffing it, though not completely. The targets are legitimate setups. They are all those elaborate affectations of style that cannot quite camouflage the staid, conventional emptiness of the current avant-garde theatre. Although "The Experiment" is an importation from England, it must have gone through considerable adapting en route, since it certainly seems to apply to what is going on in New York right this minute. In its production at the Orpheum it misses—partly because nobody around seems to sense the natural cutoff point of a gag or routine or to know a good one from a bad one, and partly because the members of the cast blur the moments that should be sharp with too much silly arm-waving and with too many self-congratulatory antics. (It must also be said that on occasion their relish for what they think they are doing has its appealing side.) They are supposed to represent "terrible actors, the worst in the business"—a feat that perhaps only the best actors in the business could have pulled off. The evening consists of a series of takeoffs. There is no plot, but there is a framework of sorts. A company in rehearsal clothes assembles onstage to meet an itinerant director who is going to put on a documentary about the assassination of President Garfield, using a set of improvisations that illustrate different modes, or perhaps just different mannerisms, of acting. These skits are interrupted from time to time by hoked-up film clips of events back in 1881. The clips are thoroughly tiresome, but the show is not. There are a few entertaining scenes and a few barbs that hit home, among them a funeral march with everyone masked and dressed in black. When Joy Martin, as Garfield's widow, weeps into a lace handkerchief, she is sharply reminded by the director, "This is the Brecht scene. You must be detached. Make the audience think, not feel." In a "classical" scene—a mindless ragbag of blank-verse misquotations—Rik Pierce is quite funny as one of those oafish, gabby, compulsively metaphoric Shakespearean clowns, and in what may be meant to be a low-class highbrow scene, Barbara Ann Teer, all flashing smiles, does an engaging striptease, bumping and grinding to an advanced jazz combo. There is also much larking around, in an aimless kind of way, with Expressionism. "Aimless," in fact, is the word for the performance as a whole, and the last word one should have to use for satire, of all things.



"How long do you suppose they'll go on shutting their eyes to the obvious?"

SURELY there have been worse plays, line by line, than "Harold" and "Sondra"—a pair of one-acters by Frederick Feirstein that were presented, in reverse order, last week at the Provincetown—but I cannot remember any that were more annoying or more obviously beguiled by their own depressing whimsey. The only reason for mentioning the show, even through clenched teeth, is that the actors concerned—much better than the usual run—included Jennifer West (who was so good in the original production of LeRoi Jones' "Dutchman"), Martin Huston, and Ben Yaffee. They and their colleagues could be considered victims not only of the dramatist but of the director, Vasek Simek, who appeared to have forsworn clarity in favor of a clutch of adorable little tricks. Both plays consisted of variations on a single theme—the insensitivity of everybody (except, presumably, Mr. Feirstein) to everybody else. The theme of "Sondra" was provided by the actual murder of Catherine Genovese within earshot of her craven, dead-hearted neighbors; the theme of

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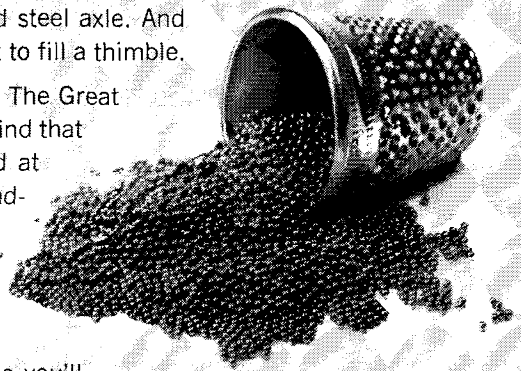

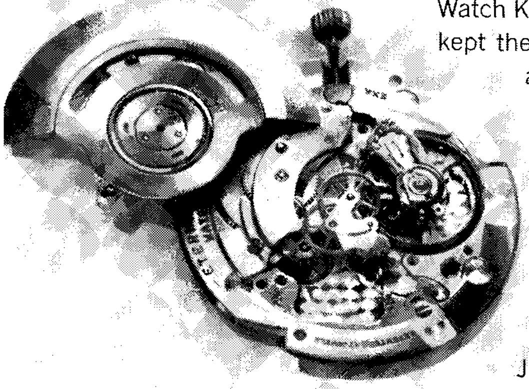

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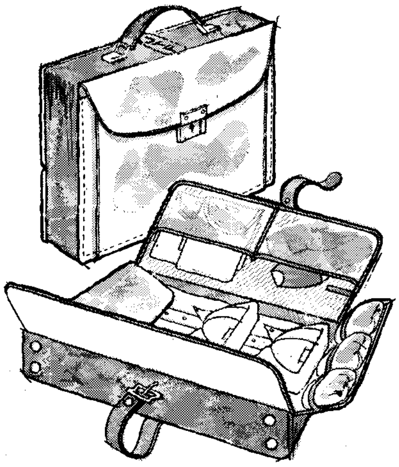

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"Harold" was set forth in a bickery family reunion.

FOR all its air of now-you-see-it-now-you-don't, "The Party on Greenwich Avenue," a first play by Grandin Conover, which lingered briefly at the Cherry Lane, was sometimes funny and never boring. The party of the title, a psychedelic spree, took place in Act II (or, more precisely, *was* Act II) on a stage strung with bright, spinning transparencies in various shapes and colors and decorated with a revolving cardboard Statue of Liberty, cardboard drawings of a male and a female nude, and tires covered in shining paper. (Rouben Ter-Arutunian was responsible for the imaginative setting.) The first act could be considered just a prelude to the second. A girl called Salad, a waifish Village sparrow, is picked up by an agreeable, ineffectual soul named Roy, just arrived from the South with a pack on his back and a guitar under his arm. She takes him home with her. Once there, she subjects the poor fellow to a sizable spate of chic "inside" patter about sex, but when the talk runs down they go to bed. Their affair progresses nicely, and she starts dreaming about leading a more orderly life. A burly nun, who turns out to be a masquerading man—a Negro friend of Salad's named Roosevelt—comes to call. Sizable spate of homosexual chitchat. Roosevelt announces that he plans to throw a psychedelic party there that night and split the take with Salad. She is against it but is outvoted. When Roy asks what the guests will do, she replies, "Just talk dirty and act superior"—a line that lights up most of what has gone on Off Broadway this past season. Among the guests at the party is a couple named Radamacher, as square as they come, from Red Bank, New Jersey. Bringing them on is a whiskery comic device—the innocents among the know-it-alls—but it worked, as it always does. The Radamachers, as played by Philip Sterling and Carolyn Coates, were very funny, but in a traditional, theatrical kind of way, so that a scene in which Roosevelt forced drugs upon them was more frivolous than harrowing or gruelling. There was considerable general activity, and rock-'n'-roll music blared from a loudspeaker. Then everything quieted down for an interlude of True Confessing and reassurance and hangover.

The production, as is the case with all those by Albee, Barr, and Wilder at the Cherry Lane, was extremely good. The actors, under Richard Altman's

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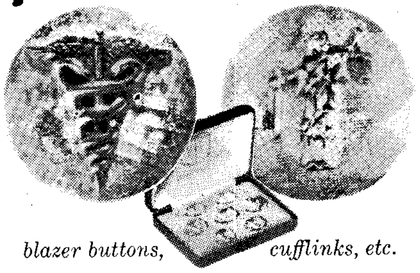

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direction, did well, especially Clarence Williams III, who made Roosevelt as sinister as he was amusing with never a falter, and Joyce Aaron, who gave a touching reality to Salad. The dramatist showed an aptitude for invention, humorous and otherwise, and though there seemed to be much too much writing going on, some of it sounded quite effective. What was hard, though, was to tell just where he stood on the matter of drugs and their effects. At times, when various characters under the influence of drugs started spilling their assorted beans, one did get the uncomfortable feeling that wisdom was supposedly being dispensed; on the other hand, one got the feeling, too, that Mr. Conover had misgivings of his own about these psychedelic monkeyshines. If so, it must be said that he also got a lot of mileage out of them. That party was as much a rubberneck tourist attraction for the audience as it was for the poor, sucked-in Radamachers.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The March of Bairro Alto
Known any where as so
Puts my breast startled over bow!
This *March of Machado*,
Go all of us, therein to sing,
Sing all of us, my folk.
The march goes there, over passing,
All folk are content from the yoke.

REFRAIN
Let us go therein to sing,
That the march over passing
Whith small arcs and balloons by parts
Has so much harmoniousness,
Brings so much joyfulness,
For animating the hearts.
At this march of ours
Which is mine and yours
We will sing pleased under bow,
Let us cry loudly under halo:
This is Bairro Alto,
This is the *March of Machado*

This march is a nosegay
Of a good disposition,
Take of all us a small arc, holiday,
For giving more animation;
I already have trimmed a bow,
And I cry proudly as I please:
This *March of Machado*
Smells of Fado from Portuguese.
REFRAIN

—*Card picked up at the Machado Restaurant, in Lisbon.*

You got any waltzes? With no odor?

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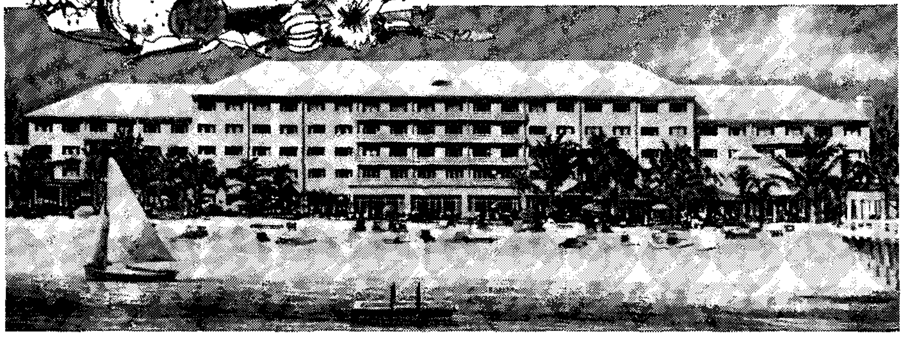

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MUSICAL EVENTS

To Be or Not to Be

THIS week, Leonard Bernstein's two-year-long series of Philharmonic programs devoted to "Symphonic Forms in the Twentieth Century" comes to a close. The choice of items for performance has tended toward either the established or the chic. No new composers of any stature have been discovered, though there may conceivably be some who deserve to be. The future of the symphonic art, it seems to me, is not bright. As the sociologists are always reminding us, there are a hundred reasons our era has to be one of radical change—technology, social revolution (peaceful or otherwise), alteration of age-old moral ideas, a smaller world with rapid communication, new drugs for old ailments, and so on. The magnificent products of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries still form the basic listening matter of our musical audiences, deep though we are in the twentieth century. And, thank heaven, this tremendous heritage is not lost to us. But it is quite obvious to those who watch the musical scene that profound change is taking place there. Skills like counterpoint and fugue are now taught briefly as archaic techniques, and the student of composition is welcomed on to twelve-tone composing almost before he knows what the art of music is about. What he writes thereafter is usually of little interest to the musical public. Composers like Milton Babbitt have, in fact, stated that their music is not intended for any public at all. And the idea of musical "immortality"—of writing for "future generations"—has been discounted by other composers. Nobody seems to wish—perhaps because nobody is able—to make a musical statement that will stand the test of time. And since composers today are dependent for their livelihoods not on public popularity but on foundation grants, there is no particular reason that they should attempt to please or move their listeners as they did in the era from Monteverdi to Strauss and Puccini.

The Russians, by official fiat, tried for a long time to stem the tide. They insisted that their composers write music designed for audiences, but now even the Russians have given way. It is apparently no use trying to uphold the old standards of symphonic music. The symphonic composition as we know it is dying. The great art of the performer (concerned largely with the masterpieces of the past) lives on. How much longer will *his* art be able to survive? For a very long time, I suspect. But institutions like the symphony orchestra are endangered. The last great practitioners of the symphonic art—Sibelius, Strauss, Prokofieff, Bartók, Shostakovich, Stravinsky—appear to have taken symphonic music to the point where further originality in the medium is virtually impossible. Arnold Schoenberg, by a sudden leap, around 1911, made it actually impossible as far as his own music was concerned; a serial symphony is a contradiction in terms. All the propulsive mechanisms of the symphony—consonance and dissonance, modulation (the passage to unexpected keys and the return to the main key), themes recognizable by the average listener, and so on—were cast aside by Schoenberg, and much of the world's subsequent composing has followed his lead. No great symphonies await us up this road. A couple of towering geniuses could change the direction, but their appearance today is unlikely, if only because the ethos of tradition and stability on which the great music of the past stood has shifted. There are, however, other options. There is the art of opera, which is not likely to die easily, and which is so protean in its possibilities that it can accommodate itself to nearly any social situation. The American Indians had a sort of opera—ceremonial and narrative—before we conquered them. The ancient Greek drama was apparently a variety of opera, chanted according to definite rules. Homer and the Mahabharata were, it is probable, originally sung. It is no coincidence that this aged, perennial art form has been the source of the most interesting and moving works recently created by composers.

The fact is that the symphony as an art form showed signs of disintegration long before the turn of the century. Debussy and Strauss paid little attention to it. Mahler so changed its form that it often became a musical narrative or a symphonic song cycle in his hands. And, of course, the symphony has tended to change its form from the very moment it was created. The greatest composers at the end of the nineteenth century, with the exception

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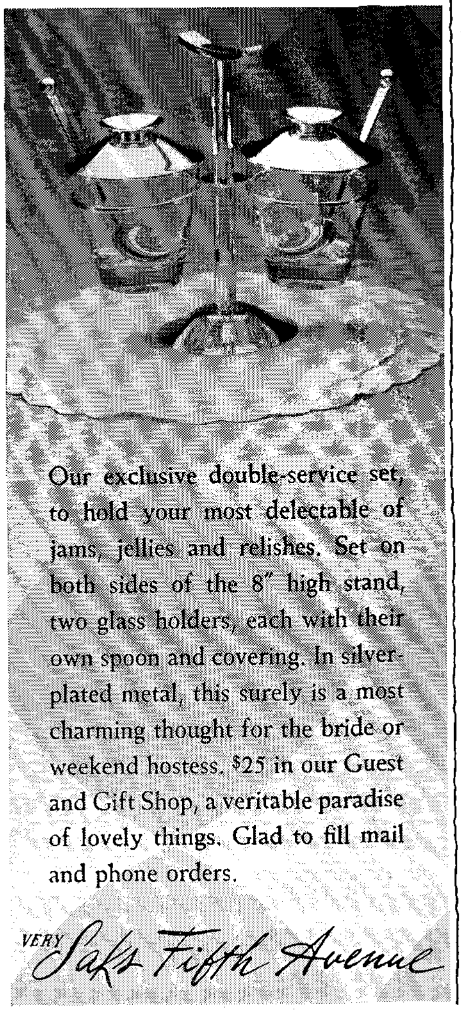

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of a few like Sibelius, were turning elsewhere, and their successors, though they have at times paid tribute to the form in a rather academic way, have not come forward with much that is impressive in symphonic music. Most modern symphonies are somewhat like academic theses—demonstrations of their composers' technical competence, nothing more.

The death of the symphony, *sensu stricto*, does not necessarily imply the death of the symphony orchestra. There are other forms suitable to it, and the ritual of the symphony concert is not likely to disappear overnight. The trouble is that there is little in the music of contemporary composers that can rival the great symphonies of the past, and that the younger generation of composers is not even interested in the type of music that *might* rival them. It is concerned with electronics, mathematical systems, and Dadaism—the last being an attempt to destroy artistic tradition. Dada has often been described as a variety of humor, but its main impulse is hostility and its object destruction. It may be that our tradition *has* to be destroyed so that some new significant tradition can be evolved, but no new tradition of any significance is in sight. The avant-garde music of the twentieth century will, I venture to predict, be forgotten in the twenty-first, but I am certain that the great music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries will still be remembered. And it will be remembered because it was part of a great tradition. Important works of music are not created independently of other works. It would be as difficult for an important work of music to be created without a tradition as it would be for a novel to be created without a language. This is a point that is often overlooked today, when the aesthetic of the plastic arts is supreme. Music is not at all like painting; it is very much like literature.

Mr. Bernstein's program last Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall consisted of Bartók's Second Concerto for Violin and Orchestra and Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony. The performance of both works was admirable, Isaac Stern, the violinist in the first, exhibiting prodigies of technique and athletic endurance. The Shostakovich symphony remains, after many hearings, a composition of remarkable eloquence, especially in its last two movements, but it shows, inevitably, the eclecticism of its period. Its Allegretto, if it were lost, and found again without the composer's name attached to it, would undoubtedly be identified by any

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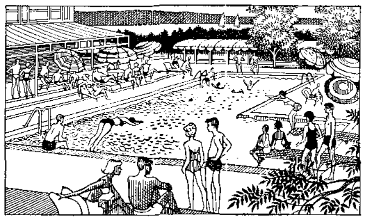

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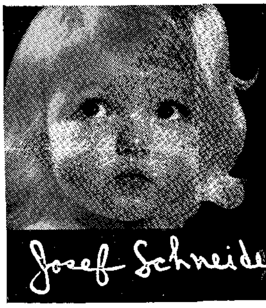

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knowledgeable musicologist as a rather good work by Gustav Mahler.

BALLET is largely a performers' art, and it is going great guns. Last Tuesday night, at the State Theatre, I attended the première of the first evening-length "Swan Lake" ever done by a professional American company, though it took an Englishman, David Blair, of the Royal Ballet, to stage it. It was presented by the American Ballet Theatre, with scenery by Oliver Smith and costumes by Freddy Wittop, and it was, on the whole, a pretty splendid affair. The principals—Toni Lander and Bruce Marks—did quite nobly. Miss Lander was just a bit better as Odile than as Odette. She is a brilliant artist, but one who has not as yet probed all the drama of the latter role. Mr. Marks was a surprise—a fine leaper, with all the elegance of bearing demanded—and Paul Sutherland, as Benno, was also superb. The sets and costumes were handsome and lavish. The corps de ballet performed excellently. Only the lighting, by Jean Rosenthal, disappointed me.

LAST Friday night, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House to see three items performed by the Royal Ballet. The first, Ashton's "The Dream," I have already commented on, but it had a different cast this time, with Jennifer Penney as Titania and Robert Mead as Oberon, and the quality of their dancing was a tribute to this troupe's apparently inexhaustible supply of fine leading dancers. Next on the program was Ashton's "Monotones," to music by Satie—an abstract ballet danced in leotards and caps by Antoinette Sibley, Georgina Parkinson, Michael Coleman, Vyvyan Lorrayne, Anthony Dowell, and Mr. Mead. I found it pleasant and occasionally moving. The program ended with "Paradise Lost," a concoction by Roland Petit to music—or, at any rate, a shapeless succession of sound effects—by Marius Constant. The motions were nearly all borrowed from Martha Graham, and were not executed with the conviction that her troupe gives to them. Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev were the dancers, and, I must say, I thought that their magnificent talents were wasted.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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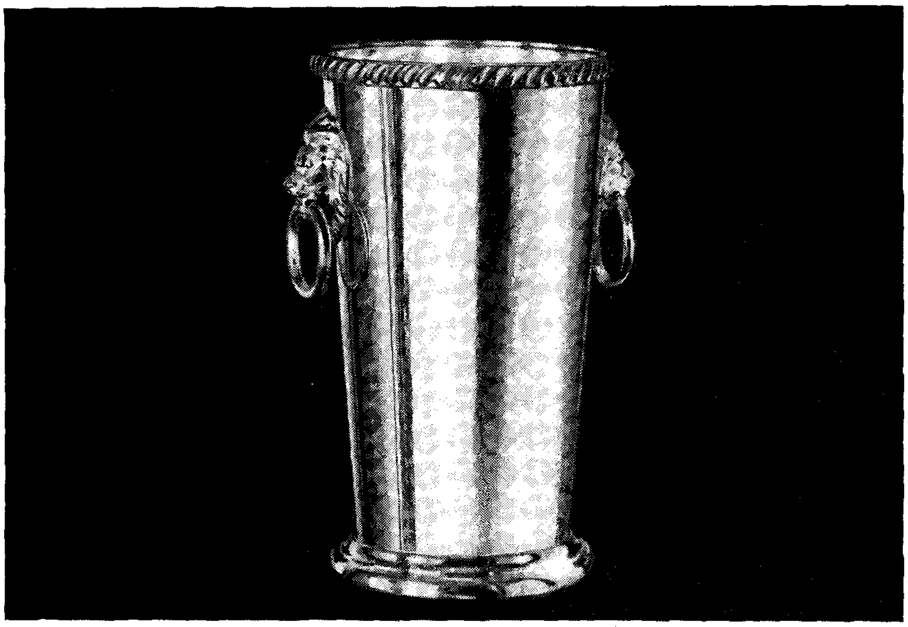

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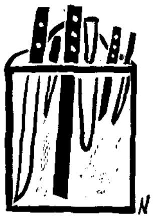
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



THE home craftsman enjoys a reputation for harmless idiocy that is perhaps not altogether undeserved. The current catalogue of Albert Constantine & Son, a large purveyor of woods and woodworking supplies, gives a list of a hundred and one things for its customers to make at home, including, among other "stimulating projects and ideas," a set of "smart-looking" TV-dinner trays, a gavel for the club president, a portable snack bar, and a replica of "The Last Supper" made of five hundred and seventy-seven precut pieces of veneer. I have seen even more stimulating projects described in the pages of the popular do-it-yourself journals, and consequently I was not surprised by the looks of concern that appeared on the faces of my friends when I told them that I was learning woodworking at a local workshop for amateurs. But they needn't have worried, for Doing It Yourself, as I propose to demonstrate, isn't *always* a matter of doing something to be ashamed of.

Your Workshop, at 417 East 75th Street, was started a few years ago on the assumption that there are people in the city who want to make things out of wood but are prevented from doing so by the facts of apartment life. The workshop, on the ground floor of a warehouse, is furnished with all the power tools, stationary and portable, used in woodworking today, and there are ten workbenches, each equipped with a set of the basic hand tools. Hours are from three-thirty to six-thirty Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and from seven-thirty to eleven the same evenings, and from nine-thirty to one and from one to four-thirty Saturdays, during all of which times the owner, Samuel L. Kuhn, a retired management engineer, and John Pranter and Wolfgang Schmidt, professional cabinetmakers, are on hand for as much or little instruction or assistance as one may need. The fee is $6 per session, or one may purchase a book of tickets for twelve sessions; $70 for beginners and $60 for people who already know what they are doing. (Materials are extra, of course, and can be bought on the premises.) On my first visit to Your Workshop, I was struck by the quality and utility of the things that the people there were working on—one man was making a round table with cabriole legs that was based on a museum piece, another was making a chess table, another a cabinet with intricate Spanish Provincial panels—which rendered terms like "hobbyist" or "occupational therapy" totally out of place there. Being a rank beginner, I was assigned a conventional beginner's project—a breadboard, composed of five pieces of wood that were to be cut and put together in such a way as to involve the major power tools and to teach some of the rudiments of joinery. A rough sketch was drawn, dimensions were decided upon, and before I knew it I was operating a circular saw under the watchful and faintly amused eye of Mr. Pranter. After a while, my color returned, and as I found myself growing less and less afraid of the machines I became more and more impressed by what they could do. The Machine may be against Life, but it certainly saves one a lot of work. The few operations I did with hand tools were tedious and strenuous, and were entirely unaccompanied by the glow of pride in workmanship one is supposed to feel when doing something disagreeable. I felt, if anything, downcast about the poor job I was doing. Mr. Pranter's pedagogical technique was to demonstrate each step on a piece of scrap wood. I would follow suit on the pieces of ash that were to become the breadboard, and upon seeing what I had done he would either say, "Well, that's not too bad," and move on to the next step or, if it was, show me how to correct the mistake, when possible, or direct me to cut my losses, as it were, when not. (The finished project is quite a bit smaller than the original plan stipulated.)

I completed the breadboard in three sessions, and it now reposes in state on my kitchen table. I sometimes take it out of its glass case and cut a lemon on it. Last week, I saw one just like it at Bloomingdale's that cost $3 and was rather better made. But I would not have learned in the course of buying it, as I did in the course of making it, how to bore holes in wood, how to make a tongue-and-groove joint and a spline joint, what to do with a planer, a scraper, a circular saw, and an electric sander, and how to apply glue and clamps. Also, as a sort of extracurricular activity, I was taught the use of the jigsaw and the lathe. With such a solid grounding, there is no limit to the things one can go on to make if one has the slightest aptitude for the work. It

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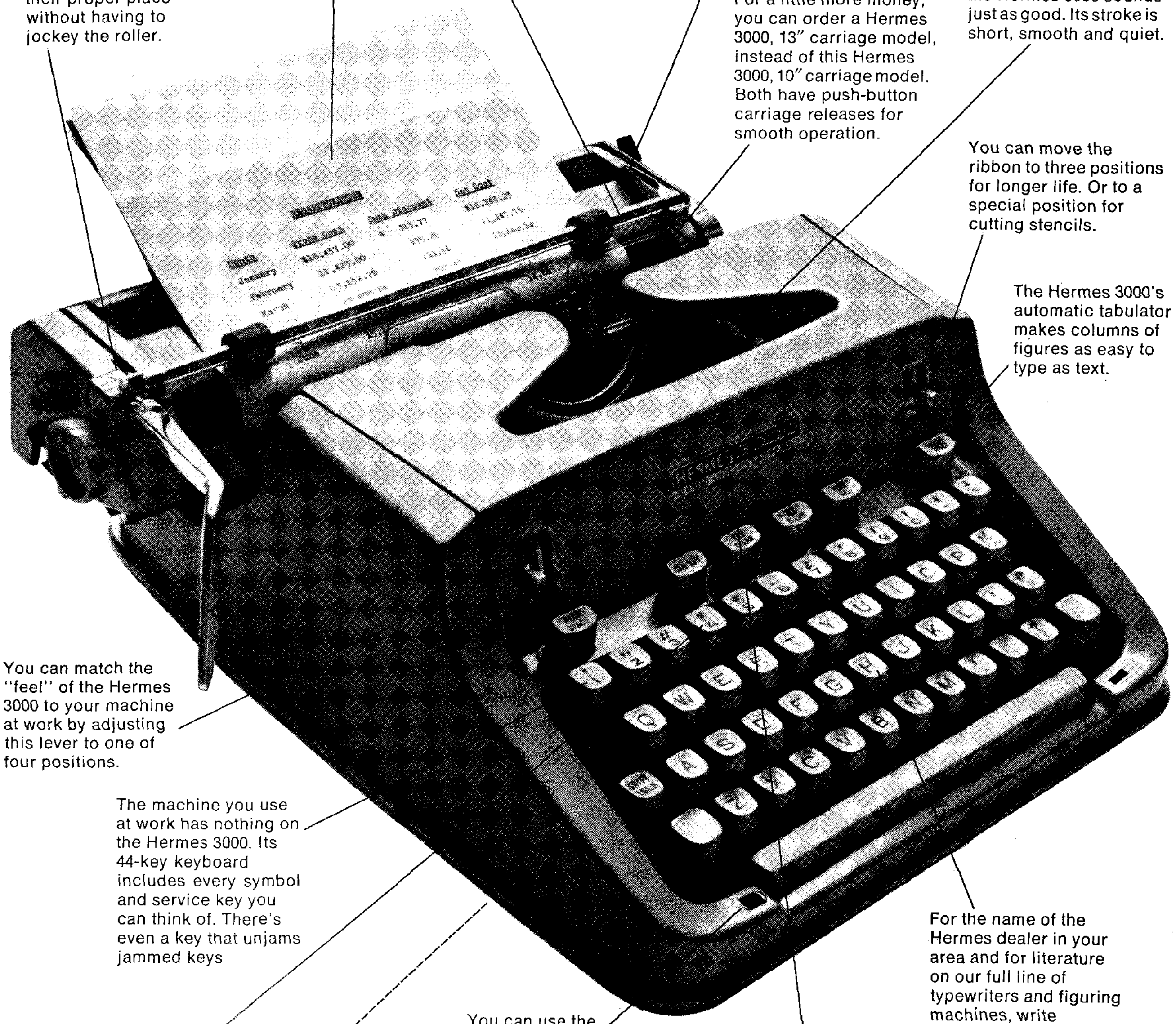

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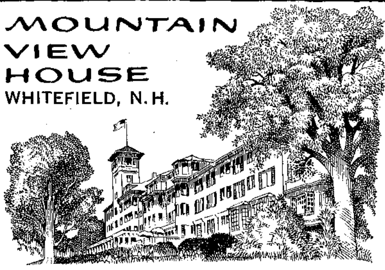

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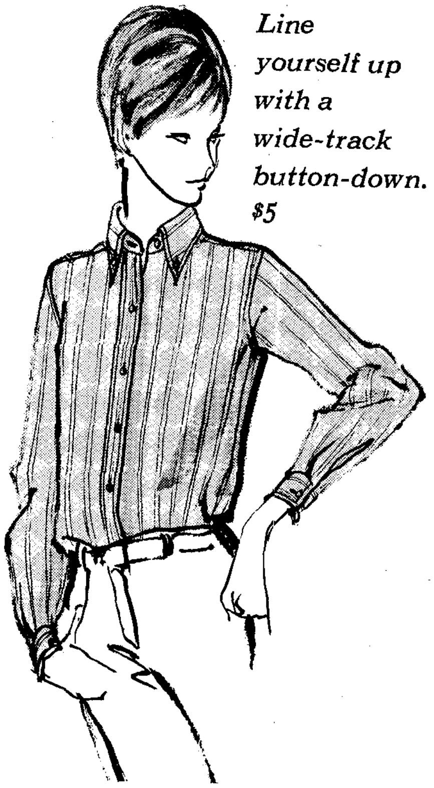
would be nice to end this report on Your Workshop with a description of the Chippendale lowboy I went on to build, but I seem to have as little aptitude for woodworking as I have for telling barefaced lies. The feeling for wood and the tact with tools and the capacity for taking pains that characterize the woodworker do not characterize me, and I have not gone back to Your Workshop. But there are many people who have all the requisite gifts and lack only the means to exercise them, and I urge them to try Your Workshop.

At Your Workshop, in spite of the terrific rasping of the machines, one has a sense, as one works, of quiet and solitude. An altogether different atmosphere prevails at the Tracy Schernikow Gallery, 242 East 71st Street, during the rug-hooking lessons that are given there. This atmosphere is feminine and companionable, and one works to an unceasing flow of conversation, led, for the most part, by Mrs. Beth Mosseller, the feminine and companionable owner of the place, which is a spacious room on the parlor floor of a brownstone. I came prepared to take a few cold notes on the lessons and stayed to take the lessons. I write this two weeks later, and I have almost finished a rug. Rug hooking, as you may know, but as I had never suspected, is extremely easy and interesting to do. It requires none of the strength of character that crewelwork or petit point demands of its bored and careworn practitioners, thanks largely to a remarkable instrument called the shuttle needle. This is a wooden tool manipulated with both hands, and it sort of shoots out stitches of the yarn or the strips of wool it is threaded with. One wields it against canvas stretched as for an oil painting—and, indeed, the work, at least as Mrs. Mosseller teaches it, has more affinity with painting than with conventional needlework. She encourages one to regard the wools and yarns as a palette and the shuttle as a brush or pen, and the rugs made under her tutelage are a far cry from the hackneyed products of the rug-hooking kits sold in needlework stores around town. Mrs. Mosseller is a, if not *the*, leading local authority on hooked rugs, and what she prizes in the antique rugs that she eagerly buys and reluctantly sells is their individuality and freshness and the resourcefulness in the use of materials at hand—their quality as folk art, that is—and this interest is reflected in her teaching method, which stresses the art rather than the craft of rug hook-



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ing. Mrs. Mosseller feels that technique can be picked up as one goes along, and that self-expression is more to the point than perfectly even stitches. This doubtful-sounding system works brilliantly for rug hooking.

My initiation began with a few minutes of practice with the shuttle, to learn to manipulate it and get a sense of its rhythm, and then Mrs. Mosseller said that was enough of that—now make a rug. She asked me what I wanted to have on the rug, and when I said I thought I'd like to do some flowers, she handed me a Magic Marker and told me to draw a flower on the canvas. I drew a rather clumsy rose and proceeded to color it with wools and yarn of various shades of pink and red and yellow and purple, following my fancy and the needle where it seemed to want to go. (As you become more dexterous with the needle, it begins to follow you.) The rose turned by degrees into a richly colored and poorly shaped pansy, and finally it ceased to resemble a flower at all but began to look like a Rorschach test. Mrs. Mosseller and her assistant, Mrs. Melissa Graham, regarded it solemnly and pronounced it "very creative," but I thought it was very ugly, and asked if I could make instead a rug that would be an adaptation of one of the antique rugs in the shop. I didn't think I was ready to be creative yet. Mrs. Mosseller looked disappointed, but she agreed, and when I returned for another session a few days later, Mrs. Graham had waiting for me a spare, comely pattern, drawn on a two-by-three-foot canvas, of flowers and branching leaves surrounded by an octagonal border. It pleased me enormously and seemed to have just the right degree of stylization for a first experiment with rug hooking. I set to work, and began to learn, by trial and error, how to combine colors and to gauge their effects, for the appearance of a color stitched on canvas is quite different from its appearance in a quarter-inch strip of wool or a ball of yarn. Also, as I became more proficient with the shuttle, I began to take liberties with the pattern, and assert my notion of how leaves and flowers should be shaped in preference to those drawn on the canvas. I'm not at all sure that I wouldn't have been better off sticking to Mrs. Graham's fine delineations, but I did get a lively sense of what Mrs. Mosseller meant by the painterly aspects of rug hooking, and she, for her part, looked gratified by my show of enterprise. The cost of two two-hour lessons and a consul-

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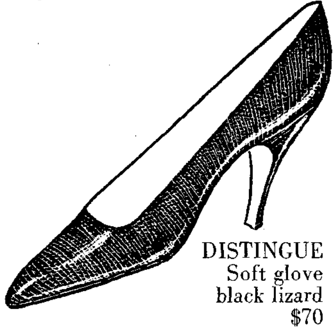

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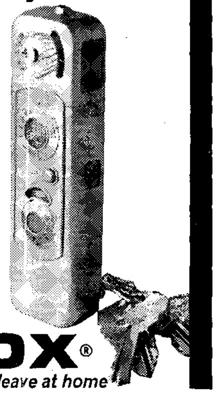

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—J. M.

•

MEDITERRANIAM

Bleached white, bedazzled
by the bright light falling,
the hilltop holds me up.
Below, the coastline bares its teeth.

Winded, burned to the bone, between
the stony green of the olive and
the crude grimace of stone,
I look dazedly down.

How did I come to rest
in this raw, whittled landscape,
where all the elements—
earth, air, fire, and water—
bluntly demand obeisance?

Only to learn my place
in a teetering world, where the
  telephone
had begun to talk too much, where too
  many selves
intruded and demanded
enactment and reënactment—

somewhere decent to die in,
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part equilibrium, part home.

—Alastair Reid

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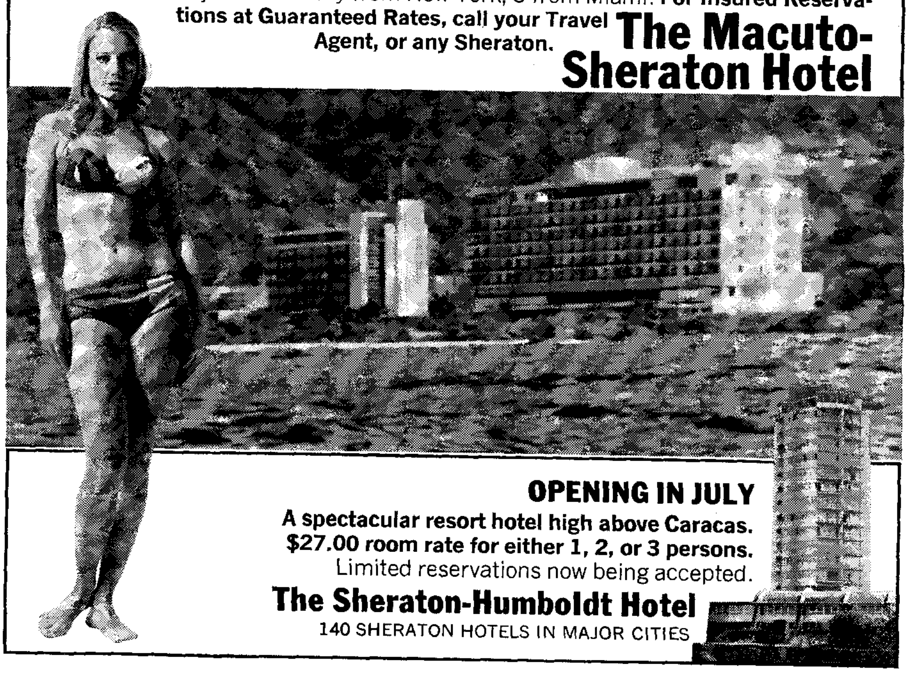

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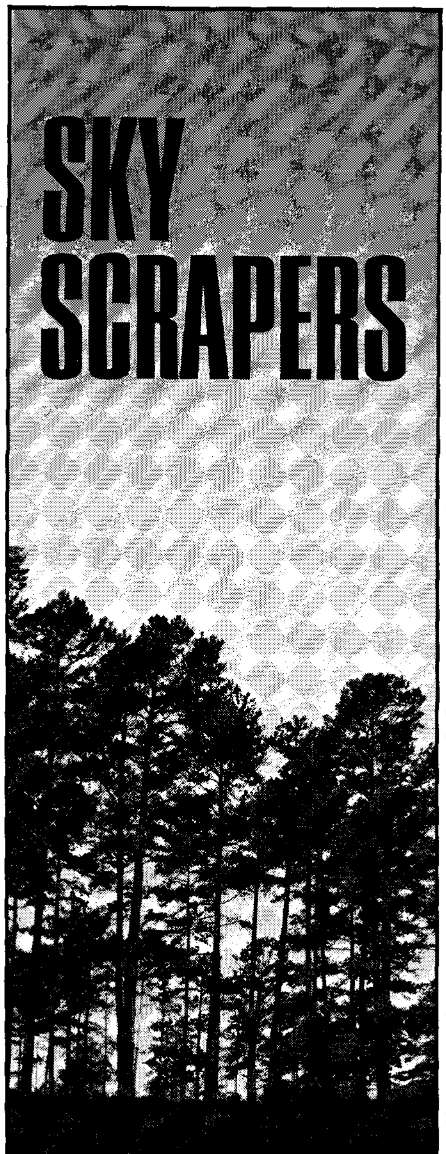
CHRISTMAS WITH THE WALKERS

WHENEVER I think of the Christmas season I spent in the eastern reaches of the Belgian Congo, in 1932, I experience a floating sense of unreality. A number of questions occur to me and are unanswered. For example, where exactly was I? I can't be certain, though I remember the house all right—a pleasantly big, rambling bungalow set among coffee plantations—and I have a vivid recollection of the country, the unfenced miles of red soil open to a brilliantly sunny sky. Far off, mountains crouched like blue tigers. The air was never oppressive, even at noon, from which I deduce that I was fairly high up. The reason I am so vague about the location and altitude of the bungalow is that I never asked anybody any such questions; at the time, it didn't seem important. My hosts, whom I'll call Ron and Peggy Walker, agreeable as they were, seemed mere incidents along my way. Later, when I began to think back, I was surprised at how clearly I could recall that visit. It was as if I had been at a theatre watching a play in which the Walkers were the actors—a play that went on and on, like one of those traditional Chinese dramas. The same stagy exaggeration is there, the heightened color of everything, the glare. Only one thought mars this simile. I cannot ignore the fact that I, too, was there on the stage, and that I hammed it up as badly as the others.

I had never heard of the Walkers until just before I met them. There was no reason that I should have—they were miles away from where I had just spent a year, at Tange, a Red Cross post in the Ituri Forest. If I hadn't chosen to follow an eccentric path going back to America, the meeting would never have taken place. I had entered the Congo—it had been my life's ambition to go there, and I had been saving all my money for the journey—by the west coast of Africa, and my intention was to leave by the east, so as not to retrace my steps. But first I wanted to look at Lake Kivu, down on the southeast border between the Congo and Ruanda-Urundi. Actually, I was in no desperate hurry to get home at all. If I'd been able to follow my inclination, I would have stayed in Africa, but I didn't see how I could. Quite apart from other considerations—my mother's wrath, for one—I didn't have enough money to keep going. Before my hoard disappeared altogether, I would have to get to the coast and buy passage.

I had left the Ituri and progressed eastward, emerging from the forest, and I was puzzled about how to continue. In the forest, I'd travelled on foot. Now I was in open country, where there was a motor road of sorts, and the law of the land—as well as common sense—prohibited walking safaris. I had dismissed my retinue when we left the forest, and there I was, alone in a government rest house. I'd expected to find buses, but the African watchman at the rest house said there weren't any. The few Europeans of the district had their own cars, he said, but there *was* one form of transport, satisfactory, if irregular—the SEDEC trucks. At these words, I nodded and relaxed, because I was familiar with the system. SEDEC, the Belgian branch of the great Lever firm, had a monopoly of trading posts in a large portion of the Congo. Hardly any area was without such a post, or store, to which the Africans brought their peanuts, or skins, or palm nuts, or whatever, and bartered them for SEDEC trade goods such as kerosene and Manchester cotton, dried fish and whitewash, salt and knives. The SEDEC trucks, or lorries, as the British called them, constantly traversed the main roads carrying replenishments to the posts and bringing back native produce to headquarters. SEDEC drivers also gave travellers a lift now and then, but they weren't obliged to do this. SEDEC had no formal license to operate a bus company, probably for the good reason that there weren't enough potential passengers to make it pay, but I had never heard of a driver turning down a reasonable request for passage. Admittedly, there was no rush on them. Few white people needed such conveyance, and the Africans hadn't yet become travel-minded. But I'd hitched a ride myself on a SEDEC truck to get to Tange from Stanleyville, on my way in from the west.

As I say, I relaxed. It should have been easy to do this after all the practice I'd had in the Ituri, where I had sat for idle hours on my veranda looking at nothing. And there was nothing, or less than nothing, to look at from the rest-house veranda—just a stretch of dusty red road and then sandy, rubbled waste. Yet, after a day of inactivity, I felt uneasy. I think it was because the Africans who straggled past in occasional groups, raggedly clothed, never spoke to me, even to say "Salaam." Any stranger in the Ituri would have



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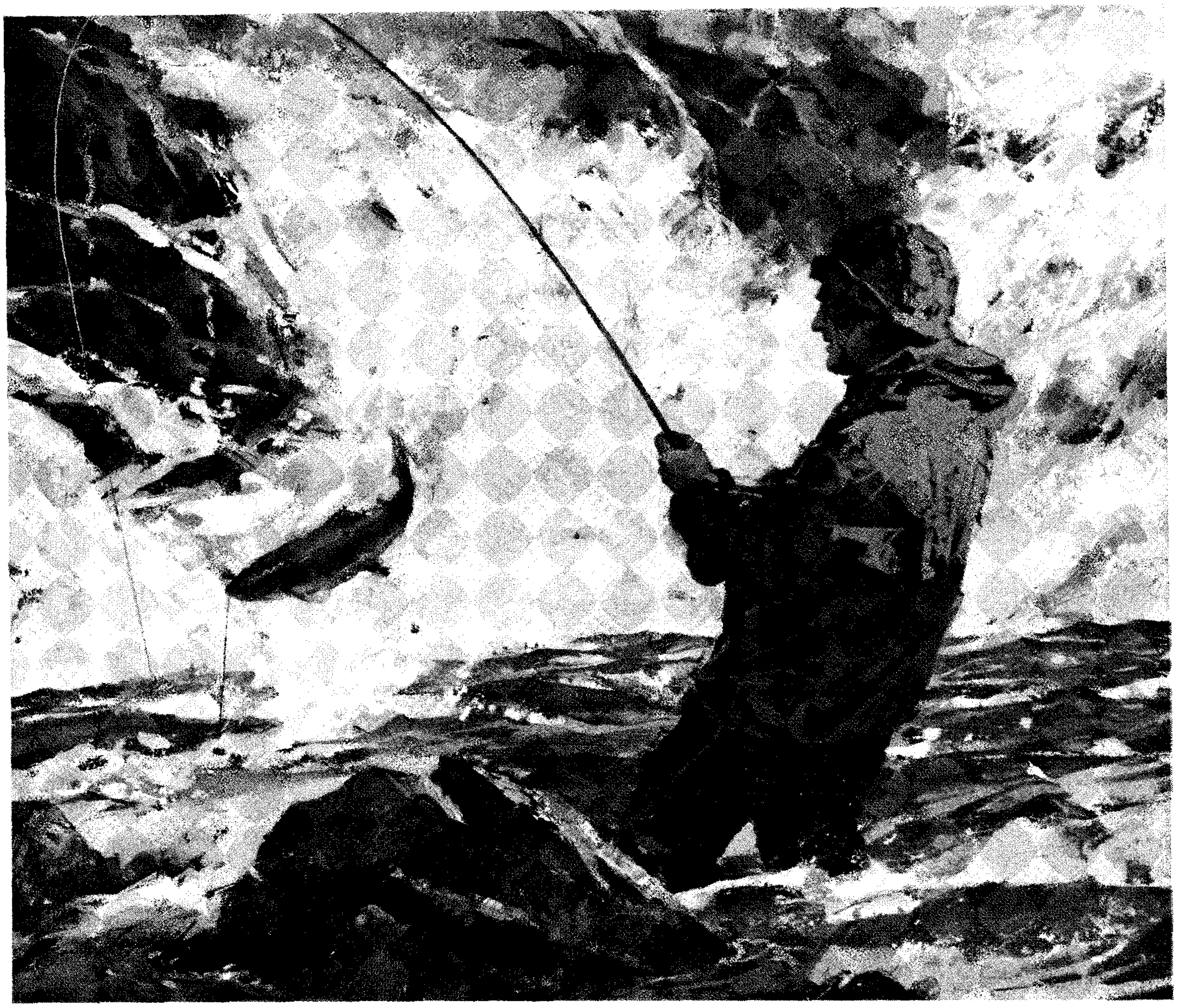

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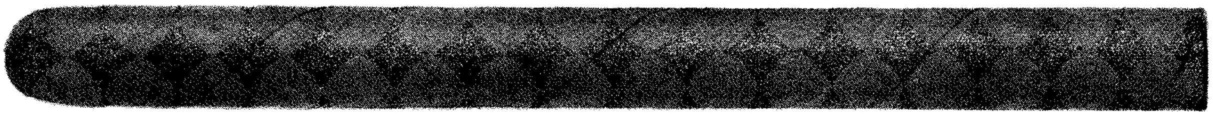

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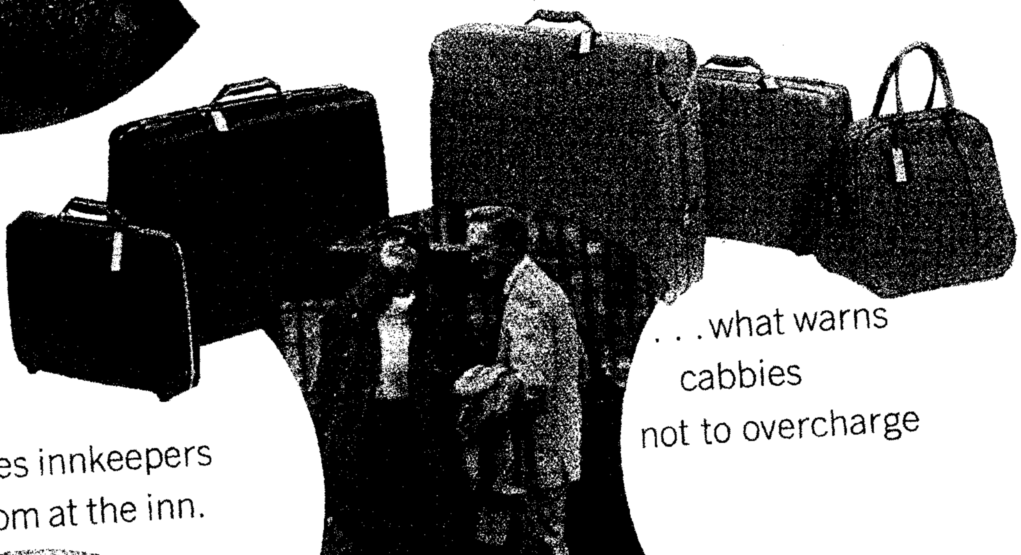

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From $19.95 © 1967 American Tourister, Warren, R.I. Also available in Canada said "Salaam" and have followed it up with a flood of conversation. This indifference hurt my feelings, and I was doubly glad when, on the second day, the SEDEC truck arrived. Two cheerful young Englishmen, Peter and John, who were in charge of it, readily agreed over a bottle of Beck's Beer to take me along south. The senior of the two, Peter, said it was a jolly good idea. When they heard I'd made a journey through the forest, they declared it a jolly good effort, but they were frankly puzzled about my object in having done it—my object, for that matter, in being in Africa at all.

"You're not a missionary, by any chance?" asked Peter in some alarm.

No, I said, I was not a missionary.

"But you aren't doing any shooting, I think you said."

No, I was not after game. "I just wanted to see Africa," I said, and his face cleared.

"Oh. Now I take your meaning. Well, jolly good." He raised his glass, John raised his glass, I raised my glass. The bottle was empty, so we got into the truck and drove off.

"It does seem a pity that you haven't had any shooting, though," Peter said. "What's everyone going to say when you get home with nothing to show for it?"

John said, "It's not too late, you know."

"That's true. You can still get a bit of it in." Peter was relieved. Clearly, I had outraged some deep sense of the fitness of things. "I'll tell you what we can do. You write out an application for a permit—a general permit, you know, which doesn't include elephant. Elephant comes high, fifty pounds a head, and even then you've got to hand over the ivory to the government—it's a fearful ramp. We'll ignore the elephant, but I'll take your application along and turn it in at Isuru or wherever my next port of call may be, and we'll get you that permit in no time. Now, I've got a friend who can outfit you on the cheap, and take you out after lion. Splendid chap he is—Ron Walker, the white hunter. You must have heard of him."

"No, I haven't. I'm sorry."

"He's a great old boy," said John eagerly. "He's got ninety-nine lions to his credit. Think of it. Ninety-nine! He says when he's got the hundredth he'll be ready to pack it in and call it a day."

"I doubt that," Peter said.

I was stirred by curiosity. "There seem to be a lot of British around here. How does that happen? Or have we

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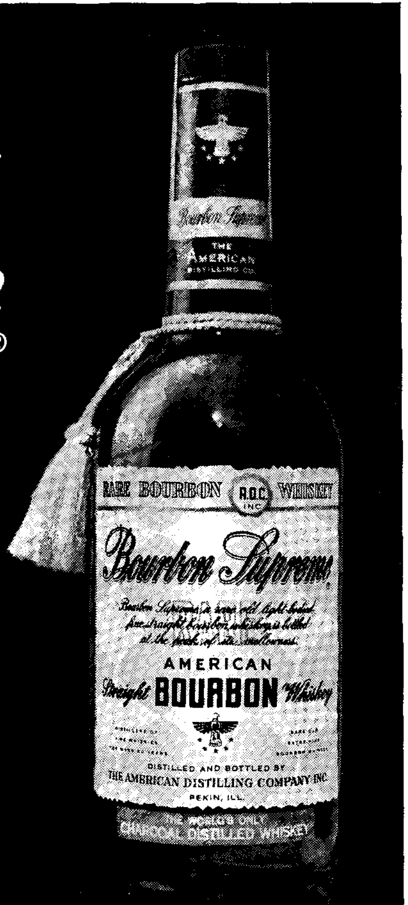
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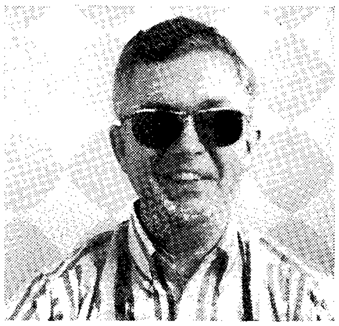

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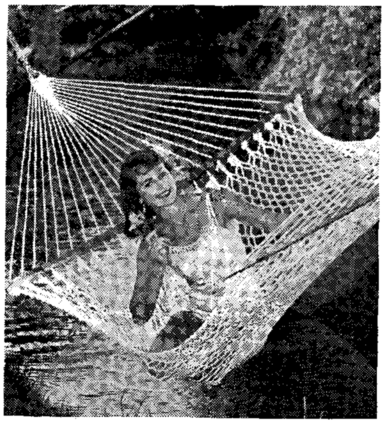

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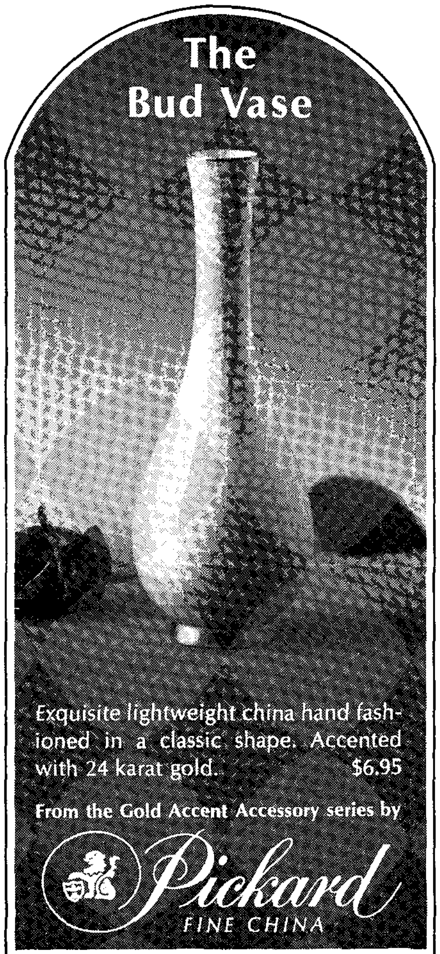

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left the Belgian Congo? I expected to see Belgians."

"Belgians? Oh yes, there are plenty of those about." Peter dismissed the Belgians. "It's quite true, there do tend to be quite a few English in this part of the country. It's being so near Uganda and all, I suppose. The Walkers have a place—it's not so extensive as most. They raise coffee, and they've been doing it for donkey's years. You see, Ron can't make a go of it anymore as a hunter, because there simply isn't the demand. Your beastly American Depression stopped the millionaires coming."

He smiled to take the sting out of the words, but I couldn't possibly have felt offended anyway; I was too happy and exhilarated. The road was absorbingly lovely, sometimes taking us high up over valleys of scattered bush or clumps of irrigated trees, sometimes plunging into narrow passages between rock walls. The old euphoria of the traveller, a sensation I'd almost forgotten in the forest, was stealing over me—that keen expectation of something happening soon, something fascinating.

"I know what we'll do," said Peter. "You have no set plans as to where you've got to be tonight, I take it. It makes no odds? Then we'll go straight along to the Walkers'. I'd have been going there in any case; when I'm in the vicinity, I like to stop by and spend the night. They'd love to meet you."

"Sure it's all right?" I asked the question merely out of politeness and not because I had any hesitation. In Africa, people never objected to unexpected guests. The guest should not impose on his hosts by staying too long, but to visit for one night, or two or three, was not considered an imposition.

"Peggy'll enjoy a bit of a natter with another woman," Peter assured me. "It's not often she gets the chance way out here."

John added, "You're sure to like her."

JOHN was right. At tea in the Walkers' sprawling bungalow, I liked Peggy more with every bite of shortbread. Ron wasn't home, but she said he wouldn't be long. Peggy might be rather sallow, I reflected, but European women tend to lose their complexions in Africa. To be sure, she was elderly—I think now that she was probably thirty-eight at most—but, to give her her due, she cooked like an angel. After having gone without sugar for some

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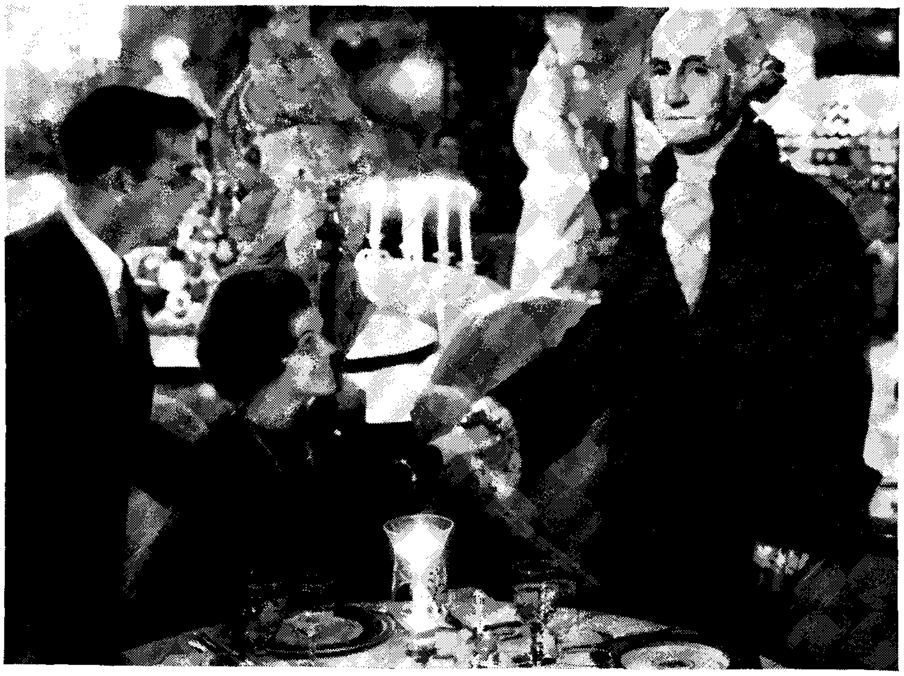
days, walking through the forest, I was ravening for sweets, and while Peggy and Peter and John talked gaily about people unknown to me (with names like Poppet and Bunty and Chris and Tiny Tim) I munched silently, contentedly, and continuously on iced cakes. From the talk, I gathered that the Walkers, in spite of what Peter had said about Mrs. Walker's loneliness, lived in a social whirl. Almost every month, it seemed, somebody they knew would drop in—Peter, or Tim, or Old Gaffer—and, compared with my existence on the Ituri River, this was living it up.

Good old Ron now made his appearance, greeted with cries of pleasure. Smiling, though evidently exhausted, he laid aside his rifle, took off his wide-brimmed hat, mopped his face, and shouted in Swahili, ordering somebody to bring in something. He was tall and lean and handsome in his elderly way—he was about forty—with white hair and a military mustache. In reply to the shout, an African man carried in a dead antelope to show us. It seemed Ron had just shot it. The boys asked Ron where he'd found it and where the bullet had hit it, and all that, while the African, who had been along with Ron on the outing, stood stiffly at attention. Nobody spoke to him, which surprised me a little. I hadn't exactly expected to be formally introduced to the Walkers' domestics, but this complete ignoring of a man's presence was disconcerting. Though I wasn't a newcomer to Africa, I felt something alien in this part of the country—a cool little wind, blowing between the life I'd known in the forest and that of the eastern plains. Here, without conscious intent or malice, Africa seemed to be kept out-of-doors, at far more than arm's length. The attitude of the Walkers and their friends was never put into words. I don't suppose they could have expressed it in words. It just existed.

Next day, the SEDEC youths left at sunrise without me. I'd been invited to stay on for Christmas, and had not merely accepted the invitation but jumped at it after Peggy showed me the larder. It was full of cakes, pies, and puddings she and the cook had made ready for the coming holidays, when the Walkers, following a long-established custom, gave a party for all the British for miles around. I was glad to stay—my mouth was already watering—but how was I to get away afterward?

Peter told me just before he left. "You can't depend on one of our



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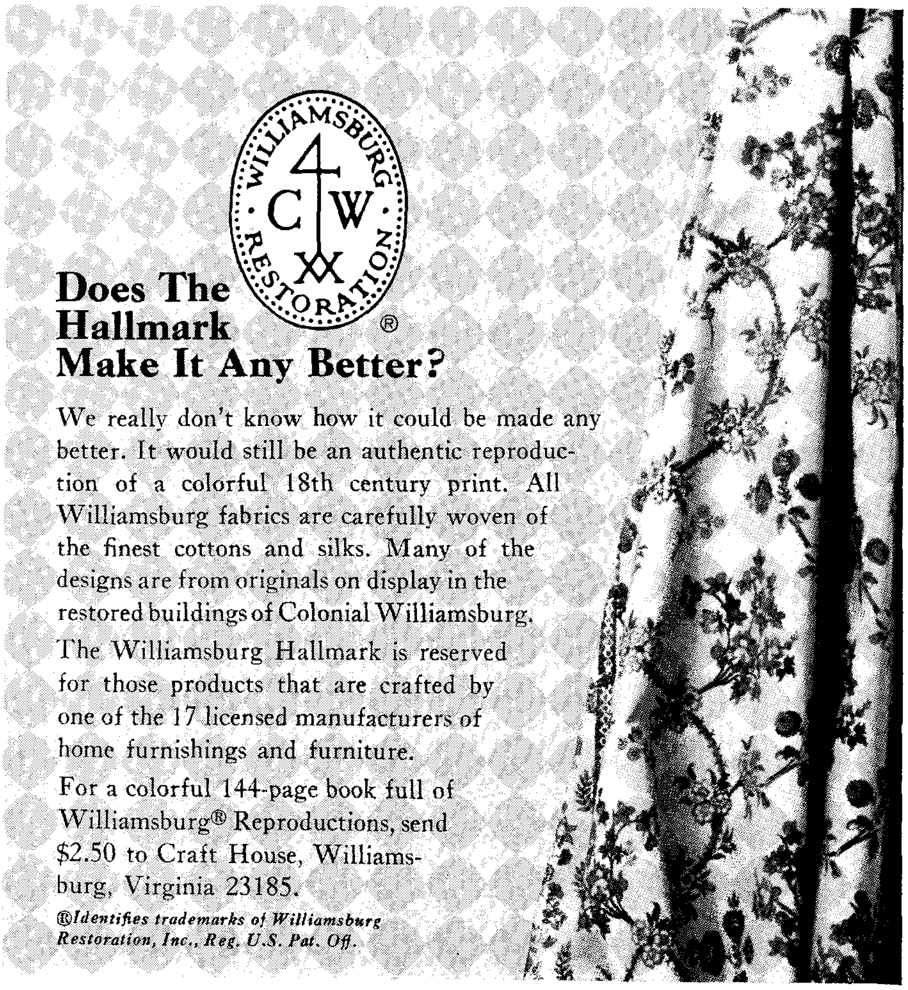

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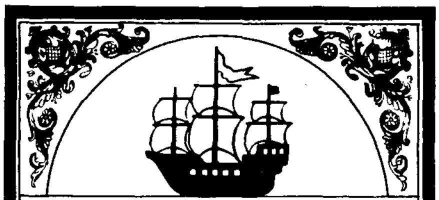

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fellows coming along, I'm afraid," he said. "Whenever *I'm* driving this way, I stop in, but that doesn't apply to the others, and this place isn't on the regular route, so what you'd best do is arrange in advance. Write to the central office in Stanleyville and put it up to them. Just say as soon as possible after Christmas, and everything will be all right."

I wrote the letter that day. One other matter had to be attended to—my clothes. I had nothing to wear for the party, nothing at all but bush shorts and shirts. Peggy suggested that we drive the twelve miles to the nearest SEDEC post that afternoon and buy a length of cotton. "Something not too African, you know. They must have a good selection for the Christmas season, now that Peter's brought a load."

We did this, and when we got back Peggy spread the cloth on the floor and cut it to paper patterns. After that, we spent the sunny hours sewing, while Ron made his rounds of the estate or busied himself with the livestock. All around us in the house, African servants cleaned, polished, cooked, or laundered, always maintaining the reserve I'd noticed in Ron's gun boy. It could not be accurately described as silence, because now and then one of them would talk to Peggy about something connected with his task, and when they were outside the room where we were I would hear them talking and laughing just like Tange people. It was our presence that kept them buttoned down, and *their* presence, in turn, had an effect on Peggy, though she would have scoffed if I'd said so. Whenever she had to address the cook or the laundress, her voice sounded different—higher-pitched, more stilted.

But even in Swahili Peggy had a lovely voice, full and musical, and perhaps it was this that invested the next days with the drama I remember, because everything she said sounded intense. She said a lot, and so did I. Naturally, what with cutting things out together and trying on and pinning, we chattered as we worked. I'm always voluble when I'm at ease, but I don't recall what I talked about. What is fixed in my mind is the thing Peggy told me about Ron and herself, because it startled me so. The burden of it was that they weren't happy together—a fact I would never have suspected. Certainly they appeared to get on all right.

"No doubt," said Peggy when I said this. "But that's all on the surface. You see, Ron did a dreadful thing to me, the worst a man can ever do to a

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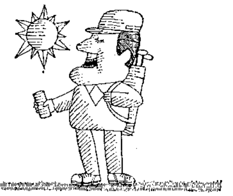

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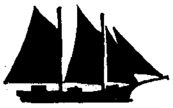

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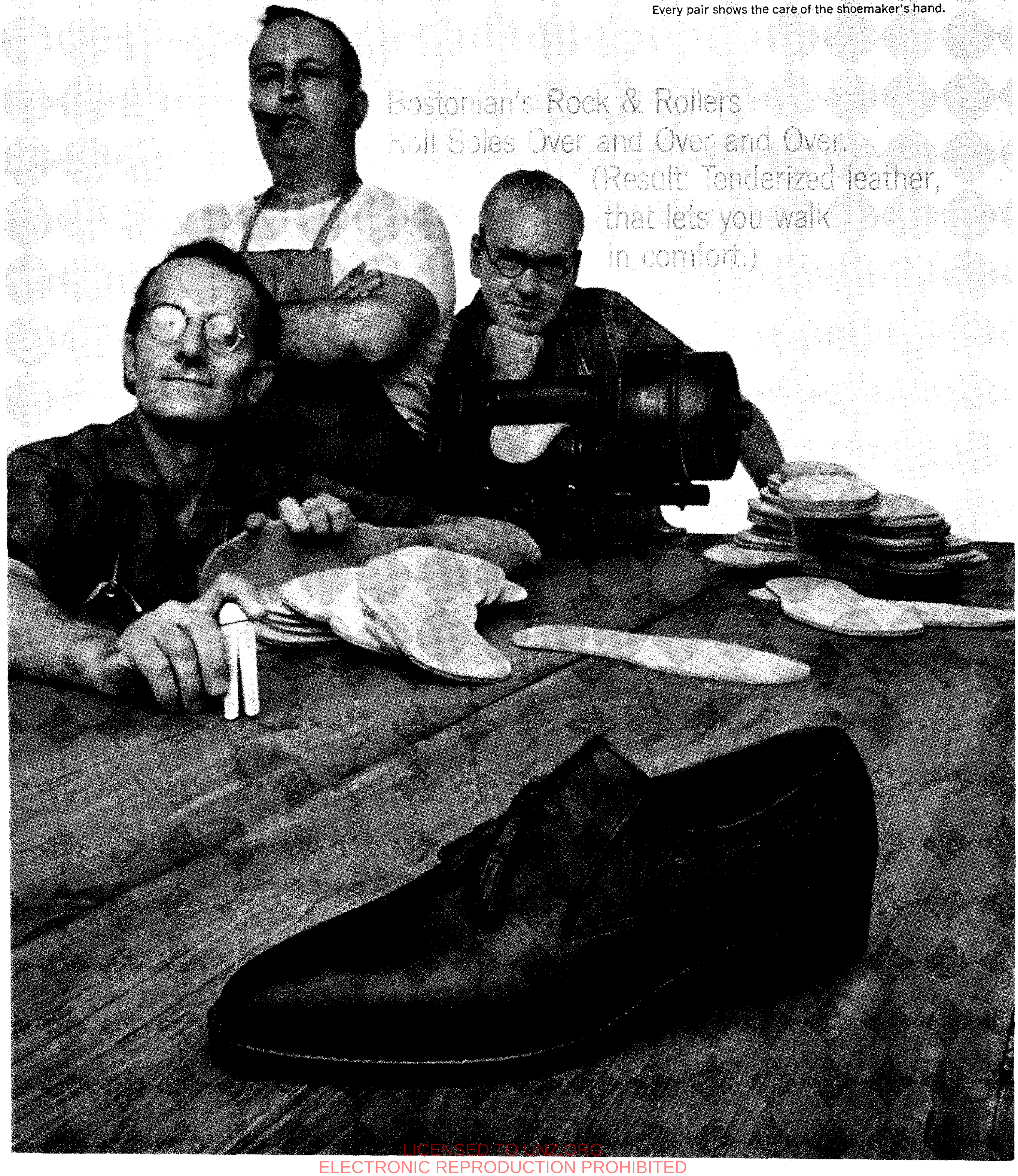
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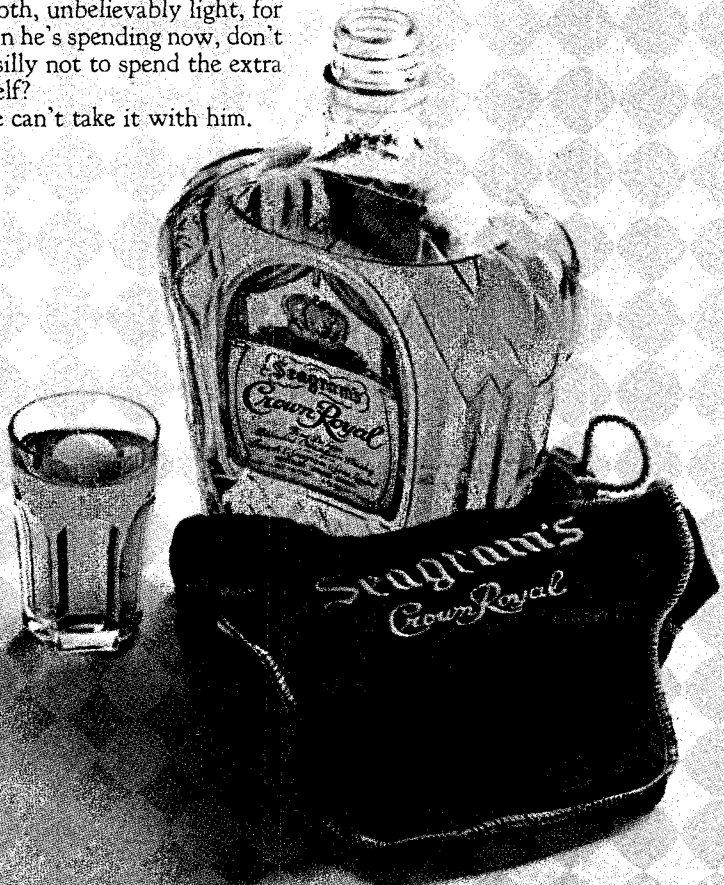
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woman. He was unfaithful"—here she pulled out a basting thread—"with a woman who lived on one of the farms up there in the north." She paused to bite off a fresh length of sewing thread. "He'd probably kill me for telling you, but I've got to talk about it to somebody."

"And is it still going on?" I asked.

She shook her head. "She's gone back to England."

"I can't believe it," I said. "Are you sure? I can't believe it of Ron, of all people."

I was thoroughly sincere, but I don't know, now, why I should have been surprised. I was quite old enough to know better. I suppose it was because I'd grown to think of the Walkers together, as a cozy couple. My heart sank at the thought of how perfidy dwells in the hearts of men—a fact brought home to me all the more strongly because of Peggy's voice, full of passion and pain.

Sewing with tiny, even stitches, though her eyes were wet, she told me she'd discovered the affair accidentally, when Ron had left a letter from the woman in his bush-shirt pocket and the laundress, in all innocence, brought it to her. "It nearly killed me," she said in a voice so low it was almost a whisper, and my eyes, too, filled with tears. Oh, she said, Ron had been terribly sorry at first—really full of remorse. He couldn't do enough to show it. But time had drawn the sting out of his self-reproach and blunted the effect of her admonitions as well. "He seems to think I can forget all about it and carry on as if it had never happened," she said. "Really, men are incredible, aren't they?"

Flattered by this appeal to my worldliness, I first shook my head in wonder at men's incredibility, then nodded in agreement, but the gestures were lost on Peggy. She kept her eyes on her sewing and her attention on her inner self. "What's more," she said, "he saw her in London when we were on leave. I just know in my bones he did."

"Well, but—when did it all happen?" I asked.

"It must be nearly three years now," said Peggy, "but it nearly killed me. My heart isn't strong, you know."

"Peggy," I said, "I'm so *awfully* sorry."

I was. There was so much pity in me, as a matter of fact, that some of it spilled over on Ron. Men couldn't help themselves, I reflected; men were made that way. It was a law of nature that my mother had imparted to me in early youth, at which time I'd furiously

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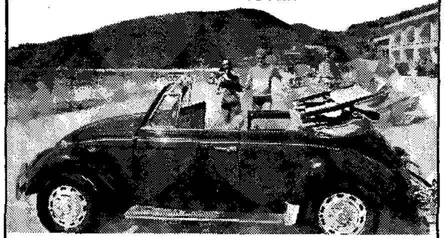

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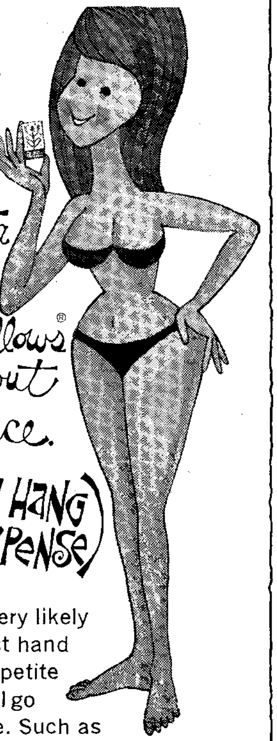

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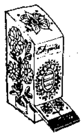

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denied the truth of it. Now I decided that Mother was right, after all. Nothing else could account for masculine behavior. I said timidly, "It might help to remember that there are times when men can't help themselves. They're different."

"My dear, you can't tell me anything about men." Peggy's voice grew crisp. "Of course they're different, the dirty pigs. And I must say for Ron that the woman made a dead set at him. Only, as I ask myself, why should *I* be the one to do all the forgiving and forgetting? Just because I was hurt—and who wouldn't be?—and wanted to be by myself for a bit, he resented it. He's been sulking now for months. You'd hardly believe it, but it's been a year, ever since we came back from leave, that he hasn't come to my room." She paused to look at me; I was embarrassed, and didn't meet her eyes. "A woman can stand just so much neglect, my dear," she went on. "It's not as if *I* haven't plenty of chances to misbehave. Sauce for the gander, you know. Someday I'm going to surprise that fine gentleman."

I could no longer hold up my end of the conversation like a woman of the world, because I was afraid I might be blushing. Everything had suddenly become all wrong. Surely a woman of Peggy's age should not even think about misbehavior with men. It was grotesque; it was unseemly. I marvelled at her blindness. Finally, I told myself that people tend to get silly as they grow older and I must try to understand. Into my thoughts, to bolster this resolve, popped an incident, hitherto banished from my mind, which had to do with Mr. Barlow, transport manager at the Stanleyville SEDEC office. I had met him when I'd gone in to fix things up about riding on the truck to the Ituri, and I had thought him a nice old man. Then I discovered that he wasn't nice at all—and a married man, at that. For a moment now, I toyed with the notion of telling Peggy this tidbit to distract her, but I decided not to. It wasn't much of a story anyway.

CHRISTMAS approached. On the surface, the Walkers were much as usual, giving no hint of the secret consuming Peggy's vitals, though now and then she would send me a glance fraught with significance. "See how beautifully I behave? See how martyred I am?" said her eyes.

I helped her cut colored paper into strips, which we then pasted into linked circles, making chains. Ron, command-

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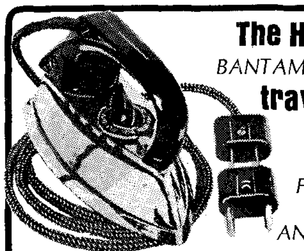

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ed to loop these things around the rooms, obeyed with grumbling good humor. Once, as I passed through a room where he stood on a high stepladder, he turned toward me and made a helpless gesture, paper chains fluttering daintily from his big, sun-tanned hands. "Ninety-nine lions, and then this!" he said.

Peggy said tenderly, "Poor old boy. Get on with it." Her eyes said to me, "See how well I can behave, even when my heart is broken?"

Yet I *liked* Ron. I couldn't help it. There was the morning before Christmas Eve, when I woke up early, too hungry to wait for breakfast, and went into the larder for something to eat. I was emerging, chewing away, when I met Ron, and I was just thinking how seedy he looked at that hour when he shouted at me, "God damn it, woman! So help me God, if I ever again catch you eating cakes with green icing before noon, I'll kill you!"

Came Christmas and the party, at which I met Tiny Tim, Bunty, and all the rest of that merry crew. At least I am sure they were merry, though I can't remember any of them, or anything about the party, either, except that somebody brought a Victrola, and there was singing and dancing and drinking and a lot of loud laughter. Everybody talked about animals they had killed. We had put up lots of camp cots, and most of the guests stayed the night and the next day. I do remember that after the last one had gone and we were eating a late supper, I found myself viewing the plum pudding with a lacklustre eye. I didn't want another mince pie, either. A milestone had been reached, apparently—my sweet tooth was gone at last. As a natural sequence to the discovery, I said, "It's funny I don't hear from Stanleyville."

Not at all funny, the Walkers said. The mails were always late during the Christmas season. "And so are the lorries," Peggy added. "I doubt if you've missed even one at this date."

NEXT day, my letter arrived with the Walkers' mail, at breakfast. I remember how peaceful it all was as I slit the envelope, the shutters half drawn against the sun but the table shining in reflected light. Our teacups cooled as we read, and one fly buzzed around the toast. I was a long time with my letter. I had to read it twice before I could believe it. The signature was Mr. Barlow's—Mr. Barlow, my half-forgotten acquaintance of Stanleyville, to whom my request for a place on a SEDEC truck had apparently been re-

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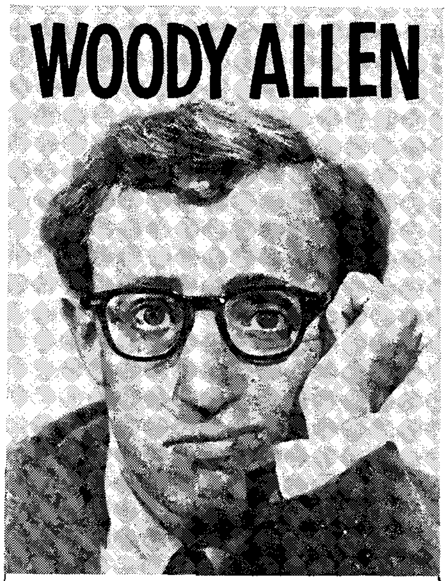

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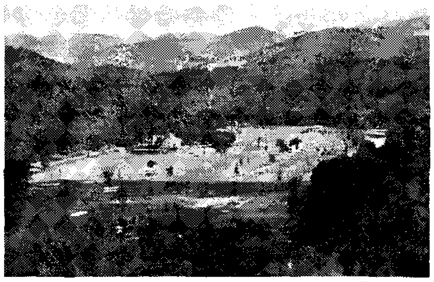

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ferred. It was a very nasty letter. Mr. Barlow had written that he would certainly *not* send a SEDEC lorry to pick me up at the Walkers' or any other spot. Considering everything, he continued, he was astonished at my effrontery in making such a request. Furthermore, he was issuing orders to all concerned that no SEDEC lorry in future was to give me a lift in any circumstances whatsoever, and he ended the letter with a polite message to the Walkers, wishing them a happy New Year and expressing the confident hope that they and I would all get on nicely together in the years to come.

Having brought myself at last to admit that all this was really there on the page, I uttered a sharp cry of anger. The Walkers, interrupted in their own reading, were alarmed to find me crimson with emotion, fighting back tears of rage.

"My dear, what ever is it?" Peggy cried.

Wordlessly, I handed her the letter, and she read it and passed it on to Ron, saying, "Cad!" Peggy could say things like that. Besides, in that house, "cad" was not a laughable word. It sounded right. And Ron, too, sounded right as he demanded in stentorian tones, "What's the matter with the fellow? What's behind all this?"

I told them all about it—the pass Mr. Barlow had made, the rebuff, and now, as a result, the reckoning. The air quivered with our indignation, and if one should ask why we didn't merely roar with laughter, the only answer is that white people in Africa just didn't laugh things off. Life wasn't a laughing matter. It may have been the climate that affected us, but I'm not sure one should always blame that. More likely, it was that the Walkers and all the others—and I, too, at the time—didn't see other white people often enough. The Africans weren't in our world; we were isolated, so we played charades. Mr. Barlow was a case in point. Back in Bournemouth, where he came from, he would never in a month of Sundays have behaved as he was doing in Stanleyville. Nor would Ron have carried on in his native Huntingdon as he now did on the coffee farm. Nor would I have been alarmed in St. Louis, as I was in that breakfast room, when he ranted and raved. He called Barlow a splendid lot of names, of which "cad" was merely the beginning—kindergarten stuff. The oration ended on a high note. "An Englishman's house, by God, is his castle!" roared Ron. Then, striding splendidly to the wall, he pulled his rifle from its

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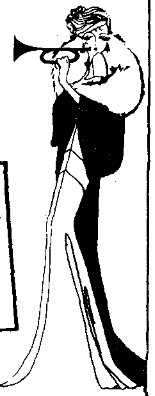

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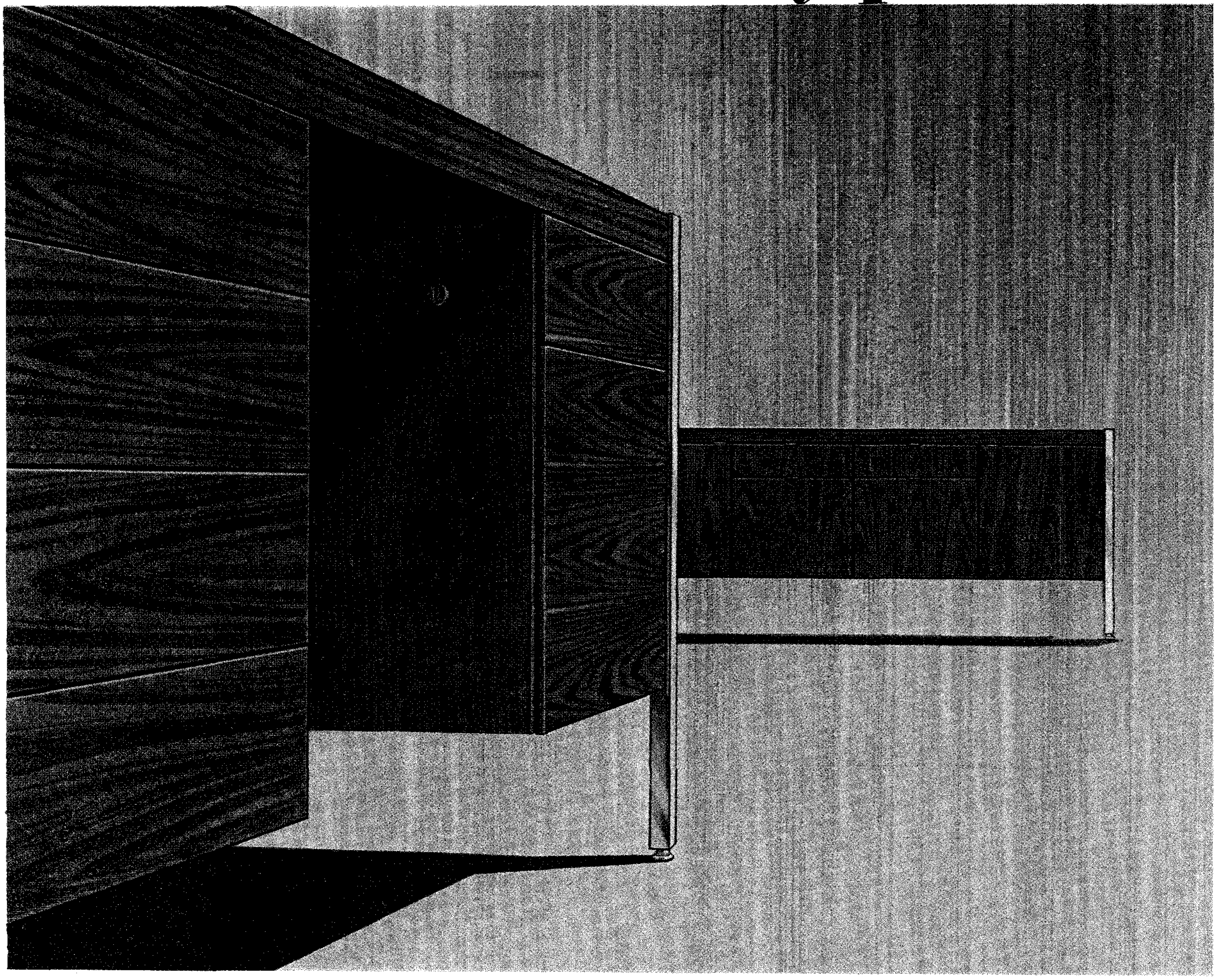

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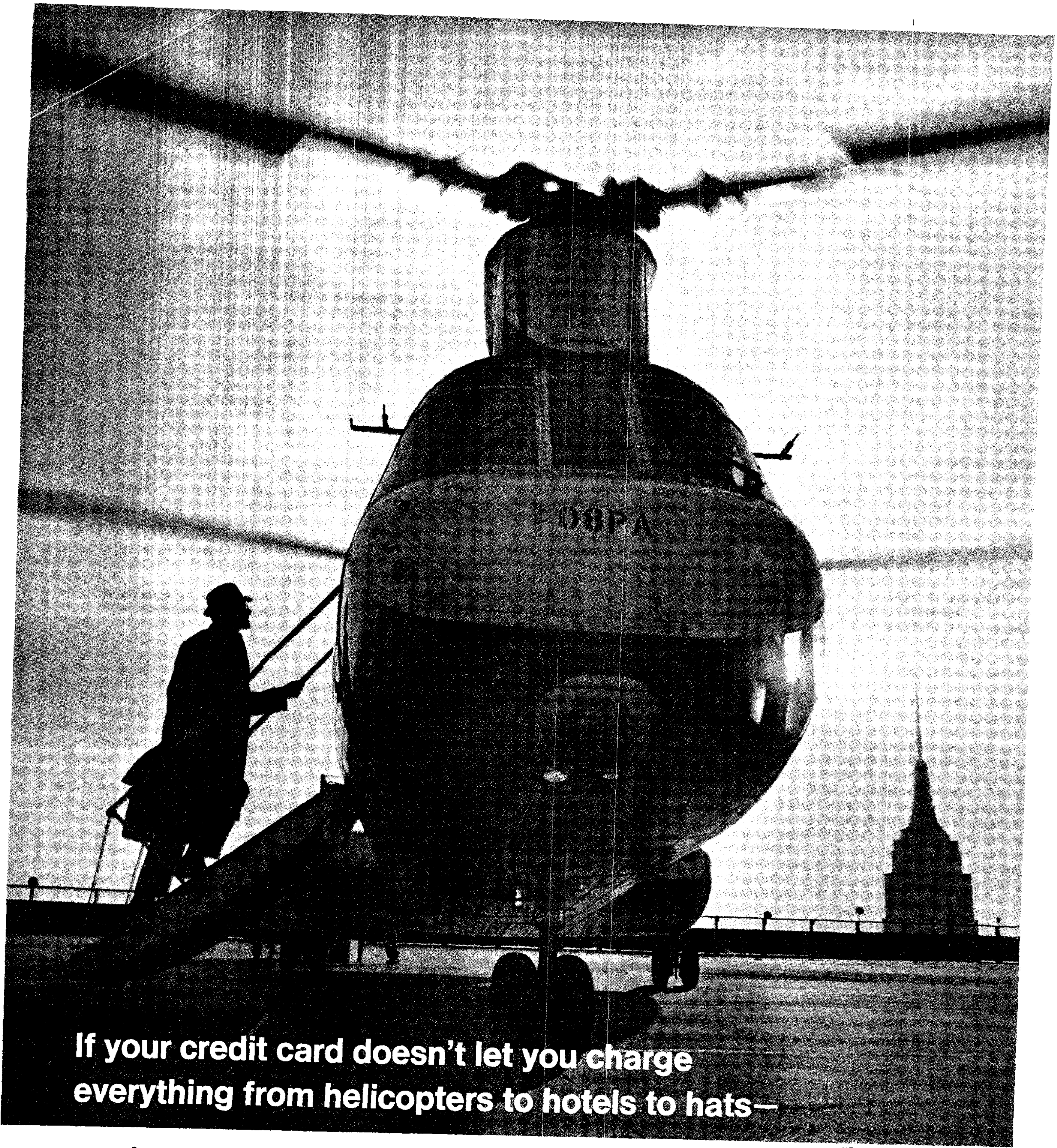

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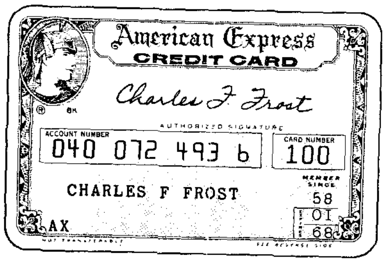
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perch over the mantel and marched out of the house.

"Oh, God!" I said, tears running down my face. I went down on my knees by Peggy's chair—yes, I did—to say imploringly, "What's he going to do, Peggy? Where is he going?" I must have had some notion that he was going to march to Barlow's office, hundreds of miles away, and shoot him through the heart.

Peggy soothed me. "Don't be afraid. He's coming back. He's probably going out to get a deer, because we're running short of meat. You poor child! You know, somebody ought to horsewhip Barlow, at that."

My feet were on the ground again. I said, "But what am I going to do now about getting away?"

"We'll figure out something," said Peggy. "Perhaps one of the neighbors. Or if only our old car was trustworthy . . ."

THAT evening, Peter drove up in a SEDEC truck, accompanied by an African assistant. He clasped our hands as he came in, saying, "What ho! Now tell me all about it. What have you been doing to our Mr. Barlow?"

"Tell him," said Peggy grimly, her arms folded.

So I went over the story again.

Peter clicked his tongue. "That's bad. Barlow's overdue for leave, that's about the size of it. Someday, when he looks back on all this, he won't be able to credit it."

"Never mind Barlow," I said impatiently. "What about me? How am I going to get out?"

Peter hesitated, and we knew what was going on in his mind. He'd had his orders. They were ridiculous orders, but did he dare to disobey them? Finally, he patted my shoulder and said, "We'll think of something, now don't you fret," and we all went to have a drink.

In the end, it was Ron who thought of something. He came home, just as Peggy had predicted, with a dead animal. He was calm and cheerful, greeted Peter cordially, and made himself a drink. "Just in time, old boy. In the very nick of time," he said. "I don't loubt the girls have brought you up o date on the outrage. It seems to me council of war is called for." He ook a deep draught of his whiskey and uddenly spluttered into the glass. 'What sort of a load are you carrying his trip?" he asked.

Peter said, "I'm travelling light, acually—came down here to see what

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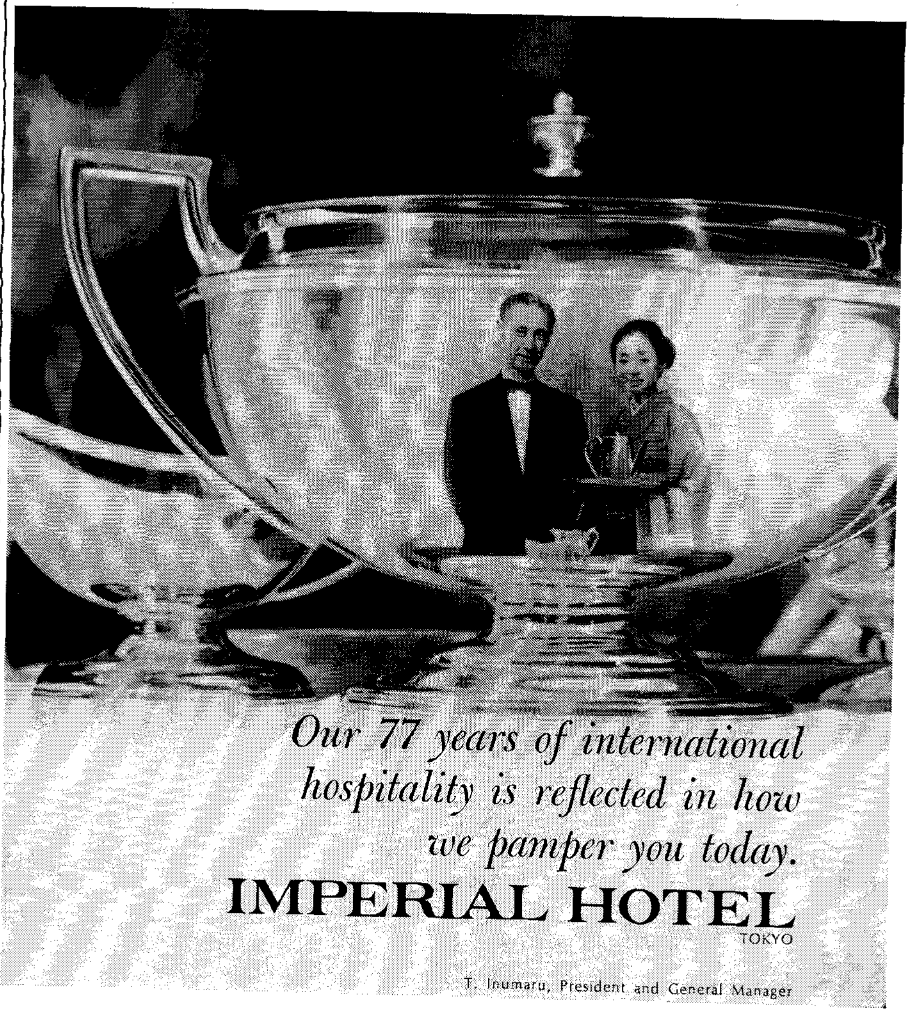
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was what as soon as I got that directive, of course, and I'm afraid we didn't have time to take on a full cargo, but I expect I'll make it up coming back. Why do you ask?"

"I've just had a look at our storehouse," said Ron. "Remember that axle you brought in for us last March? Well, it so happens we've still got the crate it came in, cover and all. There's plenty of room in it to hide a body."

Everybody cheered. Peggy went over and kissed her husband. His face flushed, he kissed her in return, quite heartily, while Peter assured me it would all be easy. "You won't have to stay in your coffin more than an hour. Just until I'm well out of sight of the post. I could do it faster, but I wouldn't want to shake you to bits. From then on, it's plain sailing. You can sit up on the front seat with me the whole way to the bus line, and nobody'll be the wiser."

"What about that man with you?" I asked.

"My boy? I'll fix him, I can assure you of that. I'm telling him that I'll pay him a good tip on the day I go on leave, on condition nobody hears about this. By the time I come back, old Barlow will have had his holiday and come to his senses. Everything's going to be all right."

Ron and Peggy, occupying the same chair, smilingly agreed with Peter.

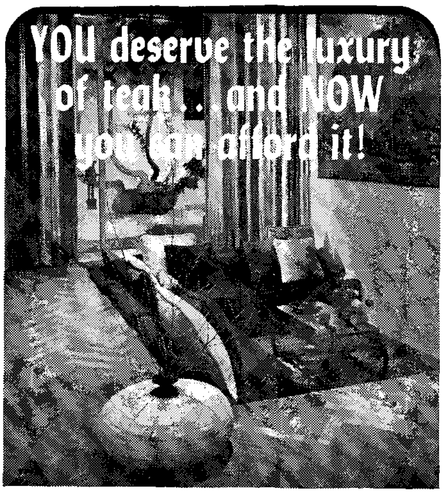
IT was a lovely sunrise the next day, clear and still, and so early that the Walkers, emerging from Peggy's bedroom and standing on the veranda to wish us Godspeed, were still in their dressing gowns. The empty crate was in the truck, with the African—a beaming smile on his face—standing guard over it.

"You won't be able to wave goodbye," Peggy complained as we embraced and kissed.

Ron pecked my cheek and said, "Goodbye, my dear. God bless."

I lay down in the crate, and Peter fitted the top over me and filled the box with darkness. I was laughing in the dark, but my mind wasn't on the ridiculous present; I was feeling the old expectancy, the excitement of things to be. I felt the truck's engine start up, and there was a jolt. My blind, voiceless body was carried cautiously, slowly to the bottom of the drive, bumpety-bump across the cattle drive, grindingly around the bend, and on toward Kivu. Kivu! Everything else was blotted out, and already I might as well never have spent Christmas with the Walkers.

—EMILY HAHN



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MICHAEL WINNER'S "The Jokers" makes the mistake of trying too hard to be funny at the very start; like a standup comedian who rushes onstage and begins throwing away jokes as if he had but a single minute in which to make good, the movie's broad and strenuous antics seem designed to cow us into laughter before we are well settled in our seats, and our natural tendency is to refuse to be cowed. Clenching our teeth, we resolve to show Mr. Winner the error of his Lester-like ways by not responding to a single jape, but the young director—Mr. Winner is thirty—turns out to be more than a match for us; either because he slows down a little or because we unconsciously accommodate ourselves to his frantic pace, the picture invades our defenses and takes by stealth what it could never have taken by storm. To our astonishment, it becomes charming as well as comical, and with an air of not quite understanding the nature of our defeat we smile and smile.

The extravagance of the early sequences of "The Jokers" may reflect a state of mind that I once heard defined as "insecuriority." It is a state of mind that could also account for the preposterous Watts Tower of a plot that the authors of the screenplay, Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais, have cobbled up out of glittering bits and pieces from an original story by Mr. Winner. The purpose of the picture is to describe a radically improbable event—the theft from an impregnable resting place in a locked vault in the Tower of London of Her Majesty's Crown Jewels—and it is a pity that the picture does not come to an end when this feat and its bizarre consequences have been ingeniously enacted for us. A certain lack of confidence on the part of Mr. Winner and his colleagues has led them to push the picture past any suitable stopping place, reminding us that Mies van der Rohe's celebrated "Less is more" is a maxim much more truly applicable to movie-making than to architecture, and that few moviemakers are brave enough to practice it.

The adventurers who contrive to steal the Crown Jewels are technically not thieves at all, though they are masters of the art of theft. Two agreeable, well-brought-up brothers wish to make a certain noise in the world, and their incentive in temporarily "removing" the Jewels from the Tower is not gain but glory. The brothers, played with hard-edged high spirits by Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed, prepare the ground for their coup by launching a series of bomb scares throughout London, threatening to blow up such beloved shrines as the Albert Memorial, the Lion House at the Zoo, and the Stock Exchange. The vexed poor devil of a Scotland Yard inspector who must track down the miscreants is ably embodied by Harry Andrews, and Brian Wilde, Charlotte Curzon, and James Donald are all very funny as, respectively, the inspector's assistant, a dithering deb, and Colonel Gurney-Simms, the pompous head of an Army bomb-disposal unit. The movie was shot all over London, and, thanks to the affectionate and adroit camerawork by Ken Hodges, the city becomes one of the chief characters. As the headlines instruct us almost daily ("LONDON GANG TAKES $2 MILLION IN GOLD FROM BANK TRUCK"), London is a splendid place for nice, big, old-fashioned crimes involving money and not murder; the crime in "The Jokers" is supposedly impossible to commit, but I have no doubt it will happen soon in real life, unless the jewels that we tourists are permitted to ogle in the Tower are of paste, the genuine articles being kept in an old hatbox on the top shelf of the Queen's closet in Buckingham Palace.

—BRENDAN GILL

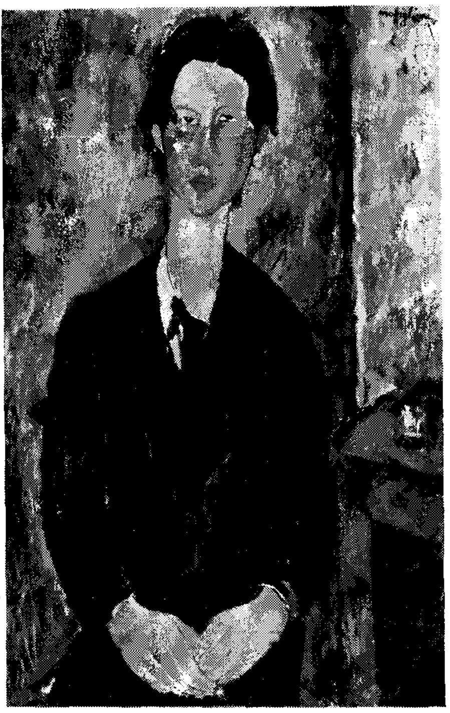
•

DEAR PASTOR:

A radical cultural revolution of the future has flowed over our time having etched itself in our memory with the haunting anticipation of new images of reality, recasting our concrete and particular human problems in a world-wide matrix and offering fresh opportunities that are so great that their mass seems of infinite weight. These have issued in a radical alteration in man's image of the self-in-the-world and the world-impinging-on-the-self out of which his sense of significant vocation and creative participation in the world will emerge. The age of explosion is at hand. Will it be that age for the Church?—*Letter received by a pastor from the Ecumenical Institute, Chicago.*

How soon do you have to have an answer?

"Picasso would destroy a monstrosity like this!"



So said Modigliani of one of his own works. And everyone since has disagreed. Not only is he one of the most popular of modern painters, but also one of the most original.

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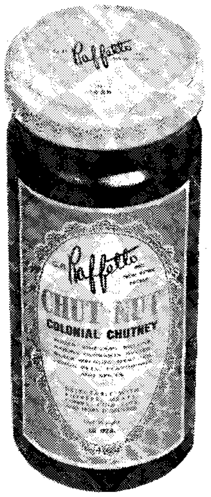

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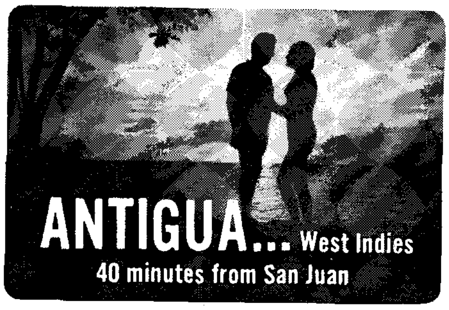
THE RACE TRACK

Good Horse, Good Show

ON paper—that is, on the past performances of Dr. Fager and the unbeaten Tumiga—the ninety-second running of the Withers Mile at Aqueduct last Saturday promised to be an event to remember, and anticipation of it produced a crowd of more than fifty thousand. Well, once in a while these days a race lives up to all expectations, and this one certainly did in thrills and speed before Dr. Fager won by half a dozen lengths from Tumiga, with Reason to Hail about the same distance farther back. The five other three-year-olds were strung out down the course. The stars in the parade were a study in contrasts, Dr. Fager being a tall, lean individual (he looked bright and very fit), and Tumiga, a typical sprinter, being short-legged, deep through the heart, and muscular. Tumiga was quickest away, with Dr. Fager right behind, but they hadn't gone fifty yards before Baeza eased the latter back to fourth, behind Racing Room and Sun Gala, for the long run down the backstretch. Approaching the far turn, Dr. Fager moved up easily into second place, and for the next couple of furlongs he and Tumiga went stride for stride. Swinging into the homestretch, Dr. Fager began to draw away, and from that moment the race was virtually over. The fractional times by quarters were 0:22⅗, 0:44⅕, 1:08 (three-fifths of a second faster than the track record for six furlongs), and 1:33⅘. It is interesting to note that the second quarter was run in 0:21⅗, which is burning gas, and the third in 0:23⅘. At some stage in the course of that half mile, Dr. Fager, going at top speed for about a furlong, which is all a good horse needs to do, cooked Tumiga to a turn. Then he ran the last quarter in 0:25⅘ in splendid isolation, and I'm inclined to agree with Johnny Nerud, who trains him, that the good Doctor is the best miler in the country.

DR. FAGER will not run for the Preakness at Baltimore this weekend. Instead, he will go in either the Metropolitan Handicap at Aqueduct on Memorial Day, in which he would meet Buckpasser, or the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park the same after-



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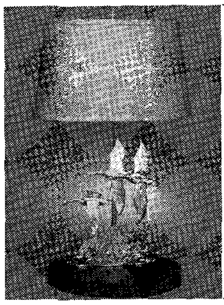

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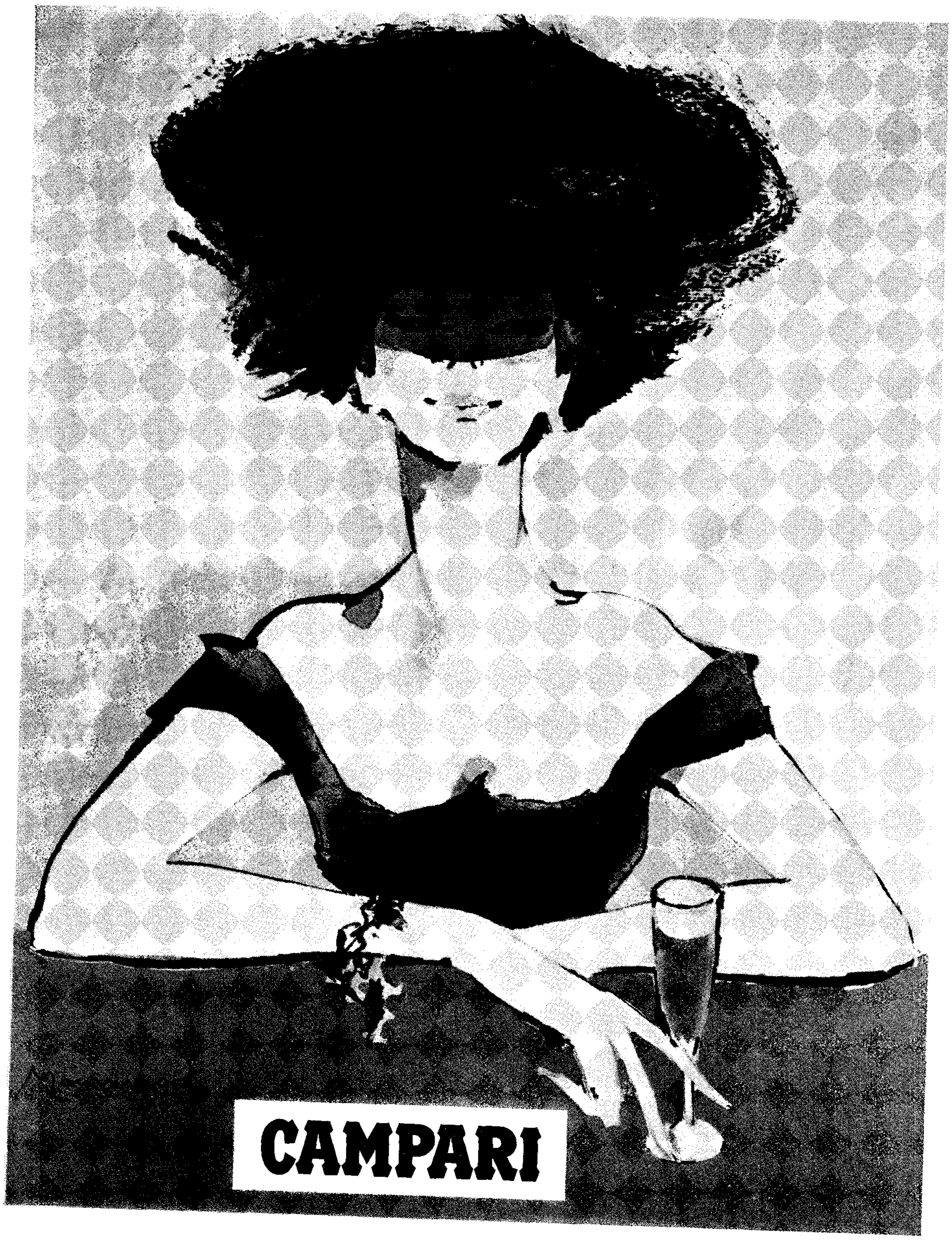

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noon. Tumiga has also been declared out of the Preakness. Nor will Successor be a starter; his trainer, Eddie Neloy, says he has run out of excuses for the Wheatley Stable's colt. Looking over the list of those who probably will go to the post in Maryland's classic, I seem to have an almost total lack of inspiration. In Reality, who skipped the foggy Derby, should be fit and ready. Barbs Delight, who led until the final furlong of the Derby, will be ridden by Hartack, and that will help him. I doubt whether Proud Clarion, who won the Derby, will be in the first three. After a good deal of sober thought, and some hesitation, my choice is Damascus. I'm told that he was out of sorts all the time he was in Louisville. By post time, he'll have had almost a fortnight in Maryland in which to recuperate, and I hope he'll rise to the occasion.

USUALLY, when a top jockey gets the mount on a long shot at the last moment, horseplayers looking for angles think something is up, and the horse gets a big play. Just before the betting opened on the Comely Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, at Aqueduct last week, it was announced over the loudspeakers that Baeza would ride something called Gala Honors. She was 20–1, but since Baeza had ridden the two previous winners that afternoon, I expected to see her odds drop sharply. Instead, she went off at 25–1. She won by nearly a length from Just Kidding and Lake Chelan. That wasn't all for Baeza. He took the next race, too, making it four winners in a row—three from the stable of Ogden Phipps. One of those, by the way, Queen of the Stage,.a two-year-old filly by Bold Ruler, may be worth remembering. It was her first start, and she won by nine lengths. Speaking of jockeys, Vasquez, *no stranger to the* Big A, had five winners at Garden State one day last week and four more the following afternoon. Last weekend, he had one.

FOR THE RECORD: At Aqueduct one afternoon last week there was a daily double that paid $1,192.80—the biggest jackpot for the numbers players in a couple of years. The payoff was on No. 11, named Buen Tiro, and No. 2, named Ginnygem. The latter herself was a 100–1 shot. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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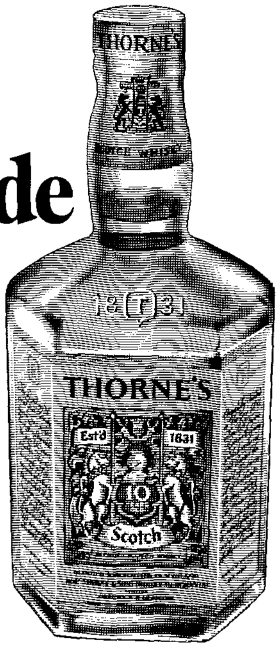

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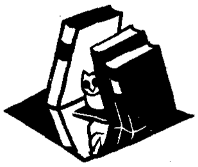
BOOKS

A Nice Day in the Jungle



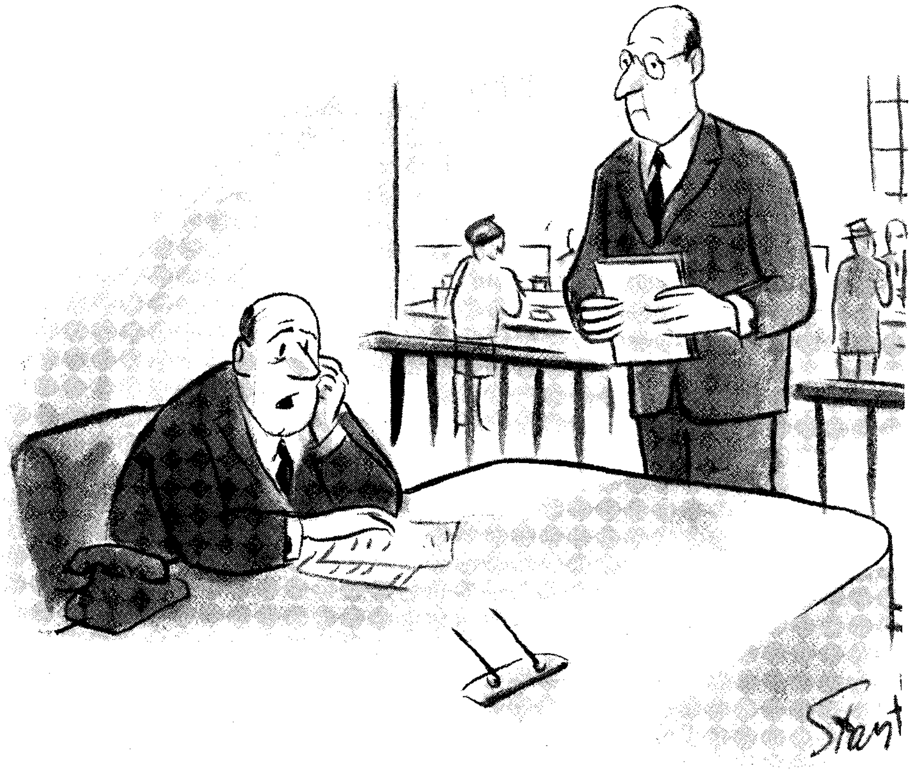
JANE BOWLES is a master of the insidious effects of a short, straightforward, clean-living declarative sentence, and a very funny writer, too, so it's too bad that she seems to have gone into a slump. "The Collected Works of Jane Bowles," recently published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, includes a novel, a play, six stories, and a dialogue for puppets, all but three of these written in the forties and the two latest nearly ten years apart. The play, "In the Summer House," was written in 1948 and produced at the end of 1953 on Broadway, directed by José Quintero and with Judith Anderson as the star. The earliest of the collected works is the novel, "Two Serious Ladies" (1943), which is really two stories tied together by a couple of meetings between the principals—resolute Christina Goering and Frieda Copperfield, whose characterization is "timid"—and by a vision the two ladies have of a dangerous land of dance halls, restaurants, bars, and travel agencies just outside the front door—an idea that runs through all Mrs. Bowles' work. "Don't you think that plain pleasures are closer to the heart of God?" asks Mrs. Perry, a widow, in the story called "Plain Pleasures" (1946), speaking in particular of a back-yard potato bake. Like any good Bowles lady, however, she takes her conviction in the matter as an excuse to travel and winds up, wearing jewelry borrowed from her worldly sister, on a dinner date at a restaurant, where she goes to pieces—temporarily, anyway—under the strain:

> Mrs. Perry fumbled through the contents of her purse in search of a handkerchief and, coming upon her sister's string of beads, she pulled them out and laid them in her gravy. "I am not a mashed-potato masher," she repeated, and then without warning she clambered out of the booth and lumbered down the aisle.

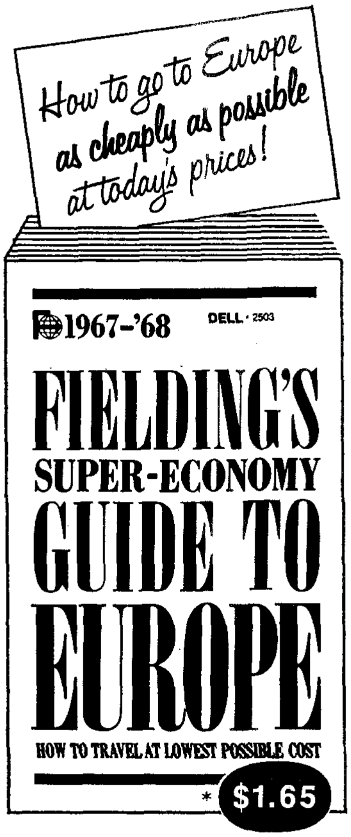
Mrs. Perry is typical of the Jane Bowles characters. Most of the lot are genteel, egomaniacal ladies with sisters, contending with some form of their basic geographical obsession, and as a consequence, it seems, they prefer the company of other women to that of men—which is mainly a sign of self-absorption. The Bowles pattern is laid bare in the most recent of the collected works, "A Quarreling Pair," the puppet show, which appeared in *Mademoiselle* last December. The two puppets are sisters of opposite personalities. Harriet, the stronger puppet, is neat, small-hearted, and righteous, content to sit at home, while Rhoda is compassionate and high-strung and inclined to say things like "Sisterly love is one of the few boons in this life." "Now that's enough exaggerating," says Harriet. The argument between them, based on their contrary traits and intended by Mrs. Bowles to take place on a stage with "a rod or string dividing it down the middle to indicate two rooms," reveals a paradoxical compatibility. Harriet happens also to be the name of the high-strung sister in "Camp Cataract" (1949), a long story that conforms more closely than any other in the book to the pattern of "A Quarreling Pair." All the plots and settings, though usually more elaborate, are just as emphatically symbolic and follow pretty much the same lines to the same kind of paradox. The collected works are crowded with nomadic homebodies, cautious adventurers, doubtful aggressors, and daring cowards. Except maybe a sibylline tale called "Everything Is Nice," about which it is hard to say what's going on.

In "Two Serious Ladies," the expeditions across the border, into Panama, and to what sounds like Staten Island are preceded by a party scene in which Miss Goering describes to Mrs. Copperfield a man she has seen wandering around his old apartment in a gutted building with one of its walls torn down. The image of the man "looking down into the courtyard with an expression of pleasant curiosity on his face" frightens them both. Mrs. Copperfield nevertheless takes the trip to Panama with her husband, a forthright man without momentous doubts and fears, and there she leaves him, on the brink of an excursion outside Panama City, so that she can go live with a Panamanian prostitute. "It's all so complicated," he says as she edges away from him. "I thought we were going to have a nice day in the jungle." Meanwhile, Miss Goering fulfills herself by militantly discarding homes and men, including three of Mrs. Bowles' best, Andy, Arnold, and Edgar—acting out of necessity, she says, "not for fun." When the two women meet again, toward the end, in a bar where Miss Goering is about to be deserted by a man whose complete indifference has enchanted her, neither one really appreciates the other's success:

> "But you have gone to pieces, or do I misjudge you dreadfully?"
>
> "True enough," said Mrs. Copperfield,



"I guess, Simmons, it's just being the Second *National Bank that gets me down."*



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bringing her fist down on the table and looking very mean. "I *have* gone to pieces, which is a thing I've wanted to do for years."

And Mrs. Copperfield comments that she thinks Miss Goering has lost her charm.

"A Guatemalan Idyll" (1944), besides being one of the best stories in the book, is distinguished in other ways. The main character is a man, though he has no name—Mrs. Bowles refers to him as "the traveller"—and though he is decisively upstaged by a fat, ugly Latin-American lady, Señora Ramirez, who has two daughters and "very beautiful blue eyes." Her husband, by the way, appears in another story, "A Day in the Open" (1945), explaining to an inquiring prostitute, whom he later by mistake drops on her head in a rocky riverbed, that his family is fine. "I have sent them to a little town where they are staying in a pension," he says. "Quiet women—all three of them—the little girls and the mother." Back to Señora Ramirez. She has the distinction of being the only Bowles lady with real enthusiasm for men, even if her fantasies are not exclusively heterosexual. "You know it is my nature to love men and kissing," she explains to the traveller as she seduces him:

> Her feet stuck out into the air, and her heavy breathing filled the room. . . . According to all his standards and the standards of his friends she was not a pleasant thing to lie beside.

Confused by the experience, the traveller decides to head home to celebrate Thanksgiving with his mother, blaming his momentary excitement on the Guatemalan altitude and foreign food.

The stories written in the forties, the play, and every episode of the novel are delightful, winding so smoothly and apparently so unmethodically in the same general direction that it seems the possible variations in the pattern are endless and that each variation could have been extended indefinitely. But the last two stories, "Everything Is Nice" and "A Stick of Green Candy" (here the main character, a little girl called Mary, is a mixture of Miss Goering and Señor Ramirez), are a letdown. Stark and stylized to the point where they appear unfinished, one is cryptic but not tempting, and the other, though clear enough, is just the bare bones of a better story. And "A Quarreling Pair" is mainly interesting for its clues to the earlier works. The single more recent character who has some of the old liveliness is the lady in "A Stick of Green Candy" who wishes she had a

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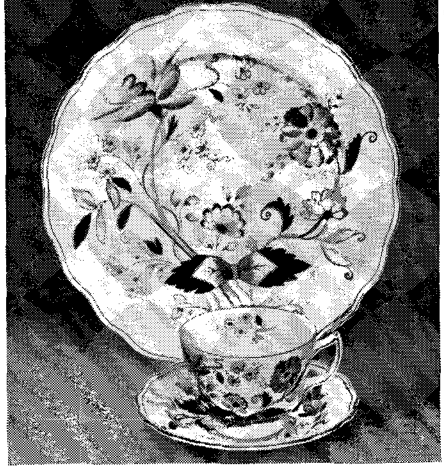

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daughter instead of a son and who says that she prefers furniture to other topics of conversation. "The only thing about furnishings that leaves me cold is curtains." I've never been crazy about puppets, myself.

The sole trouble with "In the Summer House" is that Mrs. Bowles suddenly gets explicit about motives and the sources of emotions, tracing the heroine's difficulties with her daughter to a childhood rivalry with her sister for her father's love. On the whole, Mrs. Bowles knows her characters so well and her control is so nearly perfect that there is no need to undercut them with explanations. Occasionally noting a clumsy gesture or a spot of grease in the corner of a mouth, referring to them politely as Miss, Mrs., Señora, Señor, she matches their coldness with detachment and counters their self-importance with humor. Her characters stand apart from most literary eccentrics—without the burden of heroism and undistorted by moral significance. It is easier to come up with a standard explanation for the behavior of mothers and daughters than it is to account for the peculiar ties between sisters, and there are three sets of mothers and daughters in the play. Maybe the demand for conventional psychology is greater among theatre audiences than among readers of stories. Otherwise, "In the Summer House" is a fine play, filled with vivid characters and funny, cagey scenes that weigh against the logic of the plot. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNDER THE EYE OF THE STORM, by John Hersey (Knopf). A heavy-treading allegory in which a young liver specialist (the humanist) dangerously and skillfully rides out Hurricane Esmé in a small sloop, along with his wife and an engineering consultant (the scientist) and *his* wife. The specialist is a fine, fussy sailor, and the consultant is a trumpeting landlubber who believes that computers can do anything humans can do, and do it better. He points this out after the storm—most of which he spends in a fearful daze—and in such a way that it comes to seem that it was he who brought the boat safely through. Mr. Hersey relishes this irony, and he also obviously relished writing about Esmé, who is really the chief figure of the book.

THE THING OF IT IS . . . , by William Goldman (Harcourt, Brace &

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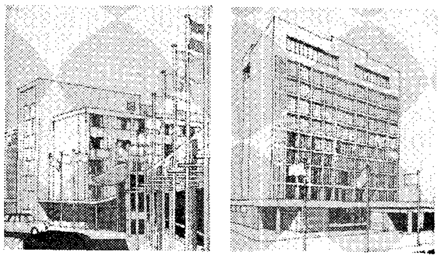

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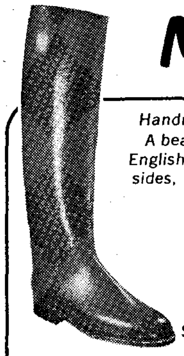

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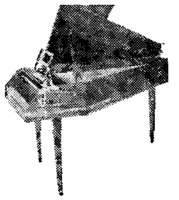

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World). In Mr. Goldman's fifth novel, one of the world's least interesting couples, a New York songwriter and his wife, travel to Europe with their small, precocious daughter in the hope of saving their crumbling marriage. It is a skimpy and patchy story, told in the third person from the point of view of the husband, whose insight and good faith are certified by his enthusiasm for Willie Mays, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Laurence Olivier (referred to as "Sir Larry"), and by his aversion to *Time*, Elvis Presley, and his wife's inadequate bosom. The daughter is reported to resemble Edward G. Robinson.

NOTE: "The Chosen One and Other Stories," by Rhys Davies, has been published by Dodd, Mead. Four of the seven stories in this collection appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

BRAVE DAY, HIDEOUS NIGHT: THE TATE GALLERY YEARS, 1939-65, by John Rothenstein (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). At the opening of this second volume of his autobiography, Sir John has arrived at the Tate Gallery as its director. During the Second World War, the museum's energies, like Britain's, were devoted to mere survival, but by 1946 Sir John began to carry out some of his plans, which included putting forward—acquiring or borrowing, but, anyhow, showing—British painting of the past and present; improving the Tate's collection of contemporary art; and borrowing and lending travelling shows and special exhibits. All went beautifully for about six years, and Sir John's account of this period is full of fine moments—meetings with such renowned painters as Pablo Picasso and Winston Churchill. The last third of the book, however, is something else: exciting, absorbing melodrama. In it, Sir John tells his side of what was known at the time (1952-54) as the Tate Affair. Sir John was accused—by more people than could have known the facts—of treating his staff badly, mishandling purchase funds, taking commissions from dealers, buying the wrong works at the wrong prices, not knowing enough about art, having poor taste, and so on. The scandal involved the Government, since the Tate is a national institution, supervised by the Treasury, and its staff are civil servants. Throughout the whole business, the

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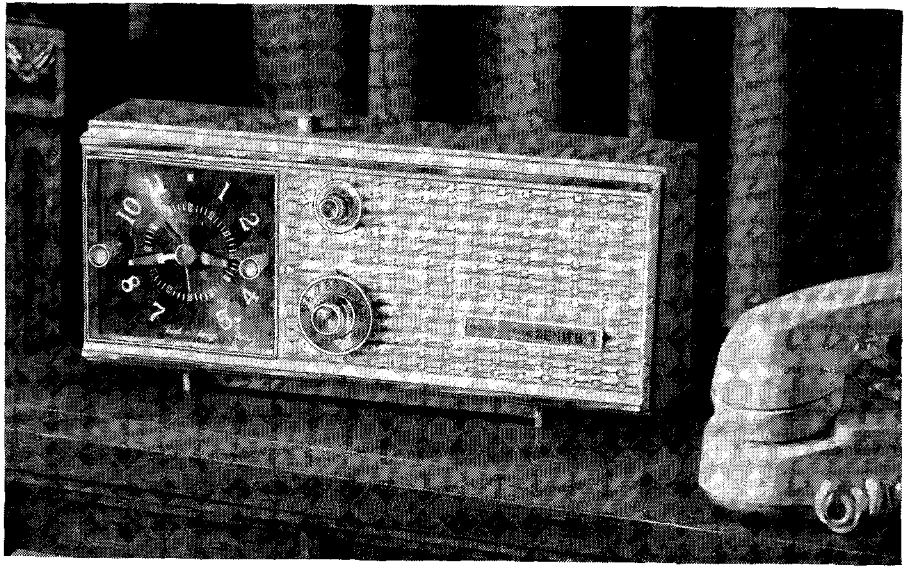

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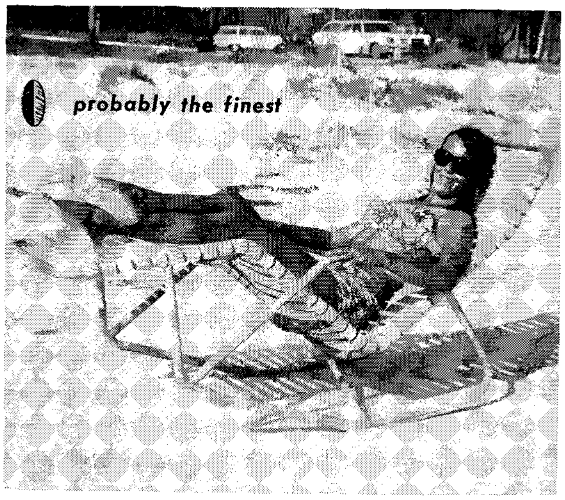

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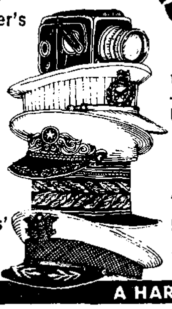

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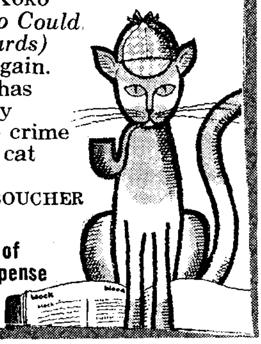

Treasury kept cool. It knew that the author was innocent, and it saw him through, but at a price: Sir John was to say nothing publicly, no matter what was said about him. This is Sir John's first chance to answer back. The affair is studded with famous figures—some acting well, others badly—but the least famous is the most fascinating: the villain, a genuine art-world Iago.

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, by Fred W. Friendly (Random House). An engrossing professional memoir. Starting in 1950, the author worked for the Columbia Broadcasting System's news division. He produced or co-produced such memorable series as "See It Now" and "C.B.S. Reports." In 1964, he became president of the C.B.S. news division, and in 1966 he resigned. Since then, he has been teaching at Columbia University, and, for the Ford Foundation, has created a promising plan to use the money saved by communications satellites to finance educational television. Mr. Friendly writes very well and is as persuasive as he is interesting. The book has many motifs—the "how" of television news reporting; sketches of famous personalities, among them his close friend, Edward R. Murrow, at work; and a knowledgeable account of corporate organization and organizational problems in television today. Much of the book's narrative describes Mr. Friendly's struggles about money—news does not bring in as much revenue as entertainment. C.B.S. was often uncertain whether to pursue prestige or pelf, and more and more frequently decided, during Mr. Friendly's tenure, that it owed more to its stockholders than to its viewers. Mr. Friendly thinks that the fundamental—by now only partly correctable—difficulty arose from the nation's original concept of broadcasting: through the F.C.C., the people of the United States have given franchises to broadcasters without demanding a specific return in the way of standards or service or taste.

JOURNEY THROUGH CHINA, by Jules Roy, translated from the French by Francis Price (Harper & Row). The author, a former French Army officer whose research for his previous book, "The Battle of Dienbienphu," took him to North Vietnam, set out for China in the autumn of 1964 with the ambition of writing a history of

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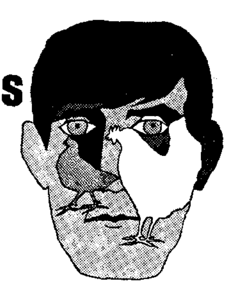

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the Chinese Revolution. China—or China in transition—had taken hold of his imagination, and he had acquired a good deal of knowledge of the country to add to his abundant good will. Neither availed him, and his book is an ironic anabasis—a brave retreat from a land of one's dreams. The Chinese guides and escorts who surrounded him would not let him love China in his own way (he admired the endurance of the people; they wanted him to admire tacky new textiles), and their suffocating assistance, along with their evasiveness and mendacity, provoked Roy into explosions of temper that made them treat him ever less openly. His book is a truth-telling, well-written, human, and humane work; if the world had not grown too sombre, it would be—as so many humane works are—a very funny one as well.

THE ANATOMY OF COURAGE, by Lord Moran (Houghton Mifflin). The author, a medical officer in the First World War, wrote this book during the Second World War, when, as most people know, he was Churchill's doctor. Lord Moran had kept a diary during the dreadful years of trench warfare in France, and had been preoccupied by one question: How can men stand it? He himself had been frequently under fire; he also treated the wounded, tended the dying, and was entrusted with distinguishing battle fatigue from physical exhaustion or temporary loss of nerve. The recurrence of war set him to thinking of his old notes, and, drawing on both his wars, he tried to discover some of the sources of courage. His anecdotes are more often tragic than heartening, because his approach is more like a novelist's than a specialist's, and the reader sees young soldiers as characters rather than case histories. Lord Moran has no foolproof formula for inducing courage, but he teaches much about it, and about fear and cowardice, too.

VERSE

NEAR THE OCEAN, by Robert Lowell, with drawings by Sidney Nolan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Is it possible for one individual, in one lifetime, to combine the roles of *poète maudit* and *chef d'école*? A nice little thesis could be written analyzing this question, with examples ranging from Verlaine's early choices to the rare contemporary British and American poets who might just con-

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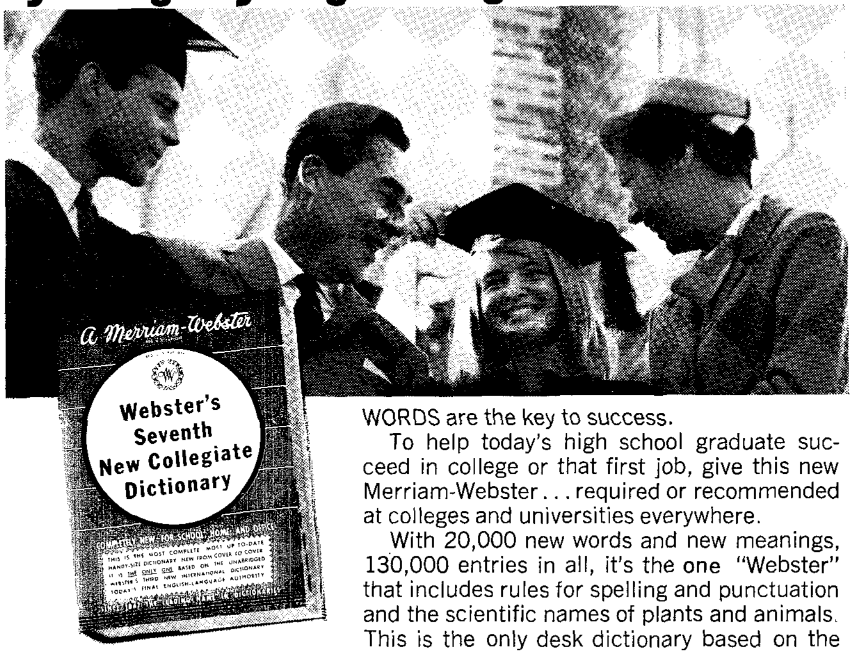
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ceivably share both categories. A leader must remain on view, and he can have few secrets, "cursed" or otherwise. Robert Lowell, in his "confessional" poetry, has kept few secrets back. But confessions wear thin, and the attempt to keep them effective by artificial means must subject the talent of any poet, however gifted, to severe strain. The seven new poems (counting one in five parts) in Lowell's most recent volume exhibit a certain coldness and theatricality that often seem to spring from a will toward pure shock rather than from his earlier uncompromising intensity of presentation and courageous choice of subject. His translations—including three odes of Horace and Juvenal's "Tenth Satire"—are evidently meant to connect Rome ("the greatness and horror of her empire") to bruised and maimed aspects of America today. (Lowell has become more gentle toward the American past.) The horrifying illustrations (line drawings based on the text) rather disqualify the volume as a coffee-table object, although the large format and the perfectly acceptable and indeed rather romantic drawing (by Francis Parker) on the front of the dust jacket might help to place it in that class. An interim work in every respect.

NOTE: "Poems 1957-67," by James Dickey, has been published by Wesleyan University Press. A number of the poems appeared originally in this magazine.

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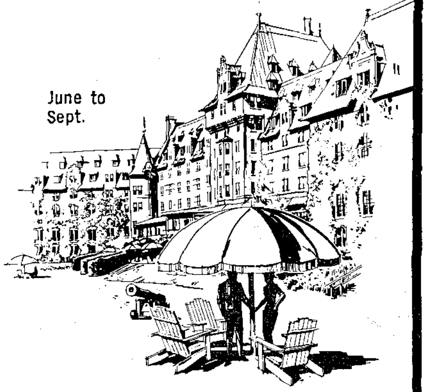

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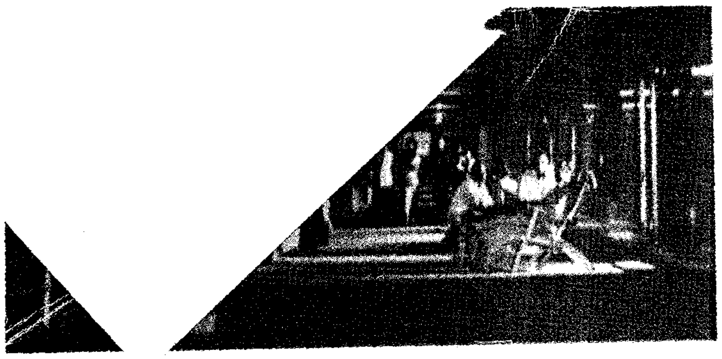

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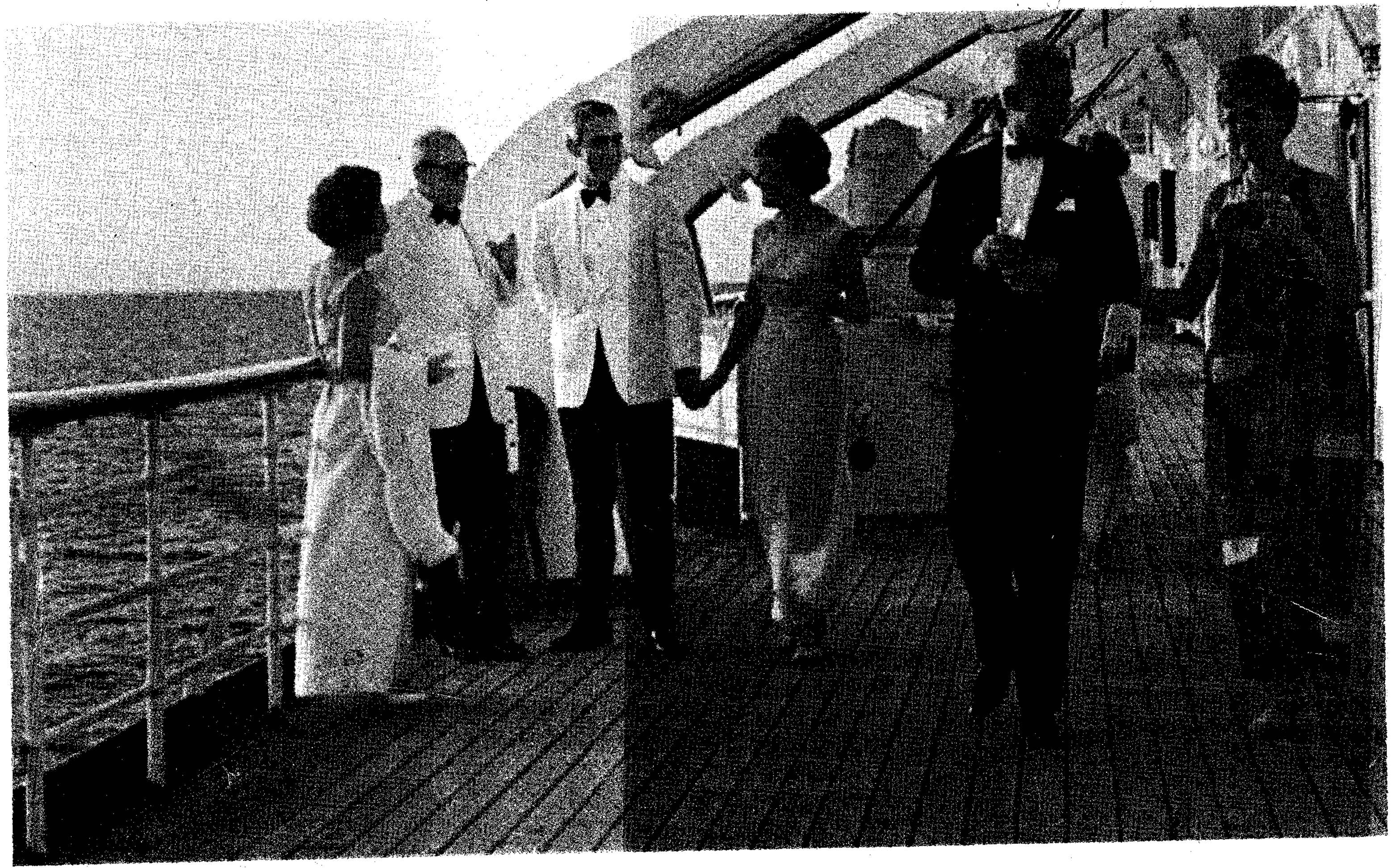

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